Liberty

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Book:

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

A Psychological Thriller

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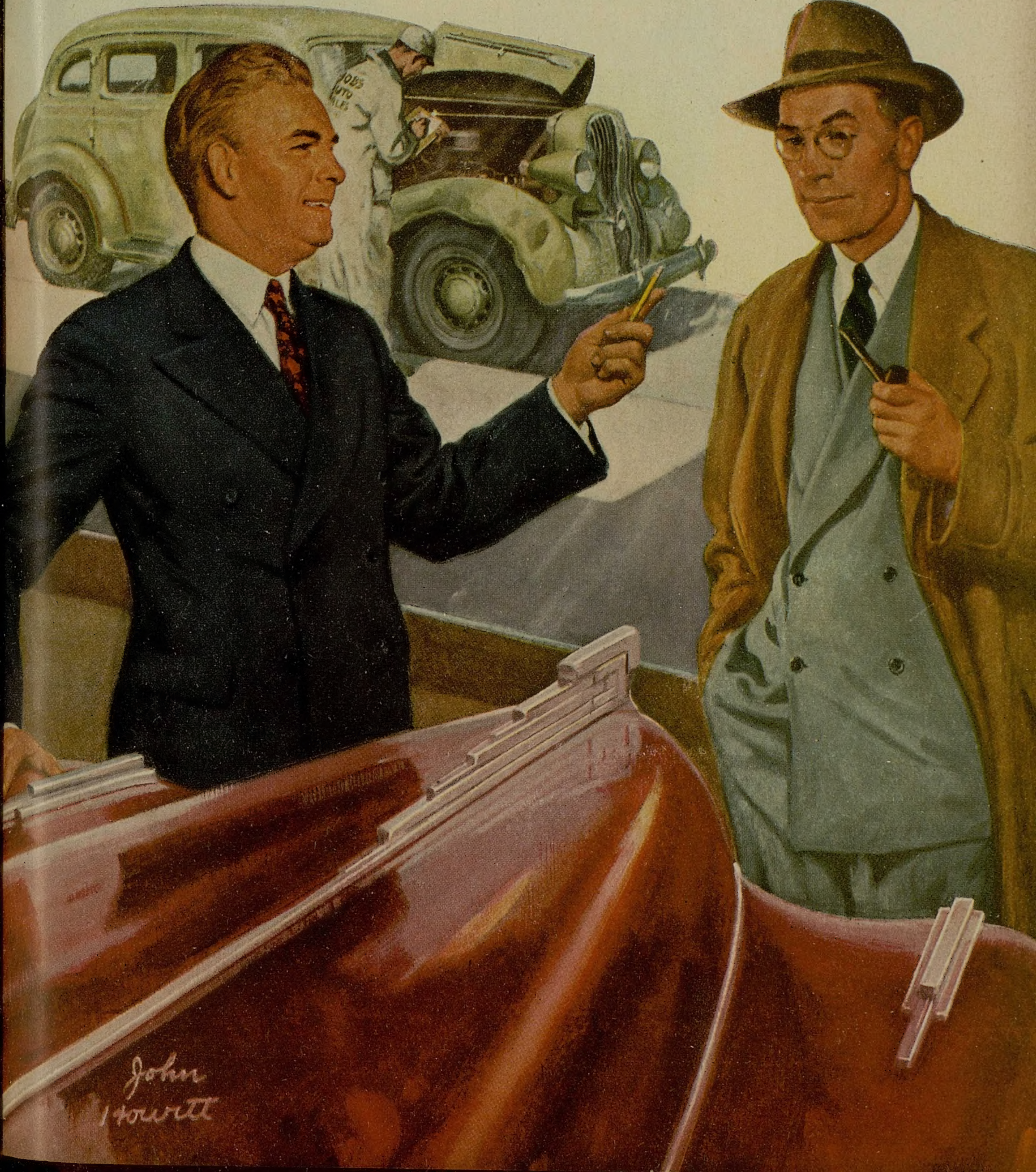
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This latest edition, newly revised, we have allocated among the newspapers and magazines carrying our Spring advertising program. In accordance with this plan, we have set aside 1,500 sets for readers of this magazine and now invite you to become the owner of a set—making you this extraordinary offer to enable you to become acquainted with the volumes before you decide to buy.

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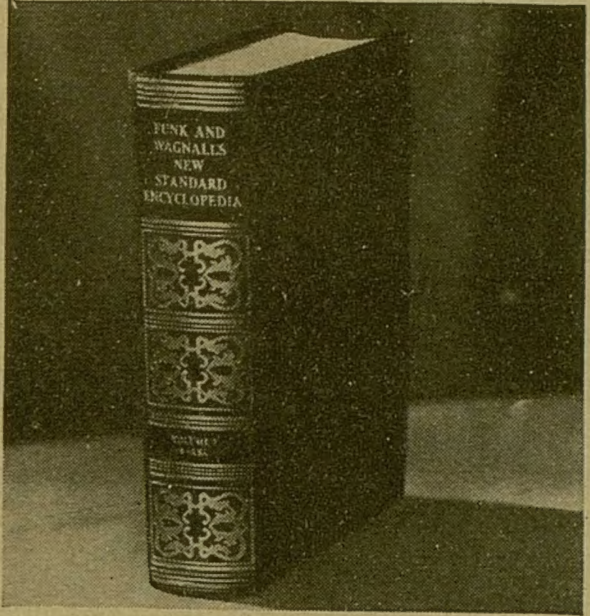

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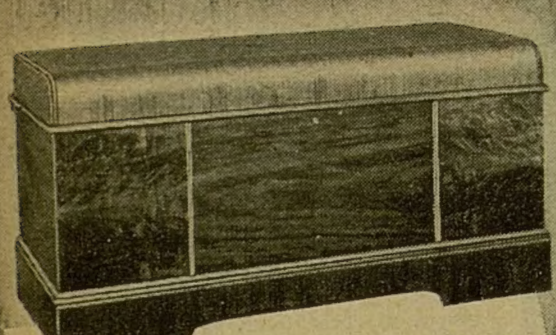
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VOX POP

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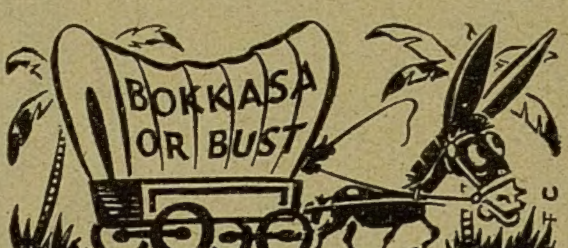
TRUE PORTRAIT OF A DRUGGIST

Chicago, Ill.—Congratulations on Neill C. Wilson's short story, The Old Stand (Feb. 9). Mel Bassett, the hero of the tale, has his counterpart in thousands of small-store druggists all over the country, in small towns and in cities. We real druggists have become sick and tired of being portrayed in cartoons and stories as sandwich purveyors and auto-tire salesmen. Many thanks for helping tell America our true status.—*Einar J. Edfors.*

A HOME FOR THE NEGRO

Lansing, Mich.—Buddy Miller is right in Vox Pop (February 2). I, too, think the bill that Senator Bilbo has been trying to put through Congress to give Negroes a home and country of their own is a good solution.

Many years ago the white folks went pioneering to make this country the great nation that it is. Why not let us Negroes go pioneering also? Africa is the land of our forefathers and what better solution would we want to the Negro problem right now than to be given the chance to carve out our own destinies? Our great leaders have tried to better our conditions here, but the Negro has a lot more to learn than merely harboring resentment and trying to fight the white race.



We all like this country because we were born here, but any solution, if it is a good solution, is better than the conditions we live under now. —*T. A. Lockwall.*

Cincinnati, Ohio—Is Buddy Miller speaking from fact or hearsay when he says two and a half million Negroes want to settle in Africa?

As a Negro, I guess I can speak for at least half of the two and a half million. We are as satisfied here as any other race of people, in spite of all our trials and heartaches. America is our home and the only land most of us owe honor to.

As for being free from the white man's domination, I think the white man has a finger in every pie that is baked in Africa or elsewhere.—*Alice Ann Wilson.*

HOLD THAT CEILING!

Glendale, Ariz.—I like the impartiality of Paul Hunter's editorial, Fact Finding on Price Control (January 26). He suggests that an experiment be conducted by lifting price ceilings in a small area to see what happens. That's exactly what occurred here last December. The local OPA removed the citrus ceiling for this district.

The local price for citrus (in the district of production) skyrocketed immediately. It was nearly doubled. People just smiled and bought as much citrus as they would have at a lesser price. The ceiling was again restored.

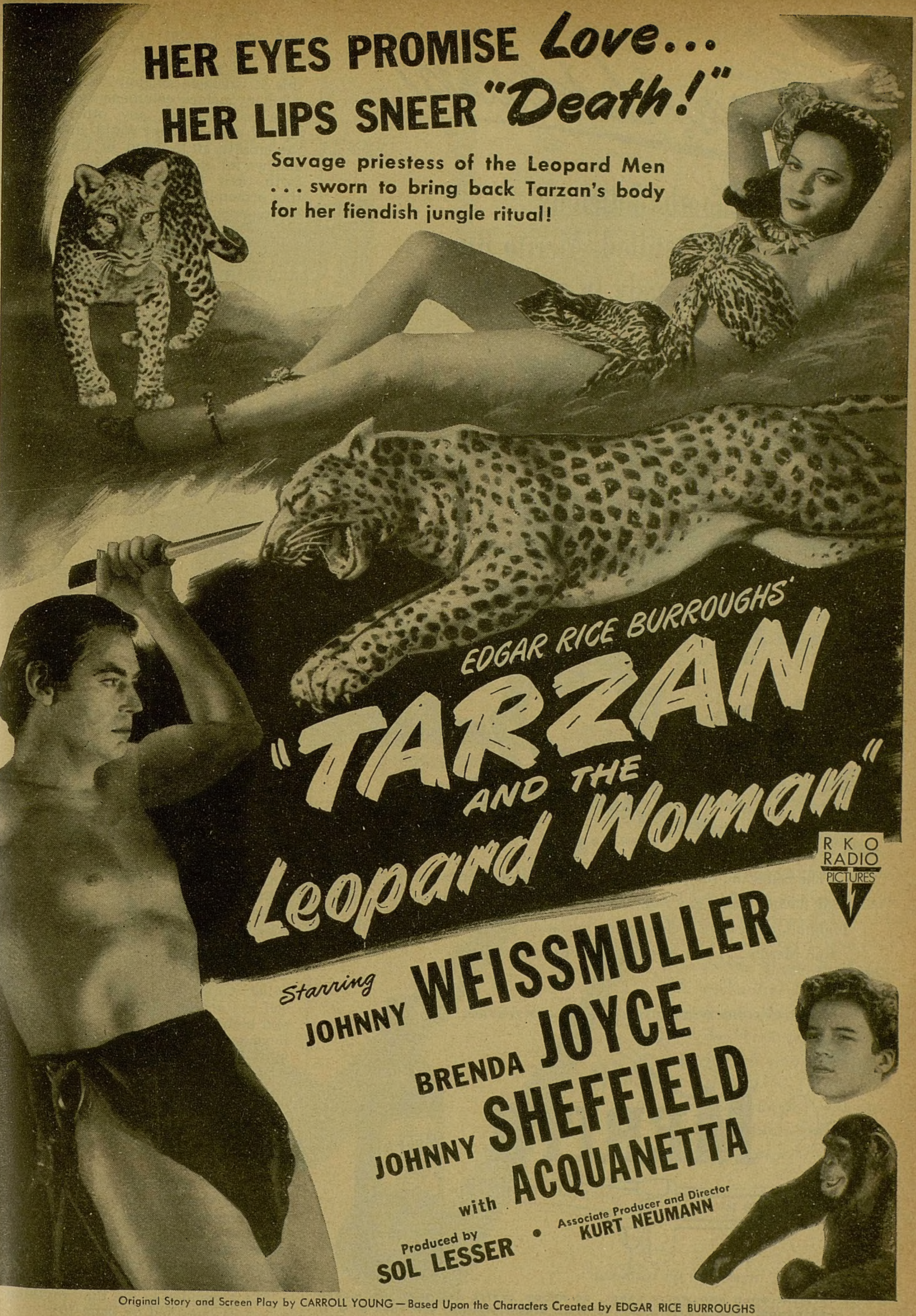
What do you deduce from that? Just this. The people who have money appear to have lost a sense of value, and I fear that, should price control be removed, they would pay any price asked, greatly to the disadvantage of the laborer and those on a static-income basis.—*Jay Sigworth.*

PROFIT SHARING

Chicago, Ill.—It's about time that industry and labor got together and solved their mutual problems alone, without imposing the job on outsiders. Fact-finding and full-employment legislation is all very well and good, but it doesn't get to the root of the trouble. Did anybody ever think of profit sharing as a solution? To my mind that's the ideal answer to the whole problem.

As things now stand, even if labor gets the raises it wants, the upshot will be that the most successful management will pay the most, thereby attracting the most efficient workers. The little business man in the same industry will be out on a limb, having been forced to accept the leftovers in the labor market. He

(Continued on page 8)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

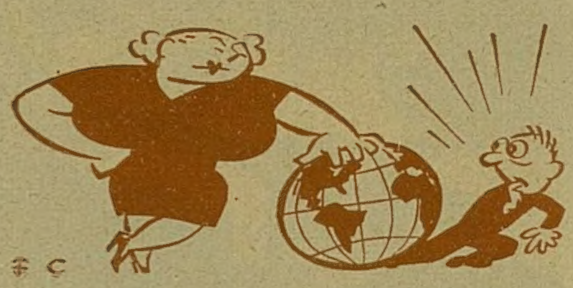
will never be able to pass the competition of the big boys in his field.

Co-operatives would correct all this. If workers bought shares in the company's stock commensurate with their salaries (or any other way agreed upon), they would share in the profits at the end of the year and would have an incentive to put forth their best efforts. Wherever this principle has been tried, labor-management peace has been the result.—*Jim Kastors.*

A WORD TO THE WOMEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've been reading in the papers all about the overwhelming ratio of women to men in this world of today. It's supposed to be nine women for every man or some such figure. Well, I don't like it any more than the women do.

We men aren't going to have a chance. It's happening on a small scale already. They're all over the offices, they swarm into the buses, they appropriate all the taxicabs, they fill up all the elevators. And if we're gentlemen, we have to stand back and make it easy for them.



Why doesn't somebody teach them some manners? After all, we males have to live too.—*John R.*

AFTER OPA, WHAT?

THE BRONX, N. Y.—There's been a lot of yapping from some of our so-called leaders, who ought to know better, about abolishing OPA after next June 30. If OPA goes, the moneybag boys will find that present wage demands will be a picnic in comparison with what will happen then. For without OPA, rent ceilings will be off for one thing. As a white-collar worker, I'm going to yap myself if I am faced with higher rents and higher everything else. And believe me, brother, I'll be yapping for more dough to pay for those higher prices. We pencil pushers are in a bad enough way as it is, but after OPA is junked, look out!—*H. B. D.*

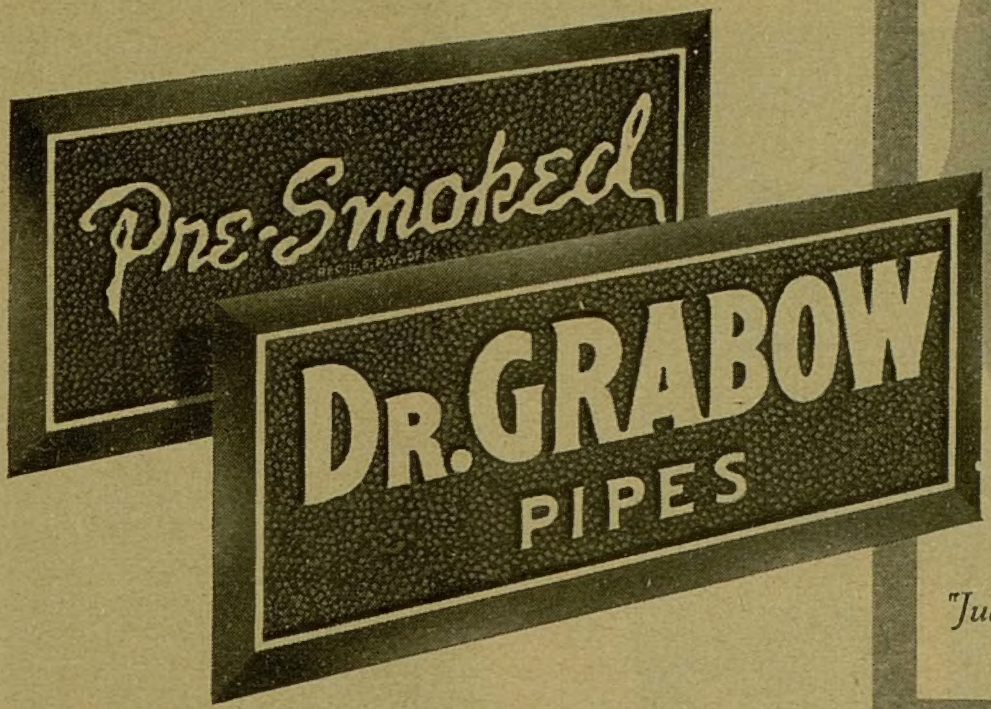
CATFIGHTS

BOSTON, MASS.—It seems to me that the world is in a pretty sorry state when statesmen like Bevin and Vishinsky lower themselves to the status of alley cats by sniping at each other and displaying their tempers in public.

It's a wonder to me that anything

(*Continued on page 10*)

America's Most Wanted Pipes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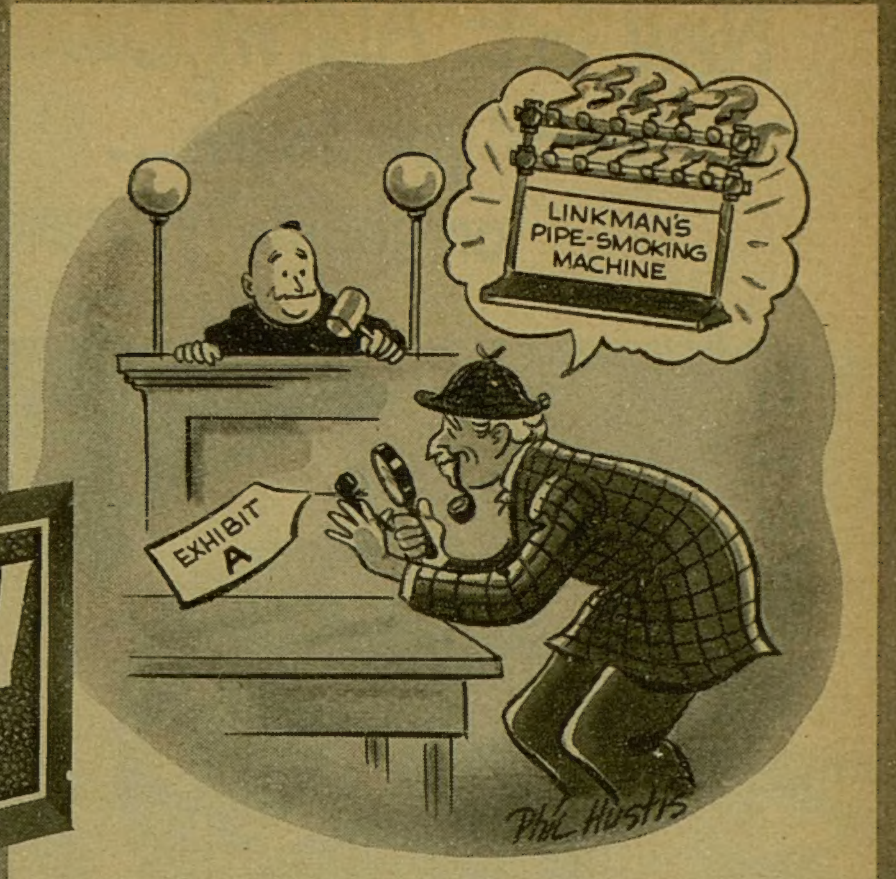
PIPES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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 8*)

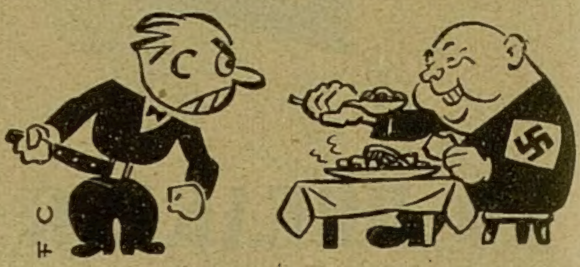
is ever accomplished within the portals of UNO or elsewhere. Because they're not the only ones—everybody's doing it from Washington to London to China.

If the men who represent us would try to act like gentlemen and statesmen, I am sure they would iron out their difficulties — and ours — with much less trouble.—*Jane Trista.*

San Francisco, Calif.—The UNO is getting off to a good start. When the men on top of the ladder can air their fights in public and get it off their chests, then shake hands afterward when the issues are settled, there's hope for the future of the world.—*Morris Abertson.*

UNCLE SUCKER?

Philadelphia, Pa.—It makes my blood boil to read reports of the shortages we're going to have to endure here in this country in order to feed the world. It's O.K. to set other countries on their feet, give them the wherewithal to get started, and maybe an extra friendly push, but how long can this go on?



All this talk of starvation is exaggerated anyhow. There's food over there, if somebody's government would just get around to controlling the black markets.

And one thing I don't want. That is, to have to tighten my belt so that the Germans get fed. They started the whole thing; they'll have to take the consequences. It's about time that Uncle Sam stopped being Uncle Sucker.—*Perry M.*

NO TIME FOR STRIKES

Camp Lee, Va.—Strikes seem to be the order of the day. But will they get the laborer what he is looking for?

Emphatically no. There may be a temporary illusion, but high prices will counteract the raise in wages. Not until the cost of manufacturing goes down will the time come for wages to go up. If John Doe wants increased buying power, he must work harder, more efficiently, and use his brain to add improvements to his type of work.

In short, right at present we must all work for a higher standard of living.

Unless we all get behind and push, prices will go up, then wages, and so on until inflation rules supreme.—*Pvt. Roy L. Burton.*

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

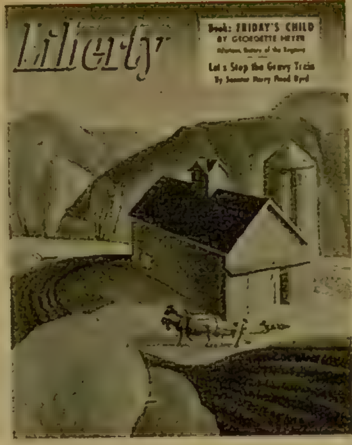
WANDERLUST UNDONE

HOWARD WHITMAN can be found almost any time of day in his New York apartment on East 57th Street. There he alternates between his typewriter and his saxophone, sometimes forming a musical trio with his wife at the piano and his three-and-a-half-year-old daughter on the harmonica. He had his fill of traveling during ten years as a newspaper correspondent, when he was jumping about the globe, living out of a suitcase, and reporting from some twenty-two countries. Now approaching his thirty-second birthday, he's settled down to free-lancing. His latest article, MAN IN A HURRY, is on page 18.

MISSION TO DETROIT

SEVERAL months ago, A. D. Rathbone, IV, went into a huddle with Liberty's editors and came out with three assignments. The first was the close-up of Henry Ford II (February 23); the second is HOW "NEW" WILL THE NEW CARS BE? in this week's issue; the third is still in the typewriter. To track down all the facts, Mr. Rathbone spent two weeks in Detroit, talking with the Who's Who of the automobile industry and seeing for himself what's going on. "I got all the breaks," he says, "even to crashing Henry Ford II's private office—the first correspondent to manage that in more than five months."

NEXT WEEK



SENATOR HARRY FLOOD BYRD, who is well acquainted with the value of a dollar, has watched the federal payroll grow and grow. "Don't they know there's a peace on?" he wants to know in LET'S STOP THE GRAVY TRAIN. . . . Take a cue from Elizabeth Wilson and watch Lizabeth Scott, THE GIRL WITH *THAT* VOICE. She's got a terrific figure to match, and she's headed for stardom. . . . The men who stormed the beachheads are stopped cold at the colleges. In SNAFU ON THE CAMPUS, Dean Arthur S. Postle blames nineteenth-century methods and men, and offers a forward-looking program. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, FRIDAY'S CHILD, by Georgette Heyer, is one of the funniest novels of the year.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

What N. Y. Sunday paper d'ya read in Portugal? Before long, nonstop flights will deliver it there on the day it's published

WHEN residents of Lisbon, Portugal, read New York Sunday newspapers on Sunday, the day of publication, that's news. Portugal used to be a long way off, but a Pan American Airways' Constellation left New York at 12.45 A. M. on a Sunday morning in January and arrived at Lisbon at 10.43 A. M., New York time, the same morning—a mere flight time of nine hours and fifty-eight minutes.

The Lockheed transport had good tail winds which kept the speed up to between 300 and 400 miles an hour, and it stands to reason that nonstop New York-Lisbon flights are to be considered unusual rather than commonplace with today's airplanes. Nonetheless, such nonstop flights aren't more than two years away as a regular thing.

Keep Your Eye on the A.F.A.

You'll be hearing about many veterans' organizations from now on —especially organizations for fliers. But there seems to be no doubt that the big postwar show for vets of the Army Air Forces is going to be the Air Force Association headed by General James H. Doolittle. With a potential membership of three million, the A.F.A. has the blessing of the top A.A.F. officials and bids fair to be a very potent outfit in the future.

Jimmy Doolittle has rejoined Shell Oil as vice-president, but it is self-evident that Jimmy will be for a long time a great spokesman for the military airman and for air power. No finer president of an association of A.A.F. vets could have been found, and he is surrounded by an imposing array of other officers with fine war records.

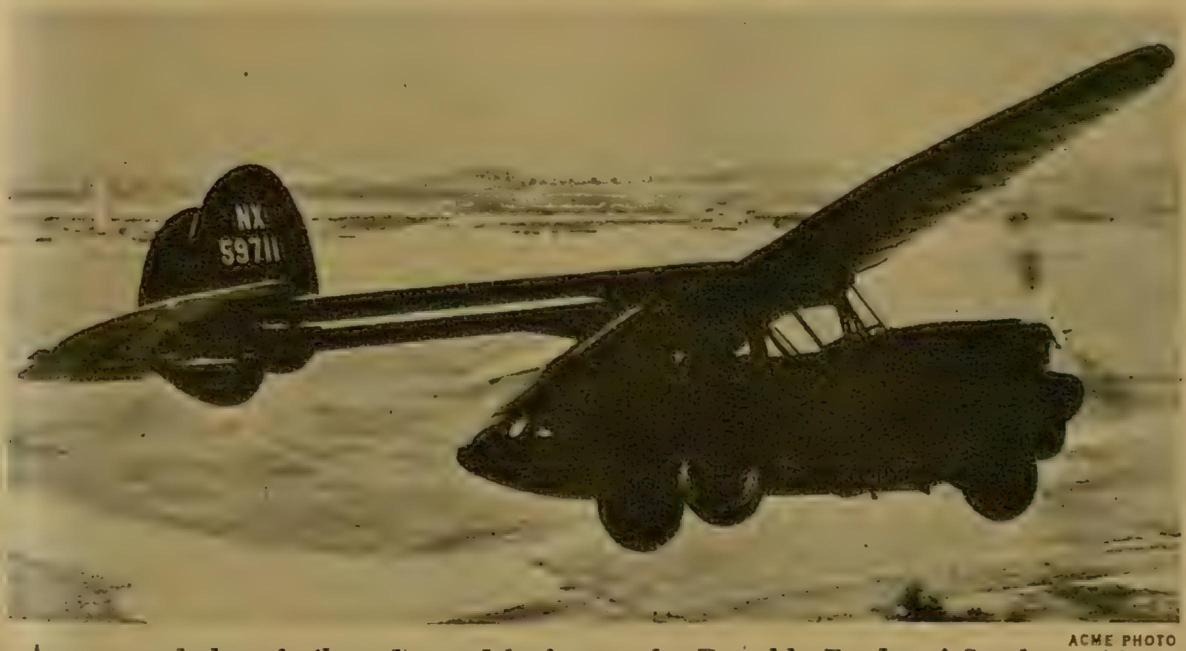
The national organization has opened headquarters in Washington at 1603 K Street, N. W. It's strictly a nonprofit outfit and has no ax to grind of a commercial nature. It won't conflict with either the National Aeronautic Association or the Air Power League, but it will, as it says, "preserve and foster the fellowship of members of the Army Air Forces of World War I and World War II, as well as provide a national organization through which the traditions of the A.A.F. may be perpetuated."

More Horsepower, Less Weight

Here's something new in engines. Wright Aeronautical has developed a new power unit called the Cyclone 9HD which promises a very material increase of horsepower with much less weight. Wright is claiming that the cruising speed of the Douglas DC-4 airplane for which the engine is built will be increased by twenty to twenty-five miles and that a pay load of more than half a ton will result.

The 9HD will develop 1,425 take-off horsepower, an increase from the 1,350 horsepower developed by other engines used in the DC-4. Chicago and Southern Air Lines will make the first use of the new engines.

Cruising speed of the DC-4? It is now expected to be 265 miles an hour at only 60 per cent of power. That's an increase of 10 per cent.



ACME PHOTO

An auto-and-plane built and tested both ways by Portable Products' Southern Aircraft Division. Wings, "prop," and tail can be removed, leaving it an automobile.

Imagine a pen like this for only $3.50

14 KARAT GOLD POINT (Extra large for strength)

IRIDIUM TIPPED —for smoother writing and longer wear

QUICK STARTING —even flow

SMART COLORS —deep pocket clip

LIGHT WEIGHT —perfect balance

Yours for years ...with every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much!

VENUS

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When Travel
IS A FAMILY AFFAIR!

First thought, safety—and there's no safer travel than train! Next, cost—and here no one need sacrifice modern comfort to save dollars. For in addition to its great fleet of all-Pullman and Pullman-and-coach trains, the Pennsylvania Railroad provides such famous *all-coach* trains as . . . *The Trail Blazer*, New York-Chicago . . . *The Jeffersonian*, New York-St. Louis . . . *Liberty Limited* (*second section*), Washington-Chicago . . . *The South Wind*, Chicago-Miami . . . *The East Wind*, Washington-Maine, in summer season. With reserved individual reclining seats, observation-lounge car, radio, popular-priced meals among many features. At your Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office you will find pleasant, experienced aid in helping you personally to plan delightful tours.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

After Ford made his peace with labor, he had only material shortages to worry about. So far, assembly lines have run so slowly that he lost money on each of these cars. They offer no radical changes, but plenty of war-developed engineering improvements.

How "New" Will the New Cars Be?

There's been much talk about radical new autos. How much is true and how much is bunk? This reporter takes a long look up the auto industry's sleeve and gives you the real, advance lowdown

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

"GENERAL MOTORS has got an all-plastic body that's a wow, and how it will cut costs!" "Did you hear about Ford's rear-engine job?" "They tell me Chrysler's coming out with the most radical thing on wheels." "Don't give me any of these 1946 models—they're just 1942 cars with a face-lifting job!"

You've heard them—the I-got-it-straight-from-a-fellow-who-knows dopesters. They usually wind up by saying, "The auto-industry boys aren't talking, but they've got plenty up their sleeves to spring on the public about 1947, or maybe '48."

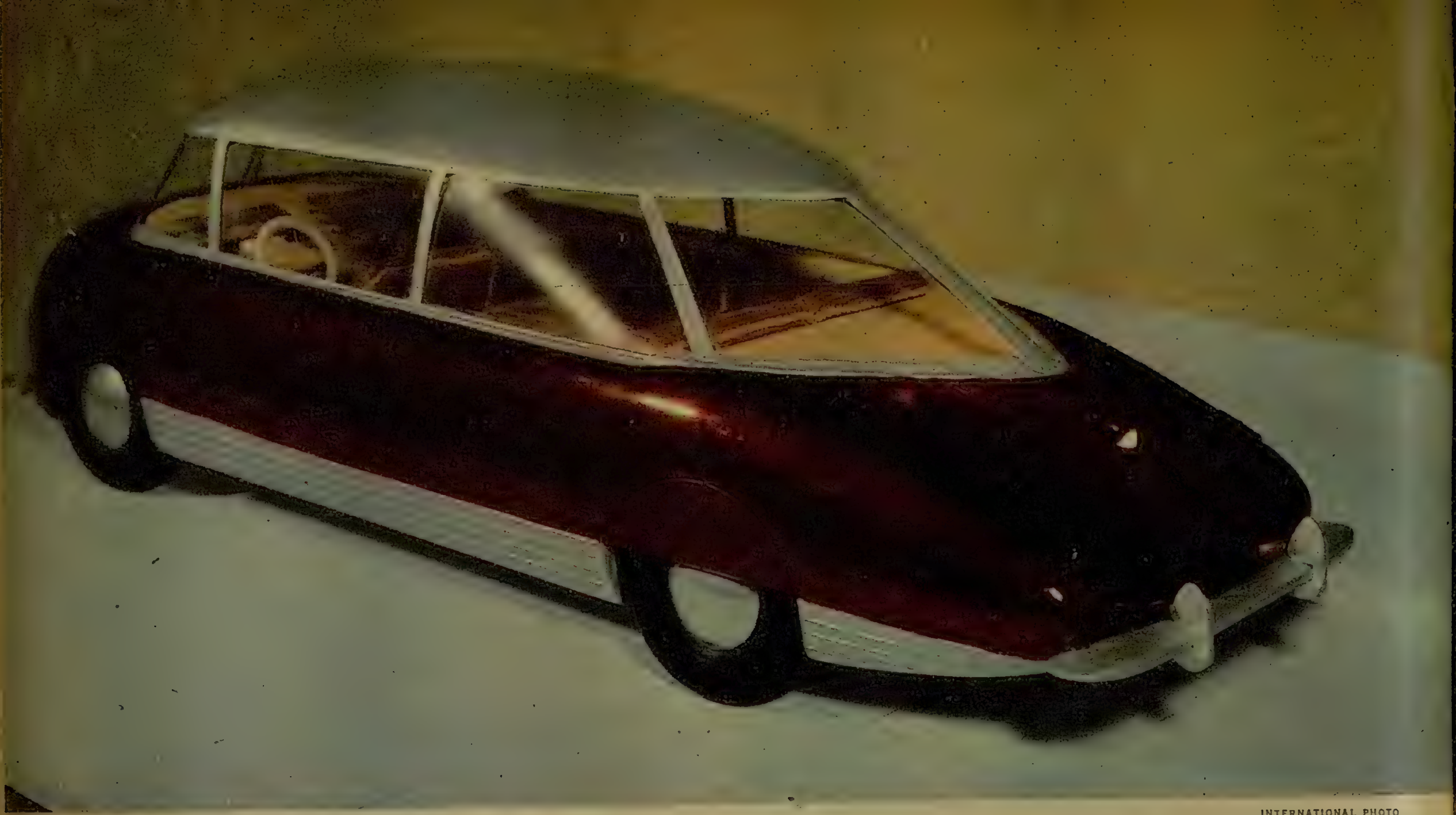
Perhaps it's a shame to spoil these tall tales, but in the generally accepted sense of the term "postwar car," there ain't no such animal. Furthermore, the "auto-industry boys" in Detroit are not only glad of the chance to relate some cold, hard facts, but hint that we've been taking Superman, Buck Rogers, and a few free-lance automotive artists too seriously.

General Motors' vice-president, Harley J. Earl, in charge of styling and design, says, "It is about as sensible to move the kitchen stove into the attic because the war is over, as it is to start putting engines in the rear of cars for the same reason."

"Despite some of the automotive dreams recently discussed and picturized in artists' drawings," remarked B. E. Hutchinson, chairman of Chrysler's Finance Committee, "we expect continued evolution in the automobile business—not revolution."

"Undoubtedly, some of the drawing-board dreams of today will become roadway realities in the future," commented Henry Ford II, "but not, I believe, for several years. Any immediate radical change is not to be expected."

Such violent discrepancy between what's in the minds of many customers and what's in the mill at many automobile plants is unusual in itself, for the automotive industry always has taken pride in keeping abreast of public desire and requirements. And it isn't that the auto makers are



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

This one's not for sale yet. Still on the drawing boards of a New York designer, it will have a four-cylinder light-plane motor mounted over the rear axle, hydraulic drive, and a dust-proof, air-conditioned body that seats six. Two seats are on swivels.

not aware of public chatter about plastic bodies, plastic fenders and windshields, rear-end engines, lightweight metals, and so on. Instead, the real answer is that much of it doesn't make sense from a practical standpoint.

At this point someone may ask, "What do you mean, practical standpoint? Plastics are here to stay, aren't they? They put engines in the rear of buses. What about aluminum, magnesium, and light-weight alloys?" It might also be pointed out that any industry that can move so far and so fast out of its normal routine as to produce buzz bombs, aerial torpedoes, guns and ammunition, tugs, airplanes, field stoves, gyro compasses, and a myriad more items, certainly should have the research potential to lick problems like those.

AND there you have a large part of the answer. Normal development and research was set back four years while the industry concentrated on problems that had little or nothing to do with peacetime vehicles. Engineers and designers explain that each year-by-year model prior to the war was backed by three to four years of intensive study and experiment before it reached the market. There hasn't been time for that since months before Pearl Harbor. They did learn how to harden and toughen constructional features to meet demands that otherwise never would have been made. And units that powered war monsters and little fellows alike became vastly improved over prewar prototypes. But the customary study of how to make a better automobile has little in common with the wearability of a tank tread, or the floating proclivities of an amphibious thingumjig.

Meanwhile civilian cars that were left after production stopped in February, 1942, got no younger, and with those war-wearies falling apart at the rate of 1,500 a day, it's small wonder we began to dream about the future automobile. Just about the time that last fender would droop hopelessly, or the long-suffering engine would give its final sigh, we would say to ourselves, "Oh, boy! Just wait till I get me one of those postwar cars like the one I saw in a picture! All plastic, big curved plastic windshield, and no corner posts to obscure vision. The front seat accommodated four, with the driver sort of in the middle. The engine was in the rear. And there wasn't any long snout of a hood to obscure the driver's view of the road. That's for me!"

With the help of Harley Earl, who has had a pencil in styling and designing General Motor cars for some eighteen years, let's go over that dream car.

"First of all," said Mr. Earl, "if there are four people in the front seat, only the driver can have legs. You still have two front wheels, and they must have room to turn. Set the wheels under the very front end of the body, and the only place they can turn is back into the space occupied by the passengers' legs."

Anyone who thinks that is mere random criticism need only look at the automotive pictures that adorn the walls of Mr. Earl's office. Although they were painted eight years ago, each one is as futuristically out of today's world as anything you could conjure up under stress of an A-1 nightmare. "The boys knew that people would be dropping in here to see if they could pick up ideas of what we have in mind for next year, so we gave them something to think about," Mr. Earl explained.

BUT while the decorative theme is fantastic in the extreme, basic thinking behind it goes deep. For several years some companies, including G.M., have delved exhaustively into the idea of design changes so radical you wouldn't believe them if you saw the pictures of models they made to prove their research. As for chances of those weird-looking creations becoming highway realities—the answer is still "No!"

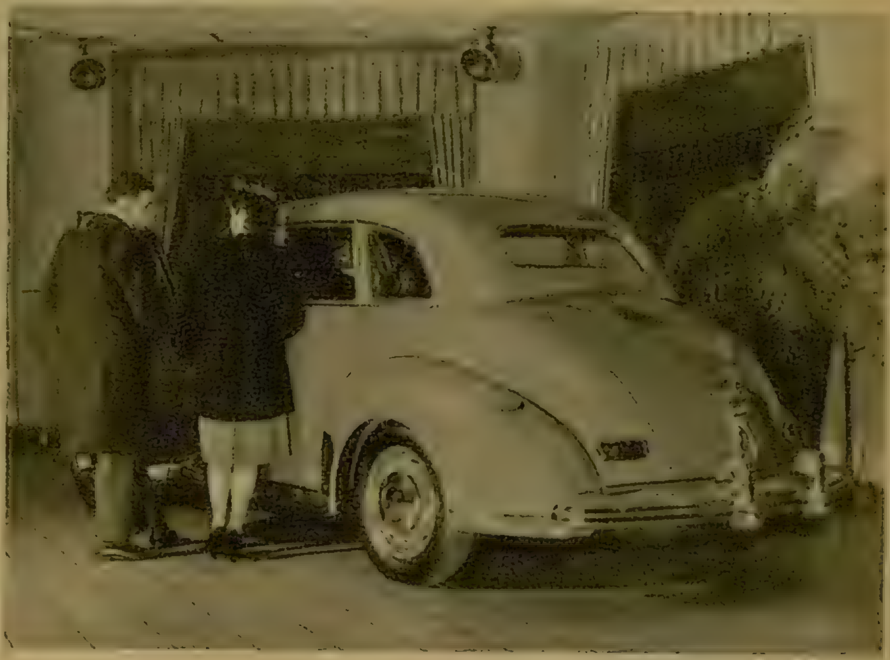
Plastic researchers have yet to find a transparent material that can take the beating handed out by the ordinary windshield wiper. Run the wiper over a plastic windshield for an hour and it becomes so scarred you can't see through it. Some day, perhaps, bodies and fenders will be made of plastic, but that is so remote in the minds of both automobile and plastic men as to be deserving only of "possibility" thinking.

As for the rear-engine idea, there's nothing new about it. In 1902, of twenty-three cars then made in America, eighteen had engines under the seat or in the rear, and

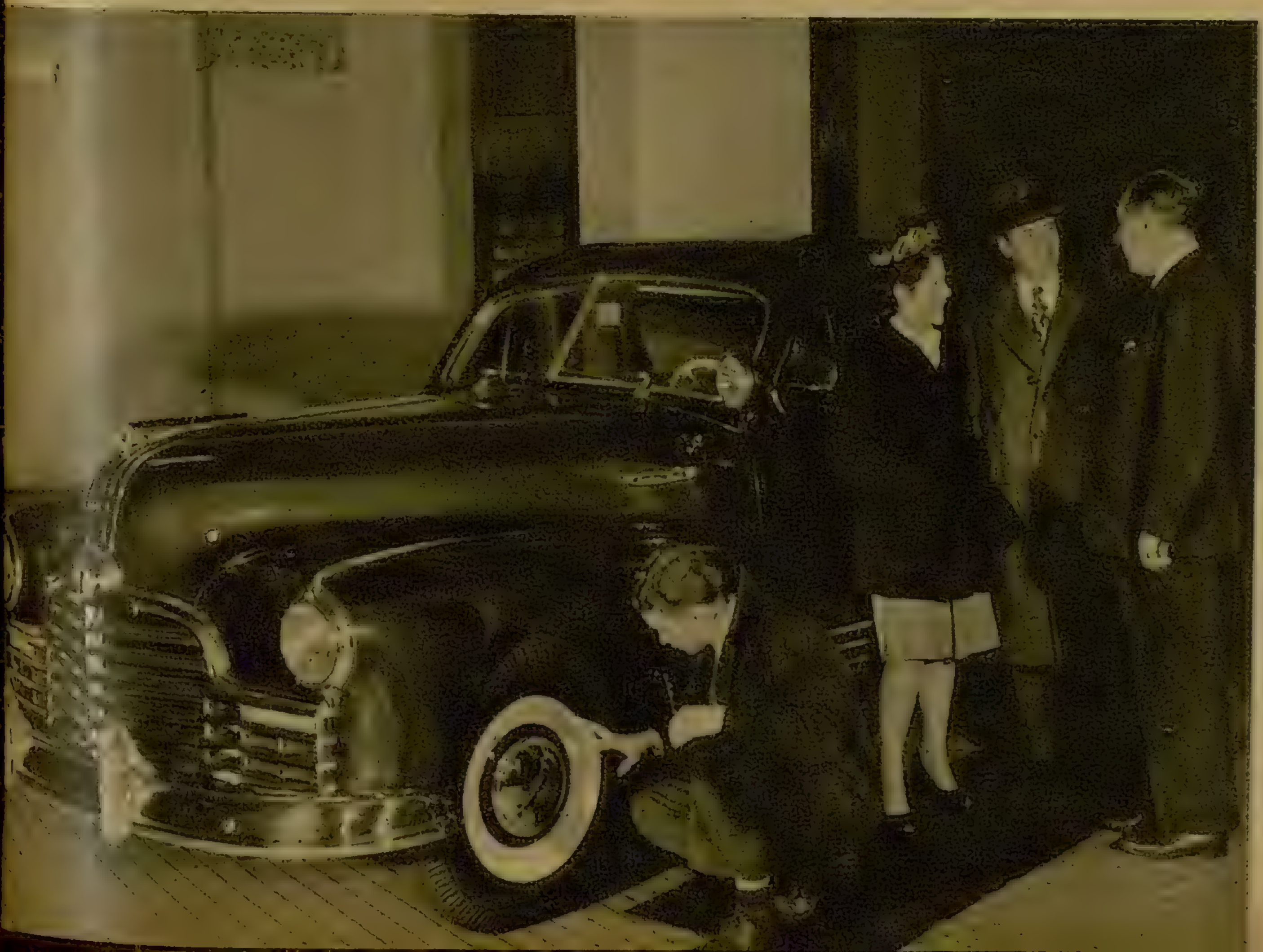
(*Continued on page 52*)

Making the rounds of 1946 showrooms, our Manhattan family encounters a world of room in the front seat of the Packard Clipper. Dad likes the instrument panel and Mom adores the color.

Dad, economy-minded, hears the new Nash is lighter by 500 pounds. Mom approves the bed arrangement, while Junior is sold on the joys of a peppy motor and the luxury of air-conditioning.

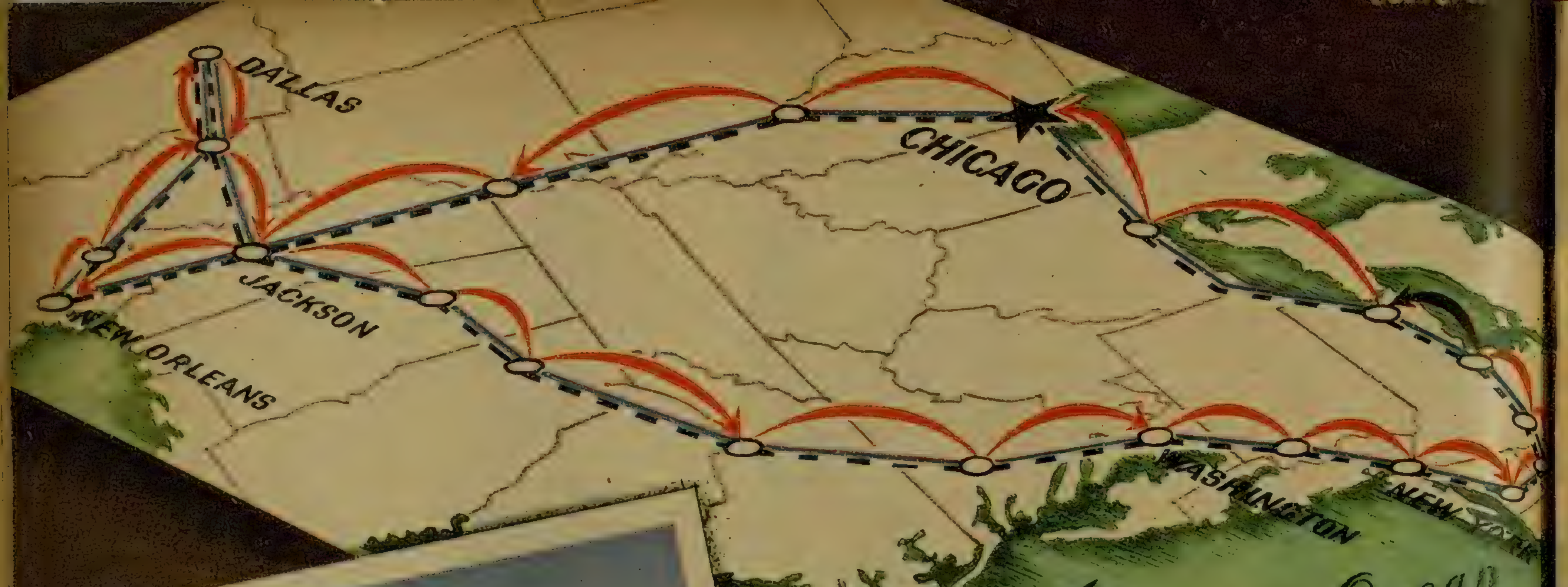


At Studebaker, Mom likes the upholstery, Dad goes for the leg room, Junior is enthralled by the many accessories. It's the Skyway body on the Champion chassis, a new combination.

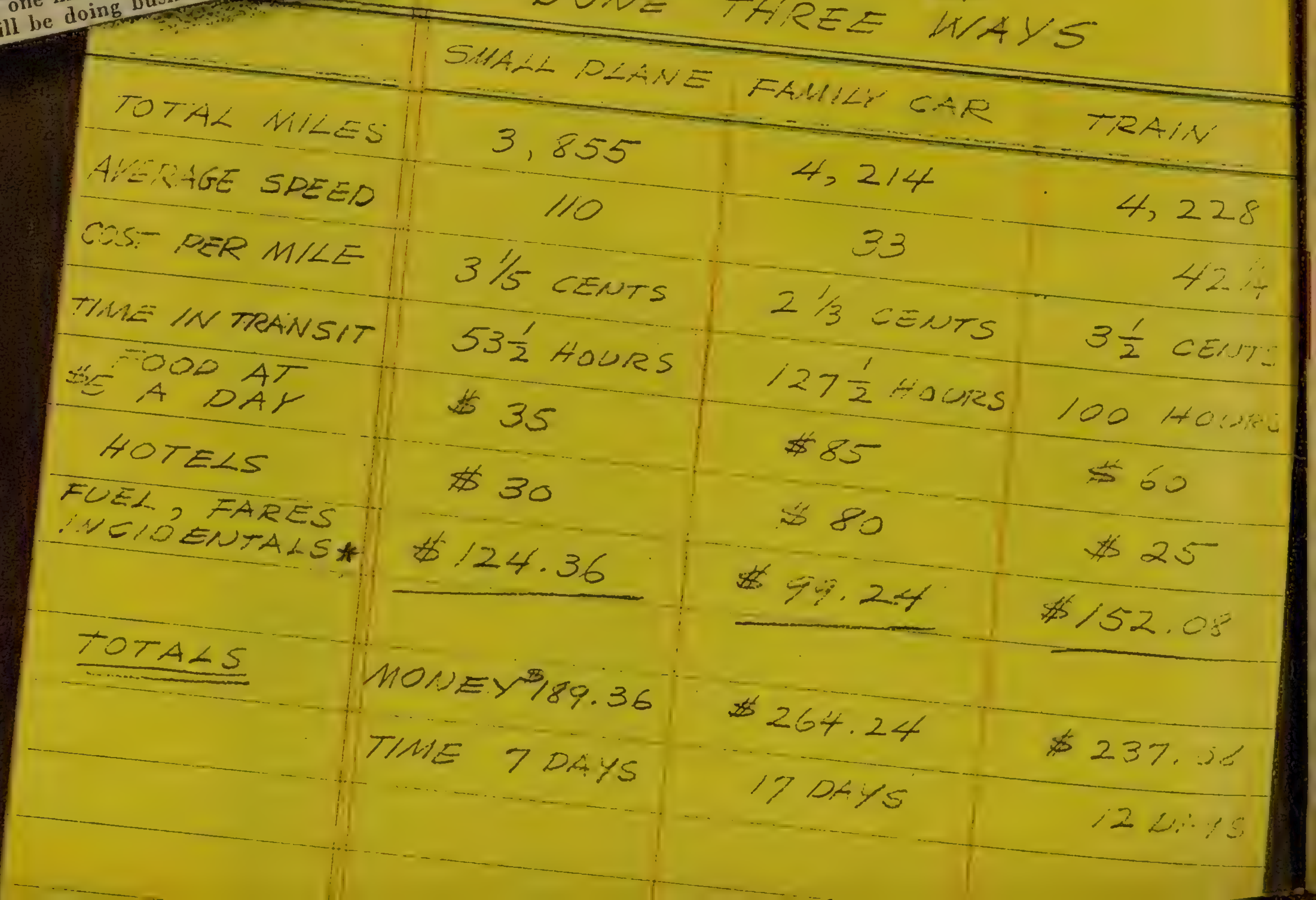


Junior's fascinated by the white plastic rings on the Pontiac wheel. And by now, Mom and Dad are confused. They liked a lot that they saw, but what'll they buy and when will they get it?

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY O. F. HESS


DALLAS
CHICAGO
JACKSON
NEW ORLEANS
WASHINGTON
NEW YORK
Atlantic Ocean
AIRPLANE
AUTOMOBILE
TRAIN

In one more hour and another 100 miles, Eddy will be doing business with his next customer.



THE EDDY TRIP DONE THREE WAYS

	SMALL PLANE	FAMILY CAR	TRAIN
TOTAL MILES	3,855	4,214	4,228
AVERAGE SPEED	110	33	42¼
COST PER MILE	3 1/5 CENTS	2 1/3 CENTS	3½ CENTS
TIME IN TRANSIT	53½ HOURS	127½ HOURS	100 HOURS
FOOD AT $5 A DAY	$ 35	$85	$ 60
HOTELS	$ 30	$ 80	$ 25
FUEL, FARES INCIDENTALS*	$ 124.36	$ 99.24	$152.08
TOTALS	MONEY $189.36	$ 264.24	$ 237.08
	TIME 7 DAYS	17 DAYS	12 DAYS

Man in a Hurry

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

> Most Americans probably still will prefer to travel by train, auto, or the commercial air lines — but for those adventurous souls who want to fly their own planes, here's one man's experience in dollars and sense

THE flight was made by forty-three-year-old William C. Eddy, recently retired from the Navy. Six-foot-six Eddy, piloting his own plane — a ninety-horsepower Dart about the size of a B-29 wheel—flew to twenty cities and transacted business in each. His aim: to find out whether he could get around on business trips easily, safely, and cheaply in a privately owned plane.

He set out from Chicago wearing tennis shoes, an old pair of slacks, a leather jacket, and carried a change of business clothes and a briefcase. He returned seven days later after going as far south as New Orleans, as far west as Dallas, and as far east as New London, Connecticut. He reached each of the cities within a few hours of the schedule he had mapped three weeks before. And Eddy insists he took no chances and had little trouble finding his way.

But, you say, Eddy is an ex-Navy man; he probably knew all about planes to begin with, and so it was no stunt for him to fly himself around on a 4,000-mile business trip. However, he didn't learn to fly until the late summer of 1944 and he did it on his own time while he was still on active duty as a captain in the Navy.

Most travelers imagine the air is an appalling expensive place. It isn't. Eddy's twenty-city trip cost $189.36 in basic expenses—$124.36 for transportation and $65 for food and lodging. In straight flying Eddy gets twenty-two miles on a gallon of gasoline. For this trip of 3,855 air miles he averaged 14.7 miles a gallon (roughly the same as the average automobile).

On oil, a light airplane is less brutal than most automobiles. Eddy adds one quart for every eight hours of flying time. (On this trip he added one quart a day; seven quarts all told). Instead of changing oil every 1,000 miles, as do most motorists, the light-plane owner needs a complete change only once every 150 hours. Thus, for this trip of 53 hours 35 minutes, Eddy included one third the cost of an oil change, 93 cents. In contrast, the motorist would require four full oil changes for the 4,000 miles.

Eddy has a motor check-up every 100 hours, as do most careful plane owners, at a cost of $15. Since he was in the air approximately fifty hours on the trip, he also added to his expenses half the cost of a check-up, $7.50. At only two airports did he run into landing charges. LaGuardia Field, New York, charges $2.50 a landing, mainly to discourage its use by private fliers. The National Airport, Washington, D. C., charges $1. These two are among the few which have landing charges. Hangar fees average $1.50 a night, which explains a $9 item on Eddy's expense sheet for six nights in hangars.

Then there is the nuisance of getting to the center of town from an outlying airport. But Eddy advises that wherever possible, you have your business contacts meet you at the airport. Some progressive airports are setting up small offices for the use of flying business men.

As it worked out, Eddy transacted business at ten airports and had to go into town at the other ten cities. This meant taxi or airport limousine, with an average cost of $2.50 a city, or $25 for the trip. Meals cost Eddy an average of $5 a day for the seven days he was away, and hotel bills averaged $5 for the six nights.

This is the box-score of his basic expenses:

Gasoline (262 gallons)	$75.98
Oil (seven quarts)	2.45
Half cost of motor tuning	7.50
Fifth cost of oil change	.93
Landing fees	3.50
Hangar for six nights	9.00
Car to town in 10 cities	25.00
Food, seven days	35.00
Hotel, six nights	30.00
TOTAL	$189.36

Covering the same twenty cities by railroad, a trip of 4,228 miles by the most efficient route, the fares (including tax) total $152.08, as worked out by Thomas Cook & Son, the travel agency. This provides for coach travel during the daytime and Pullman travel in a lower berth at night, where feasible. The trip, allowing the same amount of time for business as Eddy's trip afforded, requires twelve days. Six nights are spent in sleeping cars, thus cutting down hotel requirements to five nights. The brief breakdown of basic

(*Continued on page 75*)

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* In the case of the plane, the incidentals include hangar fees, landing fees, and cost of transportation from airport to town. The mileage is "direct air-line miles" and does not include waiting time over airports and storm deviations from course. In the case of the family car, they include bridge tolls and garage. In the case of travel by train, they include coach and Pullman fares.

German PWs prod cautiously in French soil literally peppered with mines. The white tape will mark the cleared areas.

The Irony Mines

German PWs grubbing for mines in France undoubtedly curse the Führer now, but they might as well be fatalistic about the job. Their first mistake will be their last

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Paris.

A SMALL procession came slowly over the sand dunes at Fort Mahon, war-battered resort town on the Channel coast of France. The group consisted of five or six German prisoners of war carrying a stretcher. At their head was a French demining engineer. There had been an accident—one dead and one injured. The injured man was being sent to the nearest dispensary. An open truck drew up at the foot of Fort Mahon's main street. The PWs lifted the injured man into it. Two of their number also got aboard. The rest stood in a silent cluster until the Frenchman snapped an *"Alors, au travail!"* [Back to work!].

Scenes like that are being repeated over much of Europe today. In France the job of reaping the mines the Germans sowed is considered among the most urgent projects. The simple statistical fact that by 1944 the Germans planted not less than 100,000,000 mines in French soil explains why.

Demining is a touch-and-go proposition. Progress, like life and death, in the mine fields, is a matter of luck—or, as the PWs prefer to call it, a question of *Schicksal*—fate.

"In this job," a French demining engineer dryly remarked, "you have to understand that you're allotted one mistake per man. Your first mistake is your last."

The government has supervised the job from the start, but now, instead of handling it exclusively, the government farms out certain mined areas to civilians, upon request, and gives them the managerial powers of organizing and setting up crews, etc. Thus some of the demining comes under the heading of private enterprise. German prisoners of war do the actual work, and crews of them are allotted to demining companies by the government, along with equipment and food rations.

Approximately 40,000 PWs are employed in demining operations in France, working under trained French deminers in teams of anywhere from thirty to 100 men. The ratio is ten PWs to one supervisor, and a recent law says no French *démineur* is permitted to touch a mine when it is located. The actual detonating must be handled exclusively by the Germans. Despite this precaution, however, there are still many fatalities among the French engineers (or deminers, to be more accurate, as few of them have had other training than that of recognizing the various different types of mines). There is as yet no over-all estimate of German PW casualties, but according to official reports the number of deaths is steadily on the decrease, as experience is gained in the work.

Having gotten interested in the many weird mine and booby-trap stories heard all over France these days, and having made the acquaintance of two "mine prospectors" who had recently organized a demining company (or commando, as it is called), I visited the Fort Mahon field to see how the work is done. I arrived there from Paris in company of the two demining bosses. Fort Mahon, a tiny, once-pretty summer resort, is about twenty-two miles from the more elegant and high-brow resort of Le Touquet.

NO summer resort can be expected to be anything but bleak in midwinter, but Fort Mahon was desolate. As there had never been any fighting there, I was surprised at the sight of its unholy destruction. The explanation was that most of the houses and villas had been razed to get materials for the blockhouses that dotted the beach. Half buried in the dunes, the blockhouses face out strategically all along the coast, the narrow slits of their faces pointing out in every direction over the sea. (No stone was left unturned in the Third Reich's preparations for D Day—and one might safely say that the Nazis were as concerned about it as the Allies.) As far as the blockhouses are concerned, they never got to serve the purpose for which they were built, though they serve well in their present capacity of PW latrines.

From M. Cezari and M. Perrot—the two bosses of Minensuchkommando II at Fort Mahon—I learned that their demining crew was typical of those working everywhere throughout France—with the possible exception that the PWs of their outfit were infinitely better nourished, they assured me. Most of the PW workers of France, I later discovered, got less to eat than the meager rations allotted them by the government, because the rations manage to decrease with each step in distribution. At Fort Mahon the PWs, though dreadfully undernourished, still had more to eat than elsewhere.

Minensuchkommando II had been at work for two weeks at Fort Mahon and, as in all demining projects, progress was varied and unpredictable. In the first week, sixty-five men and six French supervisors had cleared six acres. They had dug up 755 Teller mines, 1,192 S mines, 166 mustard pots, and 153 stock mines. Incredibly enough, this was accom-

(*Continued on page* 80)

He dug these Teller mines out of the sands with his bare hands, risking annihilation by booby-trap. They're now ready for detonation.

PHOTOS FROM ARMY TALKS, ETO

This American detector will signal the presence of metal mines, but it offers no safeguard against those made of wood, glass, or plastic.

LIBERTY PHOTO BY O. F. HESS

The spectacular three-ton ball would pulverize any wall, but safety regulations have limited its use severely. Instead, wreckage now cascades down chutes into waiting trucks.

Bringing Down the House

Until now, we had thought that house wrecking was a business for brats with muscles. It isn't. It's big business and is about as safe as sleepwalking on a roof

By RUTH MOORE and SIGMUND SAMETH

TWENTY-FIVE men grouped around the T-shaped conference table in the board room of New York City's Housing Authority are as tense as bingo players. Only, the stakes in this game are higher.

"World Wreckers," reads a housing official, "$102,000. Associated Wreckers, $76,886."

These are the bids of wrecking contractors vying for a demolition contract in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn.

"Greater New York Wrecking," the voice drones on, "$63,643."

The entire room groans over the last figure and a dozen outraged demolition experts glower at the triumphant low bidder. Mr. M. Klotz, a short round man who bid $94,400, leans across the table toward his brother and competitor, J. Klotz, who was high man with $108,300.

"Who wants it?" he asks contemptuously as J. Klotz nods strenuous agreement. "Rather I should go broke in the comfort of my own office."

This attitude isn't altogether sour grapes on the part of the brothers Klotz. House wreckers today can afford to be choosy. For the most part during the war, when everybody else was making money, they had small pickings. Now wreckers have come into their own. We're at the beginning of what promises to be the century's biggest housing boom, but often before buildings can go up, others must come down.

In New York City alone eighteen housing developments involving the destruction of scores of square miles of substandard five-story tenement dwellings have been blueprinted. Already wrecking crews have completed most of the razing for the Brownsville project in Brooklyn, for the Amsterdam development in crowded Harlem, and for the Jacob Riis project on Manhattan Island's teeming East Side.

And the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Stuyvesant Town development represents the largest single plum which has ever fallen into the hands of house wreckers. (*Continued on page 71*)

LIBERTY PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

To learn how much he's saving, what is his and what it's paying him, Fred MacMurray always consults Budget Director Roos.

Hollywood's Spending Specialist

BY LLOYD SHEARER

A Hollywood hot shot at so many thousands a week is on every sucker list. But stars who think of the future turn the old pay envelope over to a spending specialist. Here's how a top-rank business agent works

WHEN the U. S. Treasury Department in its last annual report on salaries announced that Fred MacMurray had earned $419,000, Bing Crosby had made $295,000, Don Ameche had slipped to $247,000, and Joan Crawford was skimping along on $144,000—the usual assortment of misguided movie fans, alert confidence men, and conniving crimps throughout the country began to bombard these top-earning cinema folk with an artillery of irresistible business offers.

"I know you are just an actor," one woman wrote Fred MacMurray, "and like most actors you probably have no business brains. I am therefore going to give you an opportunity to invest $25,000 in a chain of roller-skating rinks. This is the chance of a lifetime," etc.

Similarly, Bing Crosby was the recipient of an offer to manufacture "breathe-easy brassières," while Joan Crawford was told she could buy into an old established Vermont rock quarry.

These are but a few of the countless and *tempting* business propositions continually made to movie stars. Some are sound and bona fide; others are the schemes of crackpots. All, however, are offered because people everywhere are convinced that actors and actresses are temperamentally and professionally incapable of looking after their own financial affairs.

This is partly true, but what the nation's moviegoers don't know is that nowadays practically every person of note in Hollywood employs a special business manager, not an agent, whose specific job it is to handle his client's salaries, expenses, investments, and all the other complex financial arrangements connected with being a cinema celebrity.

One of the leading business managers in Hollywood at the moment is a man who looks like one. He is tall and broad, brunette and blue-eyed, forty-two and flourishing. He smokes Churchill-length cigars, wears double-breasted suits, and is named after his Swedish father, Bo Roos.

For 3½ per cent of their collective gross, a sizable figure indeed, Bo Christian Roos sees to it that Frank Borzage, George Brent, Joan Crawford, Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, Jean Gabin, Rita Hayworth, Edgar Kennedy, Dorothy Lamour, Fred MacMurray, Harriet Parsons, Red Skelton, Robert Walker, Johnny Weissmuller, Orson Welles, and a dozen other clients will never go broke or end up as wards of Los Angeles County.

Offhand, this is not the simple task it seems, since many a movie star frequently falls for harebrained schemes; and Bo Roos must convince them that such investments lead to the poorhouse and that they had best leave everything to him.

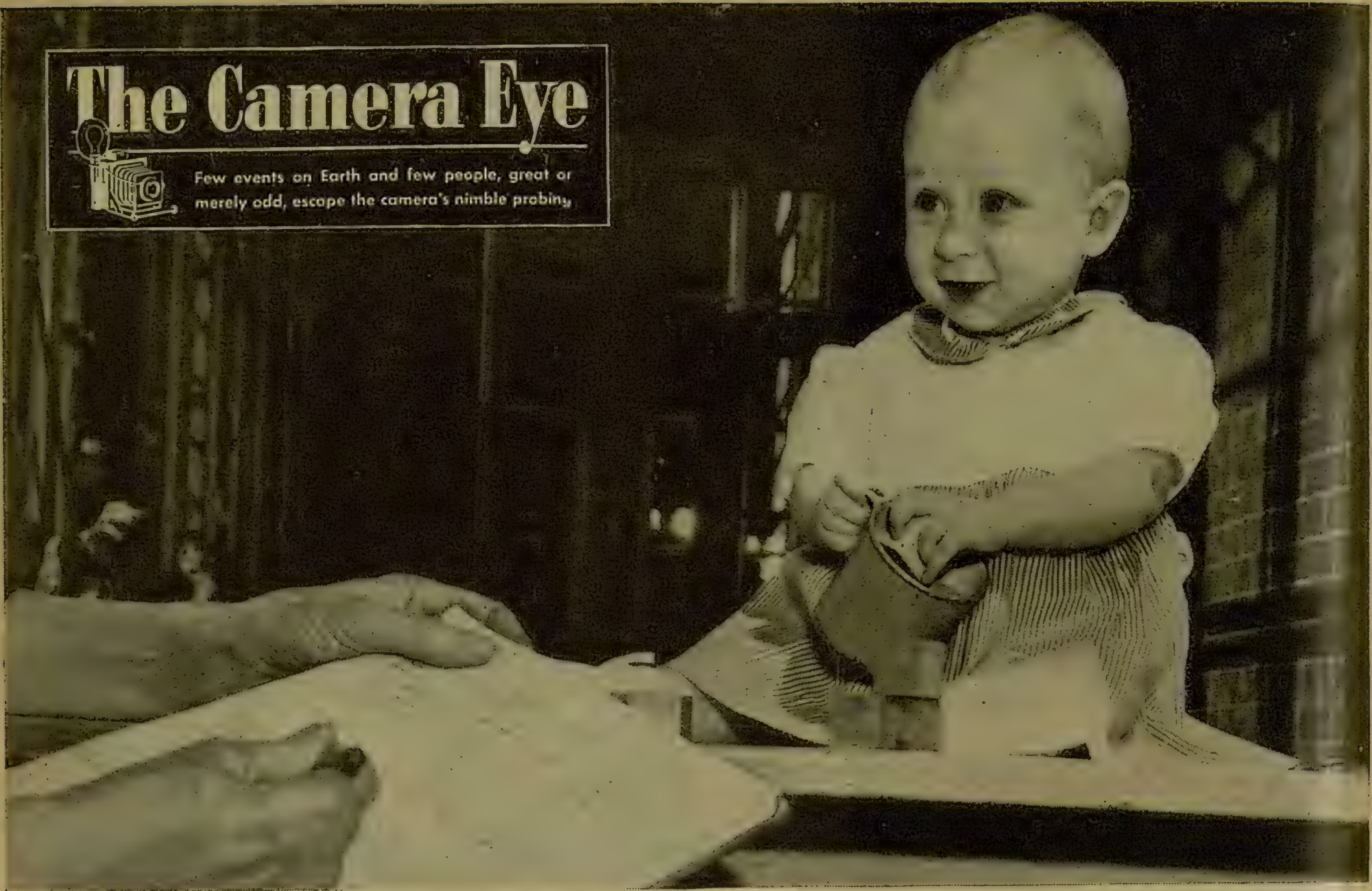
If the star is adamant, however —and you have no idea how rapidly screen success breeds stubbornness —Bo Roos reaches for his hat.

"If a client is unco-operative," he explains, "he is no longer a client."

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

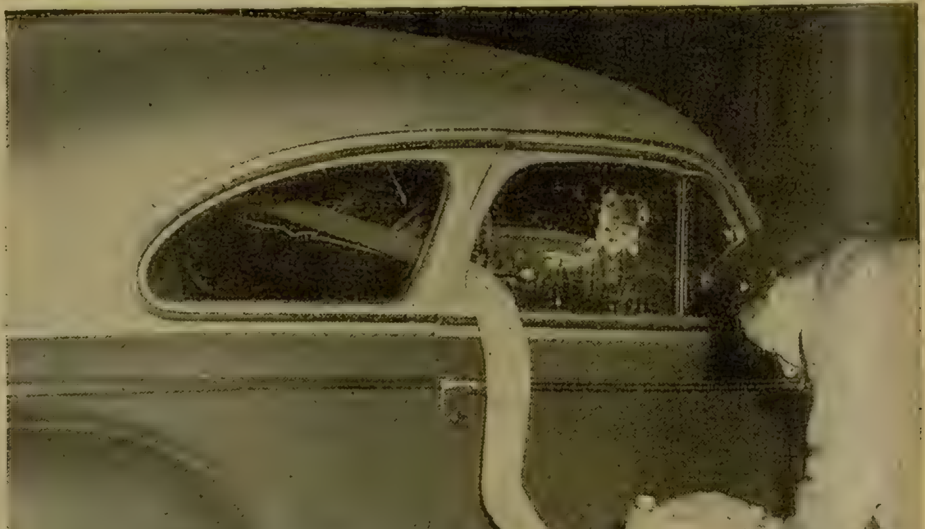


WIDE WORLD

UP FOR ADOPTION—For now, a Salvation Army nursery in Brooklyn, N. Y., is the only home known to this bright-eyed waif. She's new here, and it's a difficult world, but it looks as though she'd win honors in that intelligence test.

ACME

LIKE OLD TIMES—It's back to the old familiar sidewalk for this craftsman, making his lanterns in traditional fashion now that Singapore is rid of Japs. He paints on cotton sewn and glued to bamboo.



INTERNATIONAL

HE ASKED FOR IT!—A motorist in Los Angeles parked here, and the unexpected happened: a fire broke out close by. Firemen rammed a hose through both front windows—then a cop gave him a ticket!

INTERNATIONAL

PIPE THE KELLY!—Homeward bound from Japan, Seaman Bill Nupp wowed his shipmates with his ensemble of U. S. underwear and Tokyo hard hat. Many Yanks bought the derbies when they heard hats were scarce at home.

ACME

SOURDOUGH—Canadian Ernie Ayrhart struck it rich in the gold boom that has hit Val d'Or, Quebec, where city lots sell for $25,000. His reported take: $2,000,000.

INTERNATIONAL

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS—A New York luncheon produced this shot of the extremes in G.O.P. ideology—conservative Herbert Hoover and liberal Harold Stassen. Wonder where they found a common ground to meet on?

EXIT FOR A HERO

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Freddie had his own idea of how to put Cap out of his misery — but the best-laid plans of boys and dogs oft go awry. An eye-moistening tale for every man who was once a lad

By

GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN

FREDDIE paled as his father talked on the telephone. He looked as if he were going to be sick. His father hung up and, turning to Freddie, said, "The vet can take him now. Want to go down with me, old man?"

"No," said Freddie between clenched teeth.

"I wish you would, Freddie. You can sort of hold him while I drive. It—it isn't very easy for me either, you know. After all, Cap really belongs to all of us."

"Yes, but just the same he's mine," said Freddie. "Look, dad—just one more day. Can't we wait till tomorrow?"

His father said, "We've waited too long as it is. The dog is suffering terribly. You know that as well as I do."

"I suppose so," said Freddie. And then he said, "The vet. He might be scared of the vet. That would be awful—to end up scared."

"That's one reason why I want you there."

"Oh," said Freddie.

"The vet knows how to do it, son. He's done it for hundreds of dogs. He did it for the Carpenters—remember?—only a couple of months ago. He just gives them a whiff of chloroform and it's all over."

"I chloroformed a cat once," Freddie said soberly. "With Tot Lawrence. We used a garbage pail, and the cat just fought and fought. Pretty near pushed the cover off. It was fierce. I had to sit on the cover, and then I couldn't stand it any more and I yanked the cover off. But the cat was as good as dead by then. Anyway, he died. I wouldn't want Cap to have chloroform, dad."

"They have different ways, Freddie. We could ask him for something different."

"Hooey!" said Freddie. "They tell you they'll use something different, but chloroform's cheap, I guess. The vet will give us a lot of baloney, and then he'll use chloroform anyway."

"The kindest thing, of course," said Freddie's father—"the kindest thing would be a gun. But we haven't got a gun. Even if we had one, I don't believe I'd have the nerve to pull the trigger. Not on Cap. You wouldn't either, Fred."

"N-n-no," said Freddie, going very white again. "I—no, dad, I wouldn't."

"Well, might as well face it," said Freddie's father, shrugging. "I'll get the car out of the garage. You bring Cap out when I blow the horn. Better carry Cap. It's painful for him to walk."

The moment his father left the house Freddie dashed upstairs. He had, perhaps, two minutes. He meant to use them. For one thing he *had* a gun. It was a shotgun; pretty seedy-looking, but it worked. He had got it from Walt Bannister through a slick trade: his microscope, plus a real German helmet which Freddie didn't want because he had two, and a piece of a Jap flag. Since Freddie was only just twelve, he hadn't yet dared tell his father and mother about the gun; he figured on leading up to that gradually. But now it didn't matter. He had the gun. He had five shells for it. He would put Cap out of his misery—as his father had said—the kindest way. Just simply take Cap out in the woods behind the house and then over the hill, and start to talk to Cap, and then bang-o! He would argue the gun out with his father later.

Did he have the nerve to do it? His father might not have, but he had. Anything to keep Cap away from that stinking chloroform.

Freddie paused to make sure that his mother was out of the way. Yes, he could hear her humming in her bedroom. The rest was very easy. The shells were in his pocket by now. The gun—a quick run downstairs and the gun was outside, tucked into a corner by the grape arbor. It was dusk, growing dark, perfect for ducking away.

Freddie's father blew the horn. That meant he had the car backed out of the garage. Freddie moved fast. Cap was in the kitchen, of course. Nowadays he was always in the kitchen, lying beside the electric stove that years ago had been a coal stove, and cozily warm. It must have been all the same to Cap—an imaginary warmth. Or else Cap was eternally hopeful that the coal stove would be put back. Freddie didn't know.

Cap whimpered a little when Freddie picked him up in his arms. That would be Cap's pain.

"We're going out in the woods," said Freddie to Cap. "Just like the old days. Hey, Cap?"

Cap stretched around and licked Freddie's face. He licked it warmly. "We got to go," said Freddie, and let himself and Cap out of the kitchen door. At the corner by the grape arbor he stooped and picked up the gun.

CAP was a very old dog. He had been an old dog since Freddie could remember. He was a big dog too. Black, as black as coal. Nobody—much less Cap—had any idea as to who, or what, his father might have been. Cap's mother had been a sort of mixture. So Cap was doubly a mixture, which was just fine with Cap. Everything was fine with Cap, particularly having his ears fooled with by Freddie.

After about an eighth of a mile through the woods, Freddie, who was panting, set the gun and Cap down. He found a log, squatted on it. Immediately Cap shoved his long head between Freddie's knees. That was Cap's manner of saying that he wanted his ears tousled. Freddie tousled them. Then he picked Cap and the gun up again and climbed the hill, where they couldn't hear the gun from the house, or not very much.

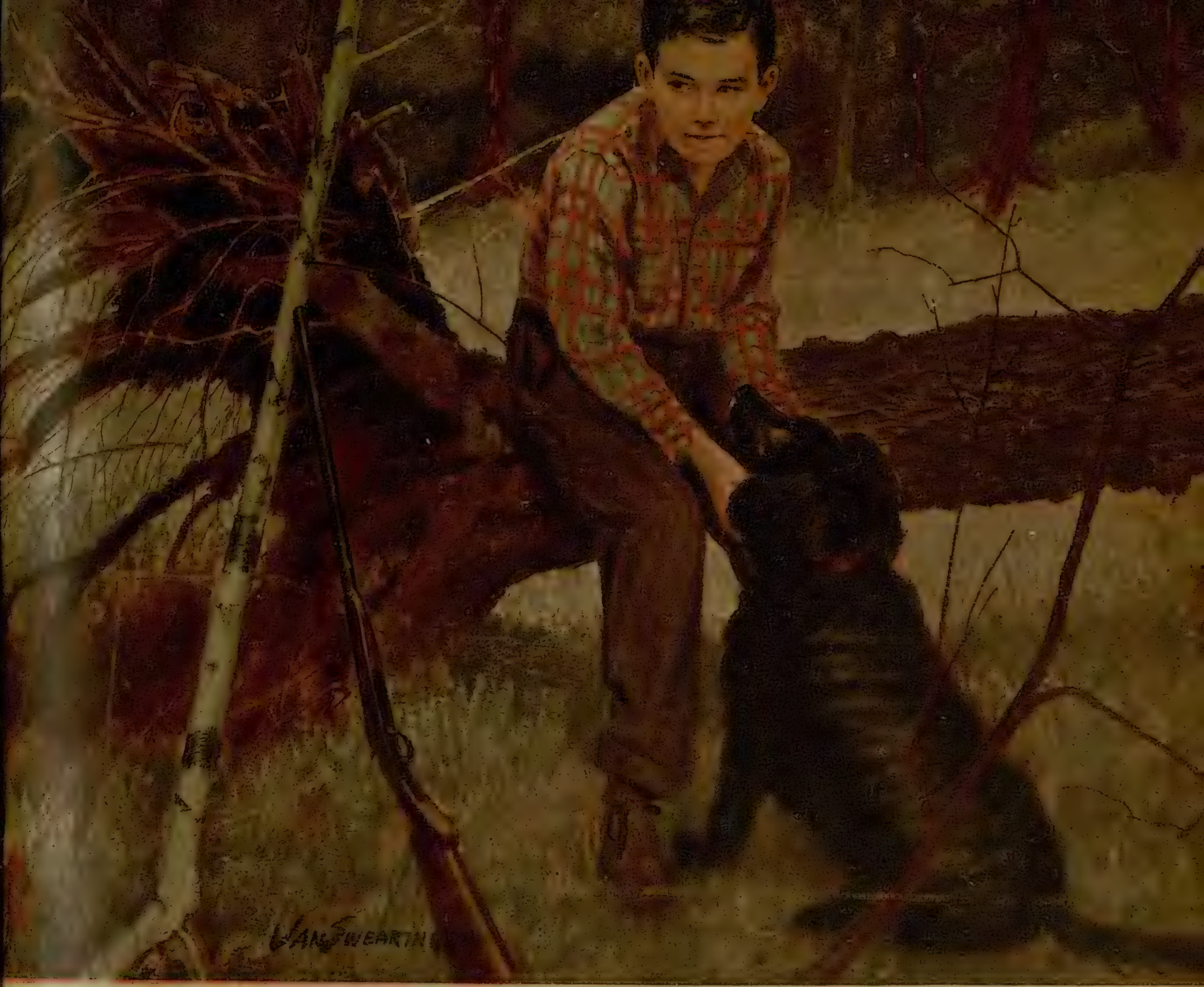
"You're heavy," said Freddie to Cap, breasting the hill. Cap again stretched around and licked Freddie's face.

"Have a heart," said Freddie.

Cap had a heart. He licked Freddie's face some more.

"Quit it," said Freddie. Cap quit it.

Freddie fought through the briers till he got to an open place. He eased Cap down. He eased the gun down.



Freddie knew that he couldn't pull the trigger on Cap. "Pop was right," he said in a sort of wonder. "I just can't do it."

"Look, Cap," said Freddie, "you got to back off a ways." Freddie put a shell in the gun, threw off the safety catch. Then he saw a fallen tree. He sat down on it. "Want to have my hand steady," he said, addressing the air around him.

The minute Freddie sat down, Cap shoved his long head between Freddie's knees. And then and there Freddie knew that in spite of all the chloroform in the world, he couldn't pull the trigger on Cap. "Pop was right," he said in a sort of wonder. "I just can't do it."

He rumpled Cap's ears, and Cap thumped his heavy tail on the ground. Cap, in spite of his pain, was very happy. He was in the woods again. He was with Freddie.

"There must be some answer to this," said Freddie.

The gun, which Freddie had propped against a sapling, suddenly slipped. As it teetered, Freddie grabbed for it. . . .

FREDDIE didn't come back. His father walked around and around the house, and then presently his mother and father walked around and around the house. Sort of lost like; bewildered like. "The dog's gone too, of course," said Freddie's father. "He might be out by the car now. I mean Freddie."

"Go look," said Freddie's mother. But Freddie wasn't out by the car. Neither was Cap. "I simply don't understand it," Freddie's father said. They had gone back to the kitchen, where Cap always lay. They looked at each other helplessly.

Then there came a whimpering at the back door, then a familiar scratching. Freddie's father whipped the door open. It was Cap, all right, but no Freddie. Not till Cap was indoors and under a bright light did they see the raw bleeding hole in his hind quarters.

Cap lay down and thumped his heavy tail on the floor. Then he got up, moving very, very stiffly, and went over to the back door and nosed it. He stood with his nose to the door till they opened it, then he went out. He began to crawl on his belly.

"He's hurt bad," said Freddie's father. "Hope he leads us to the boy."

Cap did. It was a slow and painful crawl, but he led them all the way. Every once in a while he looked back over his shoulder, to say, "Are you following me?" At the very last, Cap seemed to make a little run forward. They found him nuzzled tight in against Freddie. His heavy tail wagged, thump, thump, thump.

Then it lifted an inch maybe. Then it lay still.

FREDDIE came awake. He said, "I guess I shot myself in the leg, dad. I was trying to shoot Cap, but I couldn't. Look, dad—we can't use chloroform on Cap. It would be cruel. Can't we—can't we find a better way?"

Freddie's father bent over Cap. The big black body had slumped. Cap was dead. He had died happy, doing a job for Freddie. Freddie's father said soberly, "You have my word for it, we'll never chloroform Cap."

"Is—is he all right?"

"Yes, he's all right, Fred. Now let's worry about you."

THE END

The professor was through playing second fiddle to an accomplished wife. Hugo, the psychiatrist, had given him the prescription for becoming king of the roost. Recommended (the story, not the prescription) for every man who answers to mouse in his house

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE C. SHRAGGE

The Professor Meets a Blonde

WHEN Wade Holbrook, Ph.D., North Shore University, was married, the board of trustees relaxed visibly. Granted that Wade's new wife did her housework in shorts, she was better than they had dared anticipate.

For Dr. Holbrook, despite his brilliance, or maybe, the trustees suspected nervously, because of it, was uninhibited about his choice of companions. He had once turned up at a faculty dance with a woman who was a human spider in the circus.

The new Mrs. Holbrook's only idiosyncrasy was that, despite her five feet two inches, she was a golf champion. During her eight years in the amateurs she had collected a large assortment of enormous silver platters and cups which found their way onto the dinner table when the Holbrooks entertained. However, Wade didn't seem to mind. And Wade had married her.

But Wade, on a bright morning just ten days before his first wedding anniversary, was stretched out miserably in the twin bed nearer the window and planning to run away from his wife.

He heard Marjorie in the kitchen. This was her big day. She was playing in the finals of the North Shore women's golf tournament. Wade knew he should get up. She was probably putting too much coffee into the percolator and cutting herself on the orange squeezer.

Wade could see that the day was going to be fine. Fine for a women's golf tournament with Marjorie looking little and tanned and competent in one of the classic white broadcloth dresses she wore on the links. Fine for a husband who was going to leave a note and get out of town.

She came to the bedroom. He closed his eyes.

"Wade!" He could tell that she was excited. "Darling," she said, "I hate to waken you. It's your vacation and you've been doing so much night-work on your book. But I'm going to leave in ten minutes. Do you want some breakfast?"

Wade did not open his eyes. "Don't worry about me. I'll sleep late. I—I forgot to tell you, I have to work and won't be able to see you play."

"Oh, Wade! There's hardly any point in doing it if you won't be there. Sometimes I feel it is pretty silly for a lot of grown women to be out knocking little white balls around—"

"Nonsense." He sat up. "You don't know what I would give to be able to even compete with you."

"Goon," she giggled and sat down on the bed. He pulled her down and kissed her, hard. Suddenly he drew away.

"Stand up. You'll muss your dress and that will spoil your game."

She made a face. "I'd much rather stay here with you. However, I'll bring you a cup of coffee. I think it's better today. I measured it just like you do."

She disappeared into the kitchen, came back with his favorite big cup and put it down on the bedside table. Then she bent over and kissed him lightly. He let her go. Finally the front door closed and the car started. Wade tasted the coffee. He put the cup back. The coffee was awful.

Nothing was reasonable. Marjorie looked like a child, but she could sock a golf or tennis ball better than most men. Better than Wade, anyway. She swam far better than he did, she beat him unmercifully at ping-pong, she even drove the car more expertly. But Wade could make a better cup of coffee.

"There's nothing really wrong with you," his friend Hugo, who was a psychiatrist, had told him. "She's making a mouse out of your subconscious. You are just the same kind of guy you were back in college. Only now, because of her athletic skill, you're ashamed of yourself. Why did you have to marry an athlete anyway?"

WADE showered and, with a towel wound around his middle, pulled out a suitcase from the confusion of Marjorie's closet. He found shirts and shorts and arranged them neatly in the bag. He felt a little giddy. This was like going out for recess your first day in a new school, scared because you were smaller than other boys your own age.

The curse of Wade's life was his size. No matter how he tried to stretch it, he was a scant five feet four inches and looked smaller. In college days he had laughed it off by inviting the tallest show girls in New York to be his partners at proms. At North Shore he exhibited a tendency toward six-foot coeds. But when he married, he picked Marjorie, Marjorie who liked to go barefoot and never wore high heels; Marjorie, who looked so slight and fragile that beside her Wade seemed normal size.

He turned away and scooped socks out of the drawer, tossed them into his suitcase and snapped it shut. He pulled a carefully academic brown suit out, then rejected it for a rough tweed with padded shoulders.

THE note to Marjorie was harder. Finally he told her he was off on a rush trip at the request of his publishers. He did not mention where.

He took a taxi to the station in Chicago. It was a long ride and Wade rolled over in his mind the names of cities. Denver recommended itself because of Gene Fowler's book Timberline. Wade had always wanted to go to San Francisco. But Peoria won on its proximity. Wade joined a long ticket line.

He was still one away from the ticket window when a fat woman hurried up.

"Excuse me," she said and neatly inserted herself between Wade and the man in front of him. Wade drew himself up.

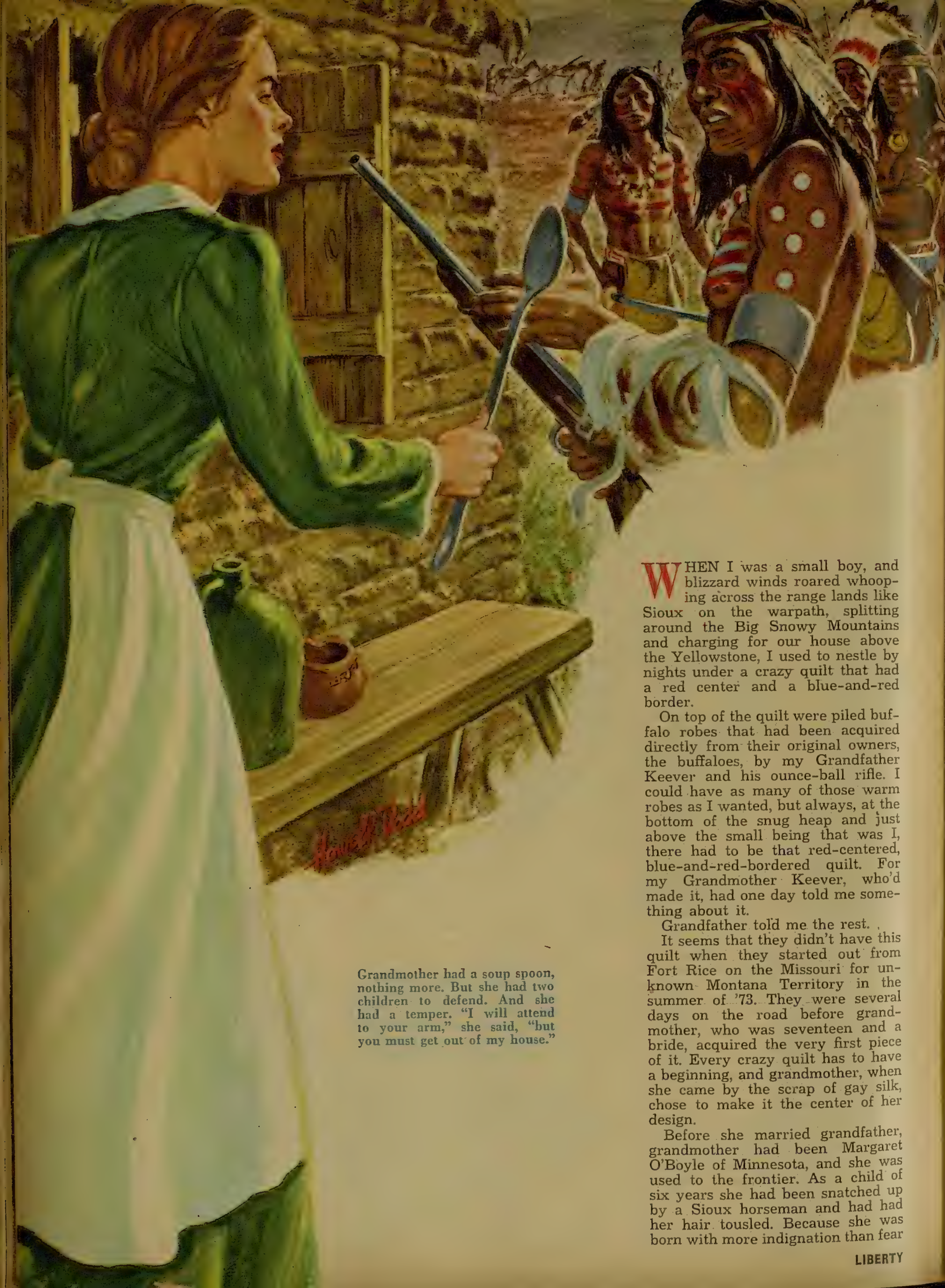
"Excuse *me,*" he said loudly. "You are supposed to go to the end of the line and wait your turn."

The woman seemed to tower a foot above him. "And who's going to make me?"

Wade sucked in his breath. She was a woman, but she was bigger than he was. He picked up his suitcase. It was small and heavy. With a swift movement he swung the bag forward.

(*Continued on page 63*)

The two figures on the bed had not heard Miss Speck. A professional cough was what was demanded of her.



Grandmother had a soup spoon, nothing more. But she had two children to defend. And she had a temper. "I will attend to your arm," she said, "but you must get out of my house."

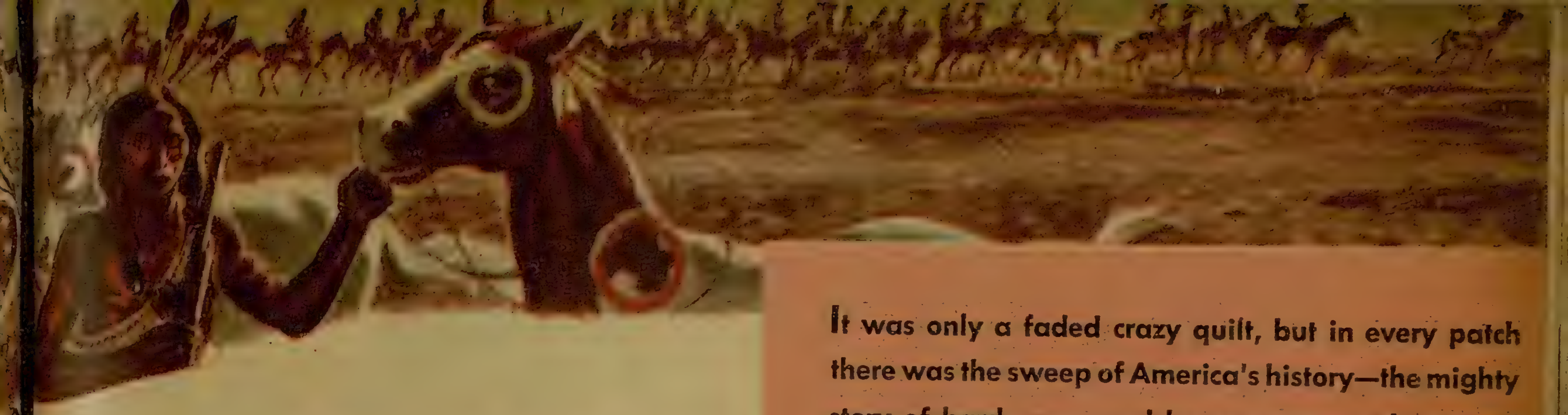
WHEN I was a small boy, and blizzard winds roared whooping across the range lands like Sioux on the warpath, splitting around the Big Snowy Mountains and charging for our house above the Yellowstone, I used to nestle by nights under a crazy quilt that had a red center and a blue-and-red border.

On top of the quilt were piled buffalo robes that had been acquired directly from their original owners, the buffaloes, by my Grandfather Keever and his ounce-ball rifle. I could have as many of those warm robes as I wanted, but always, at the bottom of the snug heap and just above the small being that was I, there had to be that red-centered, blue-and-red-bordered quilt. For my Grandmother Keever, who'd made it, had one day told me something about it.

Grandfather told me the rest.

It seems that they didn't have this quilt when they started out from Fort Rice on the Missouri for unknown Montana Territory in the summer of '73. They were several days on the road before grandmother, who was seventeen and a bride, acquired the very first piece of it. Every crazy quilt has to have a beginning, and grandmother, when she came by the scrap of gay silk, chose to make it the center of her design.

Before she married grandfather, grandmother had been Margaret O'Boyle of Minnesota, and she was used to the frontier. As a child of six years she had been snatched up by a Sioux horseman and had had her hair tousled. Because she was born with more indignation than fear



It was only a faded crazy quilt, but in every patch there was the sweep of America's history—the mighty story of hardy men and brave women who sewed with one hand and fought Indians with the other

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

The Red-Centered Quilt

and, even at that age, was spirited with her tongue, she had given the Indian an exceedingly grown-up lashing. Her shrill words, or the extraordinary beauty of her dark red hair, or both, had caused Chief Little Crow to put her down safely, signaling to his horde to pass around her. The red whirlwind had ridden on, to strike New Ulm, twelve miles down the road, and massacre three hundred whites.

But at seventeen, grandmother had cropped her russet-apple tresses and disguised herself as a boy. That's how she sat beside her husband, Michael Keever, a government teamster, saying never a word—which was always a hardship for her—when General Stanley's troops and supply wagons moved out of the Dakota stockade to guard the surveyors for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

IT was a brave column, with fifteen hundred soldiers, a band, and more than two hundred and fifty wagons, that swung out of Fort Rice that day. There were nineteen companies of infantry, two field guns, a couple dozen Arikara Indian guides, and three hundred civilian employees like grandfather. There were ten troops of cavalry, guidons fluttering, led by a lieutenant colonel with hair as noticeable as grandmother's own, but golden, and reaching to his shoulders.

Because of his flowing locks, the men called this commander Old Curly, though he couldn't have been more than thirty-three. Already, though, he had a shining reputation as the officer who tried to break Stuart's whole cavalry corps at Gettysburg with a single brigade; as the youngest major general to be breveted by the Union Army; and, after the Rebellion ended, as a terrific Indian fighter with slashing victories to his credit down on the Arkansas River. The Cheyennes called him Long Hair and called his regiment the Long Knives.

Grandfather himself was six foot three, with a strong hooked beak and huge wrists and knuckles, and grandmother always said afterward that he looked exactly like the cavalry colonel, except larger and less graceful and without the colonel's great golden mustache. Grandfather was a sober man, sandy-haired, and he wore a beard shaped like a horse collar.

The band that played that day belonged to this splendid Long Knives regiment. It blared Garry Owen, at which even my solemn grandfather hummed, and The Girl I Left Behind Me, at which he hugged my grandmother.

Nobody guessed yet that grandfather's "helper" in the old campaign hat was his wife. The long formation moved out over a vast waste of grass. But its dust pillar was soon quenched by a deluge of rain, turning to heavy hail that ripped the pennons of the cavalry and smashed in the canvas tops of the wagons.

One of the casualties was the personal flag of Old Curly. Already frayed by past adventures, it was now ripped into several separate pennons, and grandmother produced her needle and threads and ordered it brought to her when the column went into bivouac that night.

Stripling helpers were numerous on the supply wagons and a rough lot they were, though schooled enough with mules and horses. But a young and willing needleworker, with smooth cheeks and red lips and saucy brown eyes like grandmother's was a novelty. The cavalry colonel came to see the repairs while they were in progress. He congratulated grandfather on his enterprise in fooling General Stanley, looked at grandmother again, and congratulated the bridegroom a second time. When grandmother finished with the banner, he swept his white hat low to the ground and asked her to name her reward.

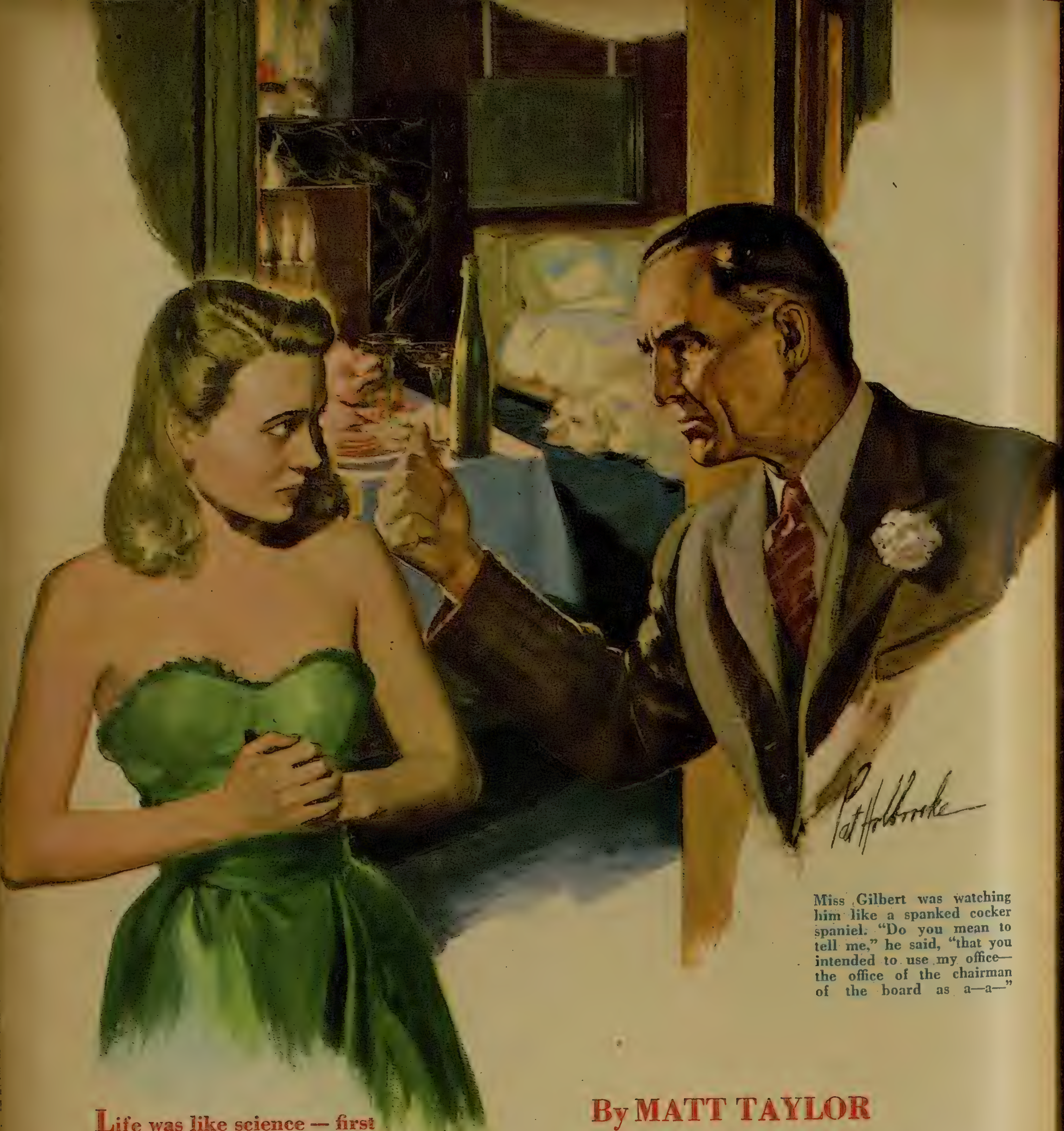
OLD CURLY was a striking man, wearing at the time a fringed yellow buckskin suit, saber belt, and soft tall cavalry boots, and a scarlet silk cravat, tied loosely.

Grandmother replied promptly, "You may give me the first scarlet cravat you discard."

The dashing cavalryman then and there tore the bit of silken vanity from his neck and handed it over. That was the start of my grandmother's crazy quilt.

She set to work at once, sitting up there beside grandfather as the wagon train rolled westward, and soon all the column knew that a teamster's helper with smooth cheeks and red lips was busily stitching a marriage bed quilt. To the growing quilt were brought pieces of faded blue wool that had fought at Antietam and in the Shenandoah, gray that had fought at Cold Harbor, buckskin that had been the shirt of a Cheyenne chief on the Washita, denim that had built the Union Pacific. Even grumpy General Stanley,

(*Continued on page 59*)



Miss Gilbert was watching him like a spanked cocker spaniel. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you intended to use my office—the office of the chairman of the board as a—a—"

Life was like science — first you planned, then you acted. That's how Alexander T. Wormser had made his millions. But an unexpected visit to the office one night shook his plans — and ideas — to their very foundations

By MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY: PAT HOLBROOKE

THE prewar executive suite of the Corporation certainly had been luxurious enough—a labyrinth of high-ceilinged, oak-paneled rooms. But with the postwar markets opening up once more, it became truly magnificent. New deep-piled rugs appeared everywhere; swivel chairs around the directors' table gave way to deep upholstered ones, and the office and private library of Mr. Wormser, chairman of the board, each received an extra-length and extra-width divan. The executive dining room blossomed out with fresh linen and silverware, and the private baths received new and better accessories.

The chief occupant of this grandiose tower was, of course, Chairman of the Board Alexander T. Wormser. He was a tall, vigorous man, a progressive thinker in the world of industry, well cut to the prescribed

THE FOG LIFTS AT MIDNIGHT

executive pattern, a warm shaker of hands but no wastrel with words. He was perhaps more active than was good for him, showing himself continually at his clubs, at conventions, at banquets and political gatherings and forums, all of which came under the head of work, since his forceful presence always added to the Corporation's stock pile of good will. And, besides all this, he found time occasionally to show himself to his family, which consisted of his wife and the twins, Tommy and Elaine, who were twenty.

IT was five thirty on a drizzly afternoon when Mr. Wormser pressed the buzzer on his desk. His secretary appeared instantly. "Barbershop downstairs," Mr. Wormser announced. He could always be reached any time, anywhere, for Corporation business.

"Tony is keeping his chair free for you," the secretary told him. "I arranged it."

He nodded with mild approval. "Later I'll have dinner at the club," he went on. "I take the nine-o'clock plane for Washington, as you know."

"Your ticket is at the reservation desk," she reminded him.

"If anything is especially urgent, I can be reached at the State Department tomorrow at ten."

He proceeded into the outer offices and was pleasantly conscious of the subdued but persistent flow of activity. In the entrance hall a receptionist nodded her evening's greetings from behind a mass of flowers, and an elevator—a nonstop express once he stepped inside—took him below to Tony's chair.

Soothed by lather and cream and the clean pungent smells of the shop, he relaxed and considered his business in Washington. This was not Corporation business. It was purely personal. He was trying to get a job for a young man, a clerkship in the diplomatic service overseas for an ex-lieutenant of Marines. The boy had wanted a State Department career.

Mr. Wormser could make it sound very altruistic. Young Bob Grainger *had* wanted a job overseas—before he met Mr. Wormser's blonde daughter Elaine and fell in love with her. After that, he changed his plans. Now he wanted a job—any job—that paid enough to support a wife in a place where he could ask a wife to live. A job, for instance, with the Corporation. Mr. Wormser had said he would think it over. And he had—oh, very carefully! He'd decided Elaine was too young to marry, and that Bob Grainger wasn't quite substantial enough for a son-in-law.

So some time next week, if things went right—and Mr. Wormser knew some important people in the State Department who would see to that—a young ex-lieutenant of Marines would receive a reply to his long-neglected application to Washington. Mr. Wormser could imagine young Grainger saying to Elaine, "I can't take it now, of course. But if it had come a few months ago, before I knew you—"

And Elaine would say, "You *must* take it, Bob. It's the career you've always wanted."

"Not as much as I want you. These diplomatic clerkships pay peanuts to start. And it might be some place where I couldn't possibly take you."

"Then we'll wait," Elaine would reply.

"I don't want to wait. We're right for each other."

"You'd regret it all your life. I won't stand in your way. And I'll be here when you come back, no matter when."

MR. WORMSER chuckled beneath the hot towel Tony had wound around his face. A touching scene indeed. So Bob Grainger would eventually accept his clerkship, and sure enough it would pay peanuts and sure enough it would be in some remote corner of the globe. And Elaine would wait—oh, for a while. Then, when she was more mature, she would meet someone more suitable. Mr. Wormser already had in mind two or three of the Corporation's junior executives to serve up before Elaine.

A taxi bore him to his club uptown. There was time for a leisurely dinner, and for a moment he considered phoning his son, Tommy, who had a room in a dreary brownstone convenient to the conservatory. But he might be tempted to quarrel with Tommy again about his future.

No, it was much better to give Tommy his head—to permit him to study music at the Mallard Conservatory for another year with the absurd ambition of becoming, of all ridiculous things, a composer of popular music. Mr. Wormser could bide his time. The Mallard Conservatory survived only through the generosity of several philanthropic sponsors, and Wormser was a good friend of all of them. Oddly enough, he had managed to place them under some obligation to him. So perhaps Tommy would receive a discouraging report after a year, and give up the fantastic notion of spending his life composing librettos like Rodgers, Gershwin, and Kern. Whereupon he would come to work for the Corporation, as was proper.

Mr. Wormser ate alone at his club. The airport was only three miles across the municipal bridge, and Mr. Wormser hailed a cab, allowing himself ample time. He did not notice how the fog had come down.

THE clerk behind the desk looked at him in surprise as he demanded his ticket. "But the nine-o'clock's grounded, sir," he said. "The fog, you know."

Mr. Wormser glanced angrily through the window. "Awkward," he said.

"It's settled down all along the coast. Washington's hopeless. There'll be nothing leaving the ground until it lifts."

"I must be in Washington by morning," said Mr. Wormser firmly.

"Some passengers are taking the midnight train, sir. It's sold out, of course. But if you don't mind sitting up in a day coach—"

"I do mind," said Mr. Wormser shortly. "Have you any way of knowing when the fog will clear?"

"It's a guess, Mr. Wormser. Perhaps in a few hours. Perhaps not before morning. I can promise you a place on the first plane up. If you care to wait—"

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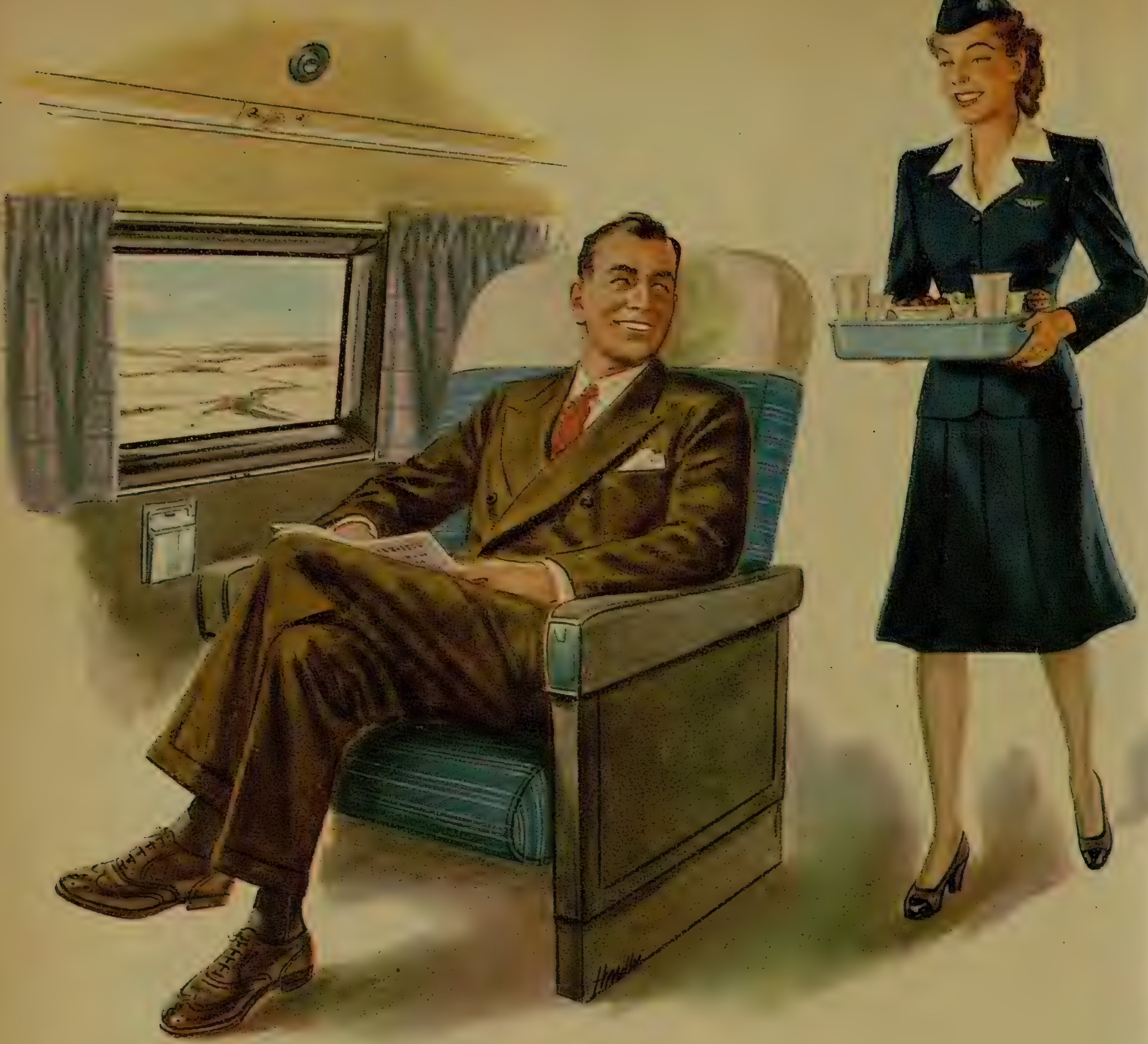

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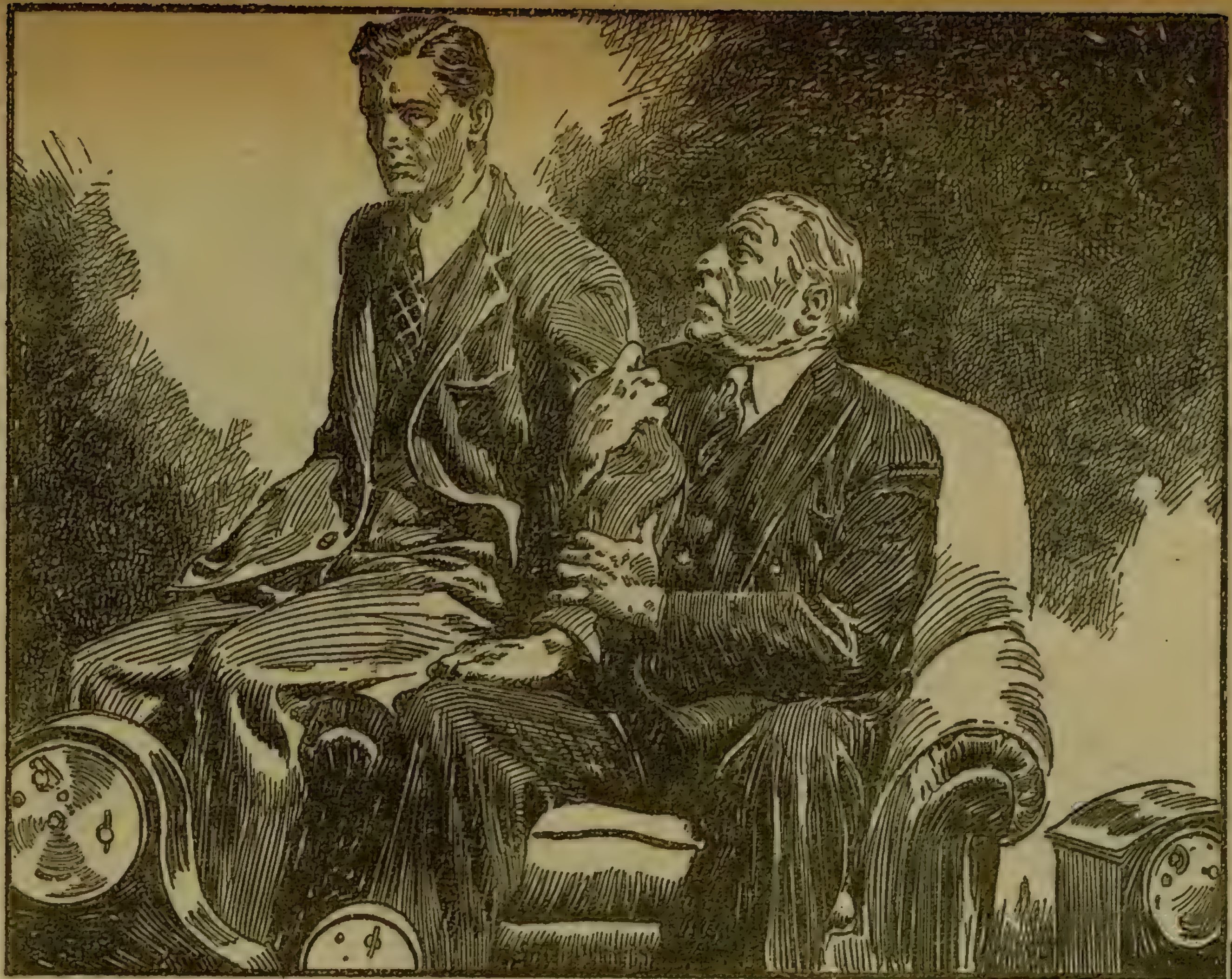

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

BY GEORGE HOPLEY

When Police Detective Shawn saved the life of lovely Jean Reid, he became involved in her weird destiny of fulfilled prophecy and dreadful terror. The stars alone held the secret of the prediction that haunted Jean and her father. This psychological horror story mounts to a shuddering climax.

THE MEETING

HE WALKED along the river, going home; looking at the water, and the stars.

Peaceful along there. No one else around. Just him and the stars. He'd look up at them every once in a while. There were myriads of them tonight. They must have brought out the reserves.

Then he saw her.

She was not on the pedestrian walk of the bridge. She was up on the parapet, sheltered behind one of the massive stone abutments that rose far overhead at intervals, to support the steel girders.

The wind caught at the edge of her skirt and flirted it a little, and the bit of motion caught his eye just as it wandered down the vacant vista.

A red spark suddenly struck out behind her, hit the walk and expired, as a cigarette was thrown away. This was to be her last bequest.

But he was already running. He was frightened. His instinct told him that to cry out in advance would be to speed her up, to send her over even faster.

As he swept past the obstructive masonry, her figure came into full-dimensional view. Her head was tilted slightly upward. She was covering her eyes.

He struck the stone bulwark, and at the same time his arms laced around her. She swayed drunkenly. Then he had her down beside him.

It was over, it was done. He had kept her in life.

She still kept holding her head so her eyes were turned away from the stars, her hand giving them shade.

He spoke finally. "What's the matter?"

"Let me get away from them."

"Who?"

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She turned her face still farther away from those points of brilliance lavished all over the sky, thus giving him the answer.

"I wanted to go down deep, where I can't see them shining, and they can't see me."

There was something the matter with her, of course; there must be. No one felt that way about *them.* They were the most beautiful things there were.

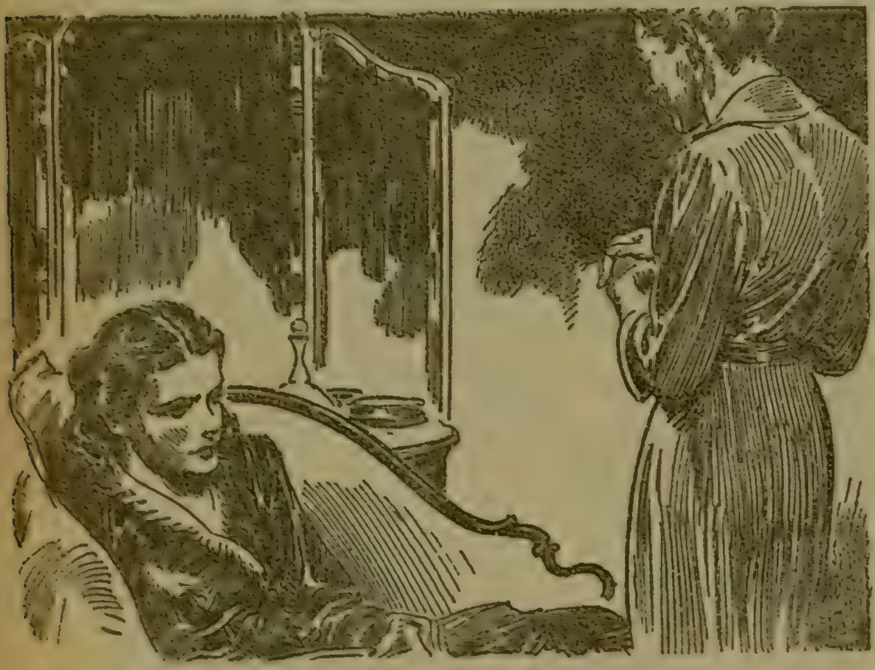
"Come over here in the light, where I can see you."

Some poor little drab, he supposed. Crossed up in love. Or a night-lady, sick of her lot.

They walked forward to where the nearest of the lights was waiting. The arc light gave him a drenching flash of surprise, as it tore the darkness apart and she stepped through the rent into full view.

"Why—why, look at you!" he stammered. "I thought you were some broken-down— You're young; you're good-looking; you're dressed in expensive clothes. You've got everything! Now, what do you want to do a thing like that for?"

She was no more than twenty. She was beautiful, but not in a cloying, simpering way of pouting lips and wheel-spoke lashes. The beauty in her face was expressed in its proportions, in the width of her brow, in the wide spacing of her eyes, in their limpid candor, in the honesty and character already fully expressed in her chin. Her hair, which was brown, fell in soft disorder. She had on a dress of dark cloth, without a single ornament, yet somehow in the way it fell revealing the fact that it had been made to her order.



"Make them stop shining. Make them." Her eyes were fierce with intensity.

"But they're not there to hurt you. They're—they're just there. They always are, they'll always be."

"Then I don't want to be."

He tried to get in past whatever it was. "Look, I'm here with you now. *I'm* not going to hurt you, am I?"

She touched him on the arm. Suddenly her touch became a convulsive grip. "No, *you* won't. People don't. You can say to them, 'Let me alone'—"

"Well, I'm right here with you. Hold me like that, if you want to. Go ahead, grab me tight."

She shuddered. "You'll leave me in a little while, and then I'll be alone with them again."

He put his arm around her at the shoulder.

He wondered what to do with her.

THEY were coursing away from the river in her custom-built roadster. He had a certain place in mind, an all-night restaurant.

He drew up before its quiet entrance and they went in. He noticed an alcove at the rear. They went all the way back to it.

"How about this?"

She sat down.

"Waiter, pull those drapes closed on the side window. Block off the—view. Then coffee for the lady. Black coffee. Good and hot."

He lit a cigarette. "Do you want to tell me your name? You don't have to, of course, if you—"

"Jean Reid," she interrupted. "You can call me Jean, if you like."

"Would you care to know who I am?"

"You're a man. You came along. You've made me keep on looking at them."

He blinked that by. "I'm Tom Shawn," he said. "I'm—I'm a member of the Police Department, a detective in the Homicide Bureau."

"Police. A detective." She began to laugh. She perked a thumb backward across her shoulder. "Arrest those stars out there, officer. Put handcuffs on them."

"Well, now do you want to tell me?"

"I can't. I don't know how."

"Just let it out, that's all. You've got it all choked up inside of you. Just—just let it come."

"It won't go into words. It can't be passed on to anyone secondhand. You have to live it."

He waited. Then, "You're afraid tonight. Right?"

She took a deep, shuddering breath. "Yes, I'm afraid tonight."

"There was a time you weren't afraid."

"There was a time I wasn't afraid."

"Well, begin there. Tell it from then."

He watched her eyes slowly change; film with retrospect; stray past him, down the night, beyond it, into distant vistas of the past.

THE TELLING

It began in such a little way. A drop. A drop of hot consommé on a white evening frock. Signs of distress on a face glimpsed at one's shoulder. The face withdraws. The conversation goes on. But something has begun.

Death has begun. Darkness has begun. Growing, steadily growing, by the days, by the weeks, by the months, until it has blotted out everything else. Until all is darkness and fear and pain, doom and death.

I am Jean Reid, as I told you, and Harlan Reid is my father. I lost my mother when I was two, so it was always just my father and I.

I don't remember much about the days immediately before this little drop fell on me and started darkness. Life was sheltered, life was safe. There wasn't fear in the world yet.

And then one night we had some people in for dinner. I had this new white dress on.

"Then you must come," the dowager with the overabundance of diamonds who was sitting opposite me was saying. "We're counting on you. Tomorrow evening."

"Oh, wait; tomorrow?" I remembered something. "We can't come then. Father expects to fly out to Frisco."

There was a soup plate descending in front of me, and the hand that held it seemed to give this slight hitch. A drop jumped out and fell on my dress.

"I'm sorry, miss," a voice whispered.

"It's quite all right," I said.

I went up the moment they'd gone, and got out of harness. I was browsing through a book when there was a knock on the door, and the maid looked in.

"Could I speak to you a minute, miss?"

"Why, yes, of course. But how is it you're still here? I thought you'd gone home long ago."

"I waited purposely, miss, so I could tell you how sorry I am. I can't forgive myself."

"It's no great tragedy, Eileen," I said.

"But, Miss Jean, it isn't that. It's what caused it. My hand is usually so steady. It's that airplane trip of Mr. Reid's, miss. I heard him say that he was going tomorrow."

I didn't quite get it for a minute. "Oh, the thirteenth. Is that it? Good God, Eileen, grow up."

She shook her head. "No, miss. A date by itself can't hurt you. It's just a number. But it's that p'tickler plane that leaves, out there, that—" She saw me looking at her. "I know it isn't up to me to—"

"No, go ahead," I said. "I want to hear this."

She wrung her hands surreptitiously. "It's not good for him to take that plane. If—if he'd go later, he'd come back later."

"Oh, I see," I said dryly. "You know ahead of time?"

"It's not good," she repeated. "Don't let him, Miss Jean. It's not good. If he leaves tomorrow—"

"Yes?"

"That means he's going to take the night plane back from there Monday night."

"That's the schedule, yes. What about it?"

She blurted out with a sort of desperation: *"That's* the one. The eastbound one. Something's going to happen to it."

"These things are known before they happen?"

"No, miss, you know they're not."

"Look, Eileen. I don't mind your having a drink or two downstairs, but I do object to your coming up here and giving me the dubious benefits of it."

"I don't drink, miss," she murmured. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to annoy you. It's not me, miss. It's a friend of mine."

"I see. In the fortune-telling business? Well, thank her for me, and tell her I don't need any assistance."

Her eyes opened as though I'd uttered a sacrilege. "Oh, no, miss. I wasn't supposed to tell you a word—"

"Well, now you have." I was getting a little tired by this time. "Good night, Eileen."

"Good night, miss."

SHE waited on me at dinner the next night. I ate alone. She didn't say anything, but her face was grave, and each time our eyes happened to cross paths, she lowered hers troubledly.

I ate dinner alone Saturday night too. Again the troubled face. Again the downcast eyes. Again the eloquent silence.

I pushed a plate back from in front of me a violent inch, swung half around in my chair.

"Eileen, you're getting on my nerves."

"I haven't said anything, miss."

"You don't have to. You keep looking at me. It's the same thing."

The next was the Sunday night meal. I came into the room telling myself firmly, Now, we're not going to have any of that stuff. I'm almost as much to blame as she is; I'm playing it back to her.

I said with almost militant cheerfulness, "Good evening, Eileen. Some day, wasn't it?"

"Oh, lovely, miss," she said fervently. "Did you enjoy your drive?"

"Very much."

She went out, brought in something, went out again. She came back again, after due pause. She began speaking, with a sort of forced garrulity. "I never saw such a grand day in my life. The sun was just pouring down the whole time."

"We already agreed about that," I said mildly.

She set a plate down before me, and it vibrated.

"Your hand is shaking so," I said quietly. "You mustn't let it shake so."

She was keyed up, overanxious lest she fall into a silence. "And it's so seldom that you get days like this, this time of the year. Imagine how nice it must have been on the links; just the right kind of a day for your—"

She stopped short, almost with a body lurch, that threw her whole frame violently like a hiccup. As though that weren't enough, her hand had flown up, palm to mouth, and pressed tight there. Her eyes rolled quickly sideward in the direction of his chair. Her face was aghast.

I said, very quietly, "My father is not dead. There is no reason why you should not refer to him without going through a shocked pantomime."

I sighed and distanced my chair from the table. I'd never fired anyone yet in my life.

I said, "Get out of here. I can't stand it any more. Do me a favor and get out of here. Take a month's wages from Mrs. Hutchins and—and please go."

I saw tears gloss her eyes. Her lips trembled. "I haven't done anything, miss. You're not being fair."

I looked the other way.

"I'm sorry. You've started something that—that I can't seem to control any more. I'm not angry at you. It's just that—it's better for the two of us if you go."

Monday came, and glowed to its noon, and waned toward its appointed night. There was no fear in the world, no such thing as fright. The car rode smooth, and the sun was warm, and the little breeze I made for myself was cool in my face.

I looked at my watch, and it was nearing six.

I thought of him for the first time all day. Nearing six, our time. That meant it was nearing three Pacific Coast Time. He still had six hours in San Francisco. Take-off was at nine, their time.

And then I thought of her; or—shall I say it?—what she'd been trying to say.

I passed a Western Union office, and suddenly I stopped and got out and went in. I sat down at a desk, and drew out a pad of blanks, and began to print:

COME BACK BY TRAIN INST—

Then I stopped, and I looked around me. I crumpled up the message and dropped it in the basket, and started over.

TAKE TUESDAY DAY PLANE INSTEAD OF TON—

That was even worse.

I said to myself, What am I doing this for? Am I afraid? No, of course not. Do I *really* believe that twaddle? Don't be absurd!

You know what *he'd* say, don't you? He'd only laugh. He'd never quit kidding you about it, afterwards.

No, you'd better not.

I peeled off the uncompleted message, crumpled it and threw it after the first one, then went out.

Late that evening I was sitting before the mirror in my room, running a brush down my hair. Suddenly the brush stopped, poised. I had just caught sight of the clock on the dressing table. Eleven-thirty.

Eleven-thirty. Eight-thirty. I picked up the phone. "Give me Long Distance, please. This is Jean Reid. I want to speak to Harlan Reid, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco."

I gave my number and hung up, and immediately I was stricken. Now what did I do that for? What's the matter with me tonight? I'd better cancel it.

My hand crept out a little way toward it, then stopped, slunk back again. My hand couldn't seem to make up its mind, any more than my head could.

Then suddenly there was that flutelike little trill I knew so well. And my whole body gave a start. I'd never been startled before by the ring of a telephone. I was now. There are so many firsts, when your path has entered the twilight regions of fear.

I held it to me with a sort of convulsive embrace. I knew that I was going to tell him now, plead with him; that I *believed*—

"Miss Reid, The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, informs us that Mr. Harlan Reid left just a few minutes ago."

I hung up, all crumpled.

I went over and put out the lights, all but the one beside the bed, and got into bed.

"He'll be back tomorrow. You'll tell him what you almost did tonight. You'll both laugh about it."

I took up a book.

My eyes left the page. Ten minutes to twelve. Just about getting there. He never got there any sooner than he had to.

I pried up the phone.

"Long Distance again. Please hurry. Jean Reid at this number. Person-to-person. Harlan Reid. San Francisco airport, Transcontinental and Western. He's booked on the nine o'clock eastbound plane."

I hung up.

I thought it would never ring.

I put my hand on it, waiting. Then suddenly that trill.

"Miss Reid? I'm sorry, the airport has been unable to contact Mr. Harlan Reid. The nine o'clock eastbound plane has already taken off."

THE clock cymbaled, and it was day, and he was almost here, it was time to go and meet him.

I got there five minutes before time, parked, and went into the waiting room. They had it on the board, marked for arrival at 8:30. I sat down and looked at my face in my pocket mirror to see if I looked as all right as I wanted to look.

I glanced up suddenly, and a man was withdrawing one of the stenciled plaques from the schedule board. The one that said "San Francisco—8:30 A.M."

I got up and went over to him. "That should be in any minute now, shouldn't it? I have twenty-nine after—"

He shook his head briefly. "It's overdue," he said, and tried to go on his way again.

I stopped him a second time. "Well, how late will it be, can you give me any idea?"

"We don't know when to expect it. No use your waiting around for it. Call us up later in the morning."

"But you *must* know," I persisted. "What's the last stop before here—Pittsburgh? What time did it leave Pittsburgh?"

"It didn't arrive at Pittsburgh."

"Well, when did it leave Chicago?"

"It hasn't been reported since eleven o'clock last night, Pacific Time, two hours after leaving San Francisco."

The man went on talking to me, but I scarcely heard what he was saying. He walked with me as far as the doors of the waiting room.

Then I was outside again in the open. I got back in the car, started it, and drove slowly on the homeward way. I was dulled, and glazed with shock. And I knew that this was not bad; what would come after this, once it had worn off, was what would be bad.

I listened to the latest news bulletins. I think noon was the first time, after my return from the airport. At one I went down from my room again, and then at two; at three, and then again at four, to these seances of misery and anguish. "Every hour on the hour, the latest news bulletins." And then nothing else. Until I thought I would go mad.

I screamed in the turmoil of my mind: Those things *aren't* known ahead! They can't be! It isn't true!

And low the answer would come back each time: But it is. You know it is. Don't let your heart lie to you.

Then someone came running, and knocked on the door of my room, and called through it: "There's some news on, Miss Reid. You'd better come down quick."

I ran all the way down the stairs, but I'd already missed it. "—since eleven o'clock last night." But it would be repeated, the newscaster was still on.

Then, "For those of you who tuned in late, we repeat. The transcontinental air liner that has been missing with fourteen passengers aboard, was sighted about an hour ago by rescue planes. It came down in deep snow on the side of a mountain, in a remote inaccessible spot. They report there were no signs of life, and it is considered unlikely that there are any survivors."

I reached out and turned it off.

I GOT the car out, and started back to the city. I drove for what seemed like endless miles, past brick brewery chimneys and coalyards and dully glistening gas tanks. At last I found the number of the house I wanted, and I stopped and turned off my lights, and sat still for a moment.

I saw her figure coming from down the street, and I knew it must be she. It was a woman, a very thin woman, alone and hurrying to get home.

"Eileen!" I called.

She stopped and turned, and looked at me. I lurched over to her.

"Don't you know me? I'm Jean Reid."

"I know you, Miss Reid." She spoke with injured coldness.

"It—it happened," I stammered. "I don't know if you know— Did you know? But it happened."

"I didn't—know," I heard her say. "I didn't bother picking up a paper."

"Eileen, I should have listened—" I whispered.

"Is he—? Was he—?"

"I don't know," I said numbly. "He was on it, he must have been. I tried to reach him last night, just before it left, and I was too late—"

"It wouldn't have been any use. Anything you do, you have to do, and there's no getting out of it."

I looked up at her, and reached, and took the overlap of her coat. "This friend—Eileen, take me to her. I've got to know. I can't stand it any more, waiting, not knowing— It's like an ax, ready to fall and it never falls—"

I saw her bite her lip, as if in doubt.

I tightened my grip on her coat, pulling convulsively. "Eileen, at least let me go with you— Let me find out— You said it was some friend—"

"It is." Then she said, "He doesn't like to be asked questions, like that. He wouldn't like it if he knew I'd told you. He doesn't like others—well, strangers—to know about him."

So for the first time I learned it was a man.

I pressed the plea home. "Just at least to know— It's this waiting, not knowing, I can't stand— Eileen, I'll go mad. Help me."

SHE must have seen the little dip my body had begun to make, to bring itself down to its knees before her. She quickly caught me, held me as I was.

"Wait," she said. "Wait down here. I'll see if I can talk to him— He doesn't like it if he thinks you're asking him direct questions; but maybe I can find out something for you—" Then she quickly added, "You're sure you're not afraid? Sure you want me to?"

"Yes," I panted. "Anything, I don't care, as long as I don't have to go through any more of this—"

"Then you wait for me out here. It's better if he doesn't know that I'm trying to find out for someone else. He lives right in the same house here—"

I was left alone there a long time. Then she was in the doorway, immobile, leaning against the side of it, inert, looking over at me.

He's gone! flashed in me. Every limp line of her body expresses—

"It frightens me," she moaned, "whenever I hear him do it. I can't stand it—"

I could see that her teeth must be chattering; her lips were pulsing, without speech.

"He knows—he knew—" she whispered. "Before I even had gotten up the courage to say anything— He must've known you were right down here. 'Go down and tell her—' he said."

"Maybe he saw the car from the window."

"His room's in the back of the house."

I held onto her; my hands clung to the front edges of her coat and pulled them out toward me.

"What?" I breathed. "Eileen, what?"

"They're all dead. All fourteen."

I could feel darkness, like a cold whiplash, coil close about my throat, about to be pulled tight.

"Then he said, 'But tell her she'll see her father again.' Can you understand what I'm saying, Miss Reid? He said, 'Tell her to go home, she'll have word.'"

"But he was on it. I know, because I phoned a moment too late, and it had already taken off, and he was on it. And if they're all dead—"

"Here, let me help you over to your car."

I was in the car now. She stood watching me. Her face slipped slowly backward in the darkness, and I must have been driving.

I'd see him again. Oh, yes, I supposed I would; but how? As a dead body on a stretcher, being taken out of a plane a few days from now?

Once a red light stopped me at a busy intersection. A car came up alongside me. The running account of a prize-fight was blaring from its radio. And then suddenly there was a break, and a voice said with knell-like clarity:

"We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a news flash just received. Ground parties have now reached the scene of the transcontinental air liner that crashed. It has now been definitely established that there are no survivors."

They were all standing around in the entrance hall waiting for me, when I came in.

"I know about it," I said quietly. "I heard it on the street just now." And I started for my room.

I saw a maize envelope on the edge of a table.

The death-telegram. The official notification.

"Give it to me," I said.

Mrs. Hutchins snatched at it and hurried up the three or four steps after me to hand it to me herself.

I turned away, and went up another step. I stopped. There was a ripping sound, and the envelope fell away over the banister.

> JUST HEARD. DON'T WORRY, UNHARMED. STAYED OVER FOR BUSINESS. ARRIVING DAY AFTER TOMORROW BY TRAIN.
>
> FATHER.

I heard Mrs. Hutchins' voice again. "Quick! Help me with her, one of you! Can't you see she's falling into a dead faint?"

FATHER and I were at the breakfast table.

"Jean," he said, "what is it? What's been done to you?"

"Look," I said abruptly. "I've got to talk about it. I'm thinking of it every minute by day, by night. It's got to come out! It's got to!"

He jumped up and came around the table to my side, and held my head and shoulders pressed against him. And I clung to him like that.

"But it's over, Jean. It's over."

"It's not the smashup, not the close shave."

"Then what? What's done this to you?"

"It's that I was told it was coming *before* it came. There's a man here in this city that said it would happen. And it did."

"Oh, no, Jean," he drawled comfortingly. "That story of the maid's that you mentioned? No, dear, no. You're too sensible, too intell—"

"And then that night I went there. And *that* part of it was told me. That you'd be all right. And I came back, and your wire was here. You were."

He didn't answer this time.

"How did you happen to stay off?" I said after a while.

"I got a telegram, just as I was about to board the plane. My bags were already on, when I heard them calling my name over the amplifier—"

I'd started to send one. But I'd never put it through.

"Oh, my God!" I said in a sickened voice. "I thought I hadn't filed it—I *know* I hadn't—"

He held my shoulders in a reassuring vise. "It wasn't from you."

His voice tightened up a little. "I don't like whoever did this to you. I'm going to show him up. I don't like them monkeying around with my little girl—"

He stroked my hair back once or twice.

"It'll be all right," he said softly. "We'll go there, and—I'll show you, you'll see; it isn't anything."

SHE was frightened, I could see. Not of us, but of what she knew we must have come there for.

I said, "May we come in, Eileen?"

She said, "Yes—yes, do."

I looked at my father and he looked at me. The kindest thing, I saw, was to have it out at once, and over. "May we see him?" I asked.

She gnawed at her underlip for a moment. Then she darted over to the door. She opened it and the three of us went out to the stairs, one after the other, she in the lead.

We came to his door, on the floor above. We stopped, stood huddled there in a small group. Eileen was suffocating with fright. I felt a certain breathless tension that was akin to fear. My father stood staring intently at the door.

She knocked, and a man's voice said, "Come in."

And then she had swung the door back and we saw him.

He was thin and scrawny. His cheeks were gaunt, his neck was like a gnarled stem supporting his head, his bared arms were bony.

I looked at his face. It was commonplace, flat with lack of any strong characteristic, whether for good or ill. His eyes were blue, and dull. His mouth and chin were good, they were the best part of his face. They were taut and stubborn, wiry.

He sat in a soiled shirt at a table, under the light, with the parts of a pipe strewn on a newspaper spread before him. He was cleaning the inner stem.

Eileen faltered, "Jerry, I—I wanted you to meet two friends of mine, Mr. Reid, and his daughter, Miss Reid."

She completed the introduction, almost in desperation. "This is Mr. Tompkins, an old friend of ours."

Somebody had to say something. I did, at last. "May we sit down?"

He took his time. He looked up first, then down at his task again. "Help yourselves," he said grudgingly.

Eileen said, "I—I think I hear my mother calling me. I'd better see what she wants." And fled from the room.

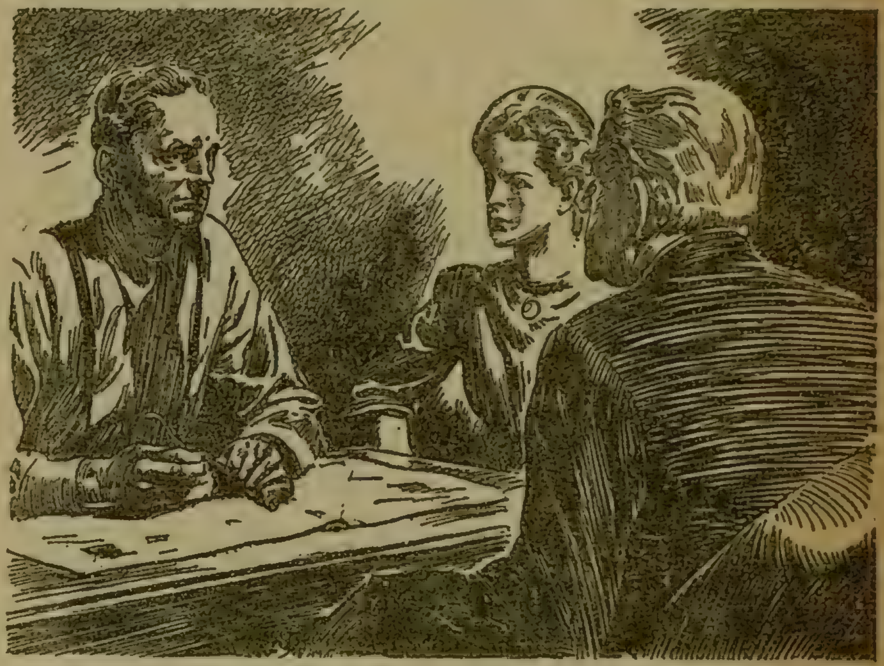
We were left alone with him.

There was silence for long minutes. Then when he did speak, it was with almost shattering abruptness.

"Have you come in friendliness, or have you come out of unhealthy curiosity?"

"We've come here to thank you—" I murmured.

He continued, addressing my father. "You've come here to laugh at me. You've come here to show me up, to teach your daughter a lesson."



"I can assure you that my father has no such—" I began plaintively.

"He hasn't said a word to you, maybe. But it's in his mind."

My father colored with a sudden violence. There was the answer there.

"You think you'll put me to a little test. They sent an agent to me once. He said he'd heard about me from someone. He was all excited. He offered me money, a fat living, if I'd go on the stage. He wanted to test me too, like you do now, and I let him. I wanted to be rid of him, and it was the quickest way. He held up a cigarette case in front of me and asked me how many cigarettes were in it. I could have told him there were none, that he used it to carry around aspirin tablets, but I told him there were three. Then he opened it and showed me there were aspirin tablets. He asked me what the inscription on the inside of the lid of his pocket watch said. I could have told him there was no inscription, only a horseshoe traced with diamond chips, with the end one on the left missing. I told him it said, 'To so-and-so, from his loving wife,' and used the assumed name he'd already given me. He opened it and showed me there was no inscription at all, only a horseshoe traced with diamond chips and with the end one on the left missing.

"But you're a cleverer man than he was by far!" he shouted bitterly. "And you've turned the thing around on me so that now you've got me to tell you out of my own mouth the very thing I didn't want to tell you!"

I looked at my father quickly, in innocent surprise, and I saw the tiny quotation marks of a smirk at each corner of his mouth. And there was the answer there.

"Go now, if you please," he said thickly. "You've seen your freak. There's nothing to keep you."

My father stood up abruptly. But then he moved quietly aside, and stood for a moment beside a rickety chest of drawers, and I saw him idly fingering a tobacco jar.

He turned to him at last. "I'm sorry if we've trodden on your toes," he said mildly. "We didn't come here to test you. We came here to offer our thanks."

"You're not beholden to me," Tompkins said sullenly.

"We feel we are," my father said. "If there's anything I can do for you—"

"There's nothing," Tompkins said stolidly. "There's nothing I ask of anybody, only to be left alone. I didn't ask you to come here in the first place. But now that you have, let well enough alone. Go back now. Go back to your own kind of life, and leave me to mine. Go back to your fine house, and your dinner guests with diamond watches at their knees, and your broker, and your buying of shares. And try not to run down any little girls getting there."

We went down to the street and got into the car.

"You don't believe?" I said.

"That was a pretty good act. A perfect act."

I thought of the plane. Of the telegram. I wanted so hard not to believe, myself.

"It set our intelligence high," he went on. "And it shot up at it. No superstitious little Irish housemaid now."

"In what way? The whole burden of his contention seemed to be to deny—"

"Exactly. But the denial was affirmation. Don't you see how he worked it? A trick within a trick within a trick. He said I was clever, and turned the thing inside out, so that he told me out of his own mouth the very thing he didn't want to. But maybe he was cleverer still than I, so that what seemed to be the thing he didn't want to tell me, was after all the thing he wanted to tell me most."

"But then what has he got to gain, by letting us seem to have convinced ourselves against his own opposition?"

"What has anyone got to gain in this world? What is gain?"

"Money? But then you asked him if there was anything you could do for him."

"I expected him to refuse or ignore that. I knew he would. But I set a trap for him. Did you see that tobacco jar, standing there on a chest by the wall? I left five hundred dollars in cash under there."

I turned and looked at him. "And if he tacitly accepts it—?"

He shrugged slightly. "You asked me before what he hoped to gain."

"But if he refuses it, that will make you more willing to believe—"

He shook his head. "I don't believe, either way," he said flatly. "He can see pictures in his mind, but he couldn't see that five hundred dollars under that tobacco jar, two or three yards away from him."

His hand reached out and pressed mine. "I don't believe," he said, "and I don't want you to either!"

The car gave a sudden swerve.

"What was that? What happened?"

I saw him turn to look back, so I turned too.

A small figure was crouched in the roadway behind us. It picked itself up unhurt, and the white of a pinafore fluttered about it. It was a little girl.

The car coasted idly to a belated halt. We sat looking forward. And we didn't turn to meet each other's glance.

The car glided forward again.

"That was a coincidence, back there just then." His voice rose, almost to a shout. "I don't care what the odds were against it; that was a coincidence, I tell you! Every time anyone's out driving a car, such a thing might happen."

But it had never happened, with either one of us at the wheel, until tonight. And this was a little girl.

"It's just a coincidence," he said, and his jaw locked tight. "A shot in the dark that hit its mark. Now let's get back to our 'dinner guests.'"

"We're not having anyone for dinner," I said.

"I know we aren't. And even if we were, do you know of anyone who wears a diamond watch at her knee?"

I THOUGHT the living-room windows looked unusually bright as we got out of the car and went into the house. As we opened the door, laughter drifted toward us, and the buzz of modulated conversation.

The butler came hastening toward us. "Mr. and Miss Ordway are here, sir. And another lady."

We went in, and Louise Ordway rushed forward to kiss me, as was her immemorial prerogative. Then to my father: "Harlan, you're not annoyed with us for doing this, are you? We were on our way to . . . and when I saw how close we were, I said we simply mustn't pass by without dropping in to see Jean and Harlan."

"I would have been annoyed if you hadn't," he said.

The other person was a statuesque blonde in her late thirties or early forties; a Continental type, who spoke with a spice of accent. She wore a clinging sheath of black dinner gown which emphasized her graceful stature.

We had dinner guests, after all. And who could have known a short while before that we would have?

"I think I'll go up and change," I said. "Would you care to come up and powder, mademoiselle? Louise?"

"At my age very little improvement is possible," Louise answered. "You two run along."

As soon as we were up there, mademoiselle turned to me confidentially. "I am so glad you ask me to come up. You—how you say it?—save my life. You have one of these—" she circled one finger helplessly in the air"—I could borrow? I have an accident in the car."

She thrust one exquisitely molded leg out before her, and drew up the clinging black sheath nearly to her hip on that side.

"Oh, a garter," I said quickly.

"Elastique," she nodded.

Just below the dimpled knee a diamond-outlined wrist watch twinkled exotically; the black silk cord it was attached to stretched to support her silk stocking.

Then suddenly the hem of her dress had dropped to the floor again. She took a quick step toward me.

"What is the matter, Mademoiselle Jean? You look so white, so— Shall I ring for someone?"

"No," I said weakly, "I'll be all right—"

MY father was down ahead of me in the morning. His melon was there, but he wasn't at the table. I found him in the other room, holding the telephone.

He turned and saw me, and beckoned me to come over to him.

"The one remaining thing came out too," he said quietly. "This is Walt Myers, my broker, on the line now."

He put his free arm about my shoulders and held me that way. I could feel his heart going a little faster than it should have. Myers didn't call him for months at a time.

"My Consolidated shares," he breathed to me in an aside. "Something's happened. They're tobogganing—"

He listened some more.

"He wants to know if he should dump fast."

"Well, is it very important—?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter when you own them in the hundreds. But when they're up in the five and ten thousands, every quarter of a point can—"

Then he stopped, and said, "Too late. The profit just left it. It's underwater now, under our buying mark."

Myers must have been screaming at the top of his voice; the receiver was giving filelike rasps.

"He wants to know if we should salvage what we still can, take a loss and get out. And he wants to know bad. And all I can think of is that I was told yesterday evening this phone call was coming."

That was all I could think of too.

"What was it he said? 'Go back to your broker and your buying of shares' . . . 'Your *buying* of shares.' "

Suddenly he was speaking into the phone.

"How much have I got now of that stuff, Walt?" He jotted down a numeral on the margin of a newspaper that was at hand; a four-digit numeral. "All right. Double it. Buy me an equal amount—"

The phone gave a sudden sharp snap. It must have been a high-pitched yell at the far end.

"*Buy*, I said. *Buy*. Those are my orders." And he hung up.

We went in and we sat down at the table. He began opening his letters, and I just sat there.

"Look," he said. "Look at this."

The address was poorly written. It even had our names spelled wrong. And up in the left-hand corner, "J. Tompkins." It had nothing in it, no writing, no paper. Just currency. Five bank notes.

"What I left behind under the tobacco jar," he said.

"The trap didn't work," I said. "He's not to be bought."

Myers called back in midafternoon and my father wasn't there. Then he rang back three times more. Then he quit. The market had closed by that time, anyway.

When father came in, toward dinner, the phone started to ring suddenly, and we both jumped, as though an electric current had passed through us.

"This is hell," he said. "I can't stand much more of this."

He went in to answer it.

I waited as long as I could, but he didn't call me or come to me, and finally I went to where he was.

It was over. He was pouring himself a brandy. His face looked very white, almost chalky.

"It went down an additional quarter of a point after he put my order in," he said. "And then it stopped, and hesitated for a while, and finally started up again. Maybe *because* my order was put in. Ever since it's been going up steadily, and faster and faster."

He gulped his brandy and coughed.

"We've made twenty-two thousand dollars today. Tomorrow it may run up to forty, or even fifty."

But his face still stayed white.

"Here," he said, "do you want one of these?"

So mine must have been white too.

I FOUND him in the car, waiting for me at the door, a few days later. He wasn't evasive. "Jean," he said abruptly, "I'm going there."

"There" didn't have to be amplified.

I sat there waiting for him.

I SAT there waiting for him. I never went up any more. I never asked him any more. I don't know why. He'd come down again, and he'd tell me little things each time. I always wished he hadn't. My heart would cringe.

"He knew my mother died when I was fourteen. He knew that it was the sight of the beautiful silk kimonos she wore that really made me go into the silk export and import business. I hadn't remembered that myself until now."

My heart cringed and curled up all around its edges.

I SAT there waiting for him. I never went up any more. I never asked him—

"Do you remember that bundle of love letters I wrote your mother when I was courting her—no, you wouldn't."

"You've told me about them, though. When she was in school in Switzerland. She always kept them, tied in ribbon. So you kept them yourself after she was gone."

"I wasn't sure where they were. It's so many years now. He told me they're in our safe-deposit box. He told me the ribbon is blue. He told me there are forty-eight of them. I must go there and look—"

What for? The ribbon will be blue, I thought. There will be forty-eight letters.

"Do you know what the number of our safe-deposit box is?"

"No, do you?"

"No," he said. "He says it's 1805."

I phoned the custodian of the vaults of the bank.

"This is Jean Reid. Could you give me the number of our safe-deposit box, please?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Reid," the custodian said. "I'll have to call you back, for identification purposes, at the residence listed here."

I waited, and he did, but it took some time.

"Just a safeguard," he said. "The number that you asked me for is 1805, one-eight-oh-five."

I SAT there waiting for him, as I'd already sat waiting so many times before. So many times that I'd lost count of them now. Before that same doorway, before that same house.

Overhead, stars; they were a part of it. They came to mean *it*.

Then suddenly I saw him in the doorway. He was standing immobile, he hadn't just come to a halt.

I pushed the car door open for him. He didn't seem to see me do it. He didn't come any closer.

He took a groping step at last. And it was the wrong way.

"Father," I said, "I'm over here. Here I am."

Then he turned waveringly and came my way. And I saw that there was something the matter with his face.

"You're ill," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Help me in."

I pulled him in, and he sat down heavily beside me. I saw him fumble toward his collar, so I quickly opened it for him.

"Be all right," he whispered with difficulty. "Don't pay any attention."

"You're like a ghost," I said.

"I am," he breathed. "I am one."

Suddenly he let his face topple forward, over the wheel. It came to rest in the space between the spokes, and it was as though he were staring downward through it to the floor of the car.

"Was it something he said?"

He shook his head.

"It must have been. You were all right when you went in there. What's he done to you? Tell me what!"

I caught him by the coat lapels and began to shake him like an importunate child.

"Tell me. You've got to. I have a right to know."

"No." Then he said, "Not this."

"Then I'm going to ask him myself!"

The car cracked to and fro, and I was out.

He raised his head violently. And then in sudden fright that only spurred me on the faster, he cried out sharply, "No, Jean, no! Don't go near him. For God's sake, don't go up there—I don't want you to know!"

I darted inside the doorway and ran sobbing up the stairs. I came to the door, that door, and I beat shatteringly at it, and then I seized the knob and opened it for myself, before he could tell me yes or no.

He raised his head slowly to look at me, and that was the only move he made.

"What've you done to my father?" I flared.

He didn't speak.

"What happened up here just now?"

"Don't ask me that. Go on your way. Go home with him now." He said it soothingly.

My voice became shriller. "I can't. I can't live with him like that. You've done something to him up here. You have to tell me."

"I've done nothing to him."

"You have. It must be you. Who else? He wasn't that way before he came into this room—"

He didn't speak.

"I'm his daughter. I have a right to know. How can you look at me and see me standing like this before you? What kind of man are you?"

I dropped down before him and caught at his coat.

"Get up. Get off your knees, child."

"Just this one thing. I can't stand to see him like that."

"You don't know what you're asking."

I wouldn't rise, he couldn't get me to.

"Until I've told you, you don't know how better it is not to know."

I tugged at his coat, and could feel my face writhe in supplication. "Now speak. Tell me. What was it?"

He sighed in capitulation. I felt myself rise to my feet, guided unobtrusively by him. We were standing now.

"He asked me a question. And I answered it."

"What? What was it?"

"A question about business, such as all his other questions have been."

"But what was it? What was the answer?"

"He asked me about some long-term transaction he had under contemplation. He asked me whether it would be to his advantage to pursue it or to let it lapse."

His voice went lower. "I saw the picture—of the undertaking. I told him it didn't matter, one way or the other. He wouldn't be content with that, he pressed me. He said, 'But it has two possible conclusions, this transaction?' I said unguardedly, 'It has. Six months from now.' He nodded. " 'It will take at least that long to pay off. But which will be the one more favorable to me?' "

"I said, 'Neither.'

"He said, 'That can't be so. If there are two possible conclusions, one must be to my advantage, one not.'

"I said, 'Neither.'

"He caught me gruffly to him, and he shook me, and the words slipped out. "'It will take six months to reach a conclusion. And you will not be here.' "

He shut his eyes for a moment.

"And then when he understood, I saw the look on his face that I see on yours now. The look of a death that has come too soon. And then he began to bargain with me, as if for something over which I had some say.

" 'Five?' he said. 'Five months from now?'

"He read my silence.

" 'Four?'

"I didn't answer.

" 'Three?'

"He saw my eyes.

" 'Two?'

"I shook my head.

"One, then. One, at least!'

"Anything was better than to see him slowly die before me, of not knowing. I'm only a man, I'm not a thing of stone. 'In three weeks from now,' I said. 'On the seam between the fourteenth and the fifteenth of June. At midnight on the stroke.'

"He had one word left. 'How?' he asked.

" 'You will meet your death at the jaws of a lion.' "

BEGINNING OF POLICE PROCEDURE

After McManus had picked six of them, he sent the rest back and sat down at his desk. The six he'd picked remained standing before him.

He said, speaking slowly and quietly, "This thing I have on my hands is confidential. Also, it's unofficial. It's something I'm doing on my own responsibility. In view of that fact, I can't *order* you to take on the various assignments I have in mind. You're at liberty to refuse. But only *now*. Not once the thing is under way. Is that clear?

"Now I'm going to give it to you in a nutshell. A man's death has been predicted by another man. It's supposed to happen day after tomorrow night at midnight. I don't believe in predictions, but I do believe that this prediction *is* going to happen, unless something's done to stop it, because either the predicter himself or somebody working with him is going to see that it happens.

"Now the big prediction has come as the climax to a lot of little ones. There's been a slow build-up toward it, over a period of weeks and months. Each little preliminary prediction paid off. Until now the victim is convinced the final big one will come true. Why shouldn't he be? That was the main idea.

"And that's where we come in. The way to tackle the final prediction is to hit the little ones first. They'll tell us about the big one—what's behind it, who's behind it, what it's all about.

"By doing that, we'll be saving this guy in two ways. We'll be saving him from the pay-off itself. And we'll be saving him from his own belief in the pay-off. Which is killing him just as surely.

"Now, if anybody wants to check out, there's the door."

They didn't move.

"All right," he said briskly. "You're under orders from now on. You men are getting assignments that no detective's had before, ever. I'm not sending you out to track down murderers. I'm not sending you out to trace missing jewels. I'm sending you out to track down *prophecies*.

"Archer: a telegram reached the San Francisco airport fifty-five seconds before plane time on the night Harlan Reid was coming back. And kept him off it so that the postscript to the original prediction about the plane crashing—that is, that his own life wouldn't be lost—rang the bell. His daughter didn't send it. Find out who did. Got it?"

"I've got it," Archer breathed softly, "but, boy, could I use a ouija board!"

The door closed, and there were five of them.

"Bradley: find out how the number of Harlan Reid's safe-deposit box, one-eight-oh-five, got into Tompkins' head. And how the *contents* of the box got into Tompkins' head. And don't go near Tompkins."

"Is that an assignment!" the unlucky Bradley moaned.

The door closed, and there were four.

"That's enough for the prophecies or whatever you'd care to call them. I'm just picking the high spots. I've left out a lot. I haven't men enough, and I haven't time enough. Molloy, you're on lions."

The man gulped. "On what?"

"Lions. Find out what zoos there are within a five-hundred-mile radius of here. Check with every one of them and find out if they keep lions. If they do, keep your eyes open to make sure none escapes or is swiped—"

"Swipe a lion?" breathed the detective.

"Warn the keepers to keep extra close watch over their lion cages. Especially at nights. And don't overlook any traveling circuses or animal acts."

Molloy went out mopping his forehead.

"And now I'm going to pair two of you off. We've come to the king pin. They say he knows what you're thinking. *I* say: act like he does. Then you'll be safe, then you can't go wrong. Jeremiah Tompkins is his name, and he lives at—here's the address. Don't let him out of your sight if you can help it; but if you *must* for a moment or two at a time, at least make sure you don't let him out of your hearing. Dictaphones and all the tricks of the trade."

Sokolsky looked at Dobbs. "And he's supposed to *know* what we're doing, while we're doing it?" he quavered.

"Be ready to pinch at a moment's notice. Whether you've got something on him or not, he's got to be in custody one full day before the deadline of the final prophecy. Now take it away!"

McManus turned to Shawn.

"And now we come to you. You're right in at dead center. You're covering the target. Are you afraid of lions, Shawn?" he queried.

"I never thought about 'em much," Shawn admitted frankly. "Up to this point in my life, anyway—I haven't had much truck with them. They've minded their business, and I've minded mine."

"Well, from now on," McManus told him dryly, "I'm afraid you're going to have to mess around with them a little. Needless to say, you don't have to take me too literally. This 'lion' that I'm matching you against might take almost any kind of shape: a bullet, a tight cord around the neck, a poisoned cup of coffee. Then, again, it just *might* be a life-sized, honest-to-goodness lion.

"Shawn, your job is to keep him alive. I'm sending you out there alone. Go home with her. *And see that that man stays alive past midnight, day after tomorrow night!"*

Shawn wheeled and went out without a word.

THE WAIT: BODYGUARD AGAINST PLANETS

They halted in front of the place. She keyed off the ignition. "There it is."

Shawn looked at this big chunk of countryside, all included in their private estate, with the house itself little more than a gray-white marker half lost in the rolling green sweep. This rose gently to the rearward, and its final outline was blurred with trees. There were too many of them, and they straggled down too close, forming a phalanx of potential danger. Something could have crept down through them, and remained undiscovered until almost the last moment.

They got out and went up the short paved approach to the front entrance. There were two marble lions couchant on slabs, one on each side of the steps.

A butler had the door open for them by the time they were ready to enter.

"I'll show you around before I take you up to him," she offered. She led him off the entrance hall, to the left, through a large, nearly ceiling-high door. "This is the drawing room." He went in and moved around.

She moved on. "This is where we dine."

He examined whatever inward openings there were, closets, passage doors, alcoves.

"This is Father's study. And that's the conservatory, that end room down there."

On each side of it a ceiling-high stained glass window was set into the blank wall.

"Those are fake," she admitted as he started over. "There's no outlet behind them."

She touched an electric switch and lights hidden behind them glowed on, to throw them into relief. They gleamed out in tones of ruby, emerald, sapphire and amber, like the stained windows of a medieval cathedral. In the center panel of each was a full-length religious figure. Each leaded subdivision surrounding it bore the head of some mythological or heraldic animal—a unicorn, a griffin, a wild boar, a lion, a phoenix.

"I'll take you in to see him now. Oh, one more thing. There'll be a number of clocks in there, he can't surround himself with enough of them. He'll ask you the time. Take a minute or two off whatever your watch says, make it slow, to match the others. I always turn them back a little, at the start of the day, when he's not watching. That gives him a little borrowed time."

"He shouldn't have them in there with him."

"He's more frightened without them. He's afraid it's going faster, slipping away from him."

Her arrested hand at last sounded against the door. "It's Jean, dear," she called. "I have someone with me." And turned the knob and opened.

The man was sitting in the middle of the big room, in an easy chair. It was impossible to tell how old he was, for death has no age. And he was as dead as anything that still moves can ever be. His hair was a clean white; it was the only remaining sign of continuing vitality about him, that shock of clean, healthful white over a wizened, leathery face. His neck was like a slim sheaf of wires. His eyes were like rivets burning at white heat, eating their way inward through his skull, and deepening the holes they left behind.

There were four timepieces gathered about him. Their conglomerate ticking was like the faint chirping of mechanical birds.

He addressed Shawn at sight. "An outsider! I can check now. What have you got? What does yours say?"

Shawn upped his wrist, subtracted a minute from the already-slow timepiece in open sight. "Twenty-nine past," he said.

Reid's face lit up joyously. "Oh, Jean!" he cried. "Jean, do you hear that? That gives me a minute more! Just think, a minute more! Put them back—"

"Father," she said, "I want you to know Tom Shawn."

His burst of enthusiasm began to dampen. "Another doctor? Another psychiatrist?"

"No, dear, no." She built up an elaborate genealogy. "You remember Tad Billings. Marie Gordon's fiancé. Well, Tom is a classmate of his. I met him at—at one of Marie's parties. I've asked him to stay."

Shawn offered his hand. "How do you do, sir?" he said heartily.

"You're a little early, young man," Reid said wanly. "But welcome to our home all the same."

"A little early? Shawn repeated cheerfully. "I didn't know you were expecting me at any particular—"

"You're a little early for the funeral."

POLICE PROCEDURE: DOBBS AND SOKOLSKY

A police electrician came in at seven-thirty of the morning following the requisitioning of the room above that occupied by Tompkins, bringing the necessary wiring and the receiving end of the apparatus.

"We can't do anything yet," Sokolsky murmured to the technician. "He's still down there."

"Let me look it over awhile," the newcomer said.

The electrician put his bulky adjuncts down on the bed, removed his shoes, as the other two had done. Then he moved softly about the room.

"He's up," Dobbs said. "I just heard a turned-on faucet come whining up the pipe."

The electrician kicked his thumb backward toward the water pipe. "That'll do. It don't fit the hole in the flooring—plenty of slack. I can whittle it out even bigger and drop the wire behind the pipe."

Sokolsky eased the room door open and went out into the hall. Seconds later a door had plucked open, somewhere below, then closed again, and springless footfalls began dishearteningly to descend the stairs.

They petered out, the stair well fell silent.

Sokolsky began to descend the stairs. A key picked metallically at a lock, with a deftness that didn't prolong the sound. Suddenly he was on the stairs again, coming up them. The other two men had prepared to descend. He signaled to them. A moment later they closed the door of Tompkins' room after themselves.

The electrician worked rapidly. He clamped a small attachment to the steam pipe in the corner of the room, on the side of it facing the wall. He drew it all the way down to floor level. He lit the room light and tested it. It remained effaced from view.

He went out. There was a slight grating sound at the orifice circling the pipe at ceiling height. The tip of the saw peered through once or twice, then retired. A wire appeared, trailing down beside the pipe.

The electrician came in again. He drew the wire down farther, attached it to what was already in place down at the floor.

"Try it for sound," he said. He went out for a second time. Sokolsky kept his voice pitched to their own immediate proximity. "Okay? Can you hear me?"

The pipe sounded off, as though somebody's fingernail had tapped it affirmatively.

They moved across to the other side of the room. "Now over here. We don't want any dead spots. We're in the corner, Graham. Can you get us?"

The pipe ticked. "No blind spots," Dobbs said.

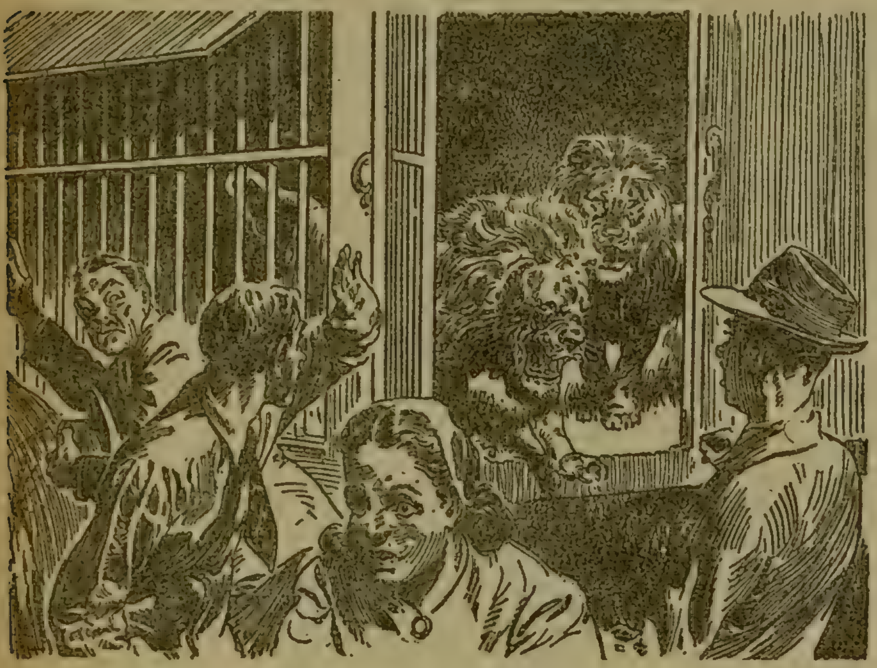
The electrician reappeared. He took a blotter from his pocket, allowed a few drops of water from the tap to moisten it, and then pressed it to the floor where the sediment of sawdust and plaster had fallen earlier. He joined thumb to finger in a circle of successful completion, fluctuated it at them. "Yours," he said. He left.

At six o'clock Dobbs was at the headset. All he got was the silence of an empty room.

At 6:27 a door opened—over the wire. It closed. Footfalls shuffled about, expired.

Nothing moved in the room above, save Dobbs' right hand, penciling shorthand symbols on a pad. And even that was only occasionally.

At seven a spoon scraped vigorously at the inside of a pot. From then until the half hour, crockery occasionally rattled. Water was discharged with sandpapery force. Then the crockery gave thuds of finality, piece by piece.



At 9:20 a shoe struck flooring.

At 9:20:15 a second one followed.

At 9:22 bedsprings creaked.

At 9:24 they creaked once more, but far more lightly, in final adjustment.

After that, nothing. The night wore on. At midnight Sokolsky took over the headset and the pencil and the pad. All he got was silence. The silence of a sleeper's room.

POLICE PROCEDURE: MOLLOY

"Inspector? Molloy, Inspector."

(staccato) "Got something? What is it?"

"I'm on lions, you know. You gave me—"

(irritably) "I know what I gave you."

"Yes, sir. Well, first I made sure of all the usual lions we know about. Then I got onto this. There's a small traveling tent show been working its way slowly across state up here. It was at Hampton when word reached me about it. I started for there right away, but by the time I got there, what with engine trouble and a couple of flat shoes, I was too late—"

THE soles of the sheriff's shoes made a V atop his desk. This split at Molloy's entrance and his face came through inquiringly.

"Yes, we had a traveling ruckus with us last night," he replied to Molloy's question. "We let them pitch in that big lot next to the Methodis' church."

"That big open place? It's empty now, I just came by there."

"Oh, sure. They pulled up stakes 'bout midnight. By one o'clock they was already on the move."

"I was told they had some wild animals with them." Molloy dusted his knuckles across the desktop. "Any lions?"

"Yeah, two. A pair. Both in the same cage. Male and female. Dunno what good they were; didn't perform anything. Just slept there through the whole show."

"Where was their next pitch to be?"

"I don't rightly recall that they told anyone."

"Well, which way'd they go, which road'd they take?"

"Well, there's only one," the sheriff had to admit. "It comes in from the direction of Fairfield and goes out again in the direction of Hanoveria."

"Which way'd they come in from?"

"Fairfield," the sheriff told him.

"Can I use your phone?" Molloy picked it up without waiting.

He hung up again presently. "Hanoveria says they passed through there about dawn this morning, without stopping. Traveling slow. I better head after them myself." He started for the door.

Dusk had fallen by the time he'd got to the hamlet beyond Hanoveria. He went on through, and after a while he saw some lights way off, dim in the half-light, and he thought that must be Thackery, which was the next place he was to hit. Then he saw them move peculiarly, and he knew those weren't the lights from houses. They palpitated, went up, down, up, down. Those were lights from men with blazing torches beating through the trees, looking for something, hunting something, in the woods.

THACKERY was at fever pitch all around him. The tent show was there, in the middle of it; he'd caught up with it at last. But it looked as if a windstorm had hit it. Several of the tents were down. Stands were over, and the jumbo peppermint-striped umbrellas in tatters.

He got out and walked around in the mess for a while. It was strangely deserted, as though everyone had sought refuge indoors. Finally he caught sight of someone loitering about as he was, went over, and sleeve-jerked him.

"What happened here, bud?"

"Couple of them blame things busted out loose."

"What blame things?"

"Lions," the man said. "What else d'you suppose would start a fright like that?"

Molloy let go his sleeve. In fact, flung it away from himself. "Lions," he said with soft fierceness. "That's my job. Anyone hurt?"

"Only one guy, the fellow in charge of them. He was the only guy went *toward* 'em. Everyone else had sense enough to go the other way, but fast."

"Where's this keeper or whatever he is?"

"Laid up over at the minister's house."

They had the keeper on a cot in the reverend's front parlor, with women of three generations in attendance and bickering over the proper procedures in first aid.

The keeper was visibly harassed, kept shifting feverishly from side to side.

"They shot Emma," he whimpered. "They didn't need to. They coulda got her back some way without that."

"What'd you expect 'em to do, set out a saucer of milk? Those things are killers."

"They didn't need to *shoot* her," the man insisted. "She wouldn'a hurt anybody—"

"No?" queried Molloy dryly. "Where'd *you* get clawed up, then? From tripping over a rake?"

"She was frightened. All that screaming, all them people running in all directions."

"How'd it happen?"

"The afternoon show was almost over. I strolled over to chat with one of the other guys. I heard something bang, like a firecracker, but I didn't pay any 'tention to it. Plenty of kids was using them around. Then I heard some woman scream, and by the time I looked they was already both out. One run one way and one the other. I tried to head off Emma, and she swatted me a couple times and lit out like a streak."

"When were you last in the cage?"

"I gave 'em water when we first pitched."

"You locked it up again behind you, this side door?"

"I been going in and out for seven years, mister. I never left it open yet behind me."

"How does it work? What's the hold?"

"Chain and padlock looped around it."

"Notice anybody hanging around the cage, or loitering near it, before it happened?"

"They all do that; that's what we're in business for."

"I mean anybody by himself, hanging around a little too long."

"There *was* a guy, pestering 'em a little," the keeper admitted. "But we get that pretty nearly every pitch. Some halfwit'll poke a stick through or—"

"Is that what he was doing?"

"No. I found he'd been teasing 'em with a dirty looking rag torn from a woman's dress."

"What'd you do?"

"Nothing much. I stiff-armed him and told him, 'On your way, bud.' He made himself scarce."

"What'd he look like?"

"Just another village pie-face. I couldn't tell you more than that, I hardly noticed him."

"Did you take a look at the fastening after that?"

"Nah, why should I? Who'd want to fool around with the fastening of a lions' cage," the man demanded plaintively, "to purposely let them out?"

"Just because you can't answer a thing don't mean it can't happen." Molloy was at the door by now. "I guess that's all, then, from you—"

"—went inside the cage myself and looked it over, and here's what I found, lieutenant. The link of the chain that looped onto the clasp of the padlock had been filed down until it was worn thin enough to be severed. Then the two prongs of the open link had been pried apart so that there was a wide enough gap for it to drop off the padlock clasp."

"Go on."

"On the inside of the door there were fresh claw marks. As though one of the animals had reared up against it frightened. And on the floor of the cage I found little scorched tatters of red paper."

"What do they seem to you?"

"All that's left of a jumbo firecracker that must have been lighted and tossed into the cage."

(Whistle from McManus, over the wire.)

"They were being sold all afternoon. But not those jumbo-sized ones, mostly the baby kind. I checked, and only two of those were sold. One to a kid about seven or eight. And one to a grownup, who claimed he was buying it for his kid, but who *didn't have any kid along with him.*"

"Did you get a line on this grownup?"

"Only very superficially. But from two sources, the concessionnaire and the keeper. And as far as their descriptions of him go, they're that of one and the same man."

"Then the escape was not accidental."

(emphatically) "The escape was *not* accidental, beyond any possibility of a mistake."

"And one was shot."

"One was shot."

"But one is still at large."

"One, the larger of the two, is still at large."

(troubled pause) "I don't like this. Now we've got an actual lion and an allegorical one to contend with. You stay where you are, Molloy, and keep me informed. I'm going to contact Shawn and let him know he may be up against the real thing."

THE WAIT: DEEPS OF NIGHT

At eleven she rose from her chair. They had been in the drawingroom, the three of them.

"I think I'll go up now. I didn't—have any too much sleep last night." She went over to the huddled figure in the other chair. "Good night, Father."

Shawn went with her as far as the outer side of the doorway. Then he quietly closed the door.

"Mr. Reid. How about a nightcap?"

He had to take up the hand, and bring it around, and pry the fingers back; then shape them closed again about the glass.

The glass slowly tilted, the level of its contents slid toward the downward rim, began to run down.

Reid looked at him with wan curiosity. "What are you, son?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know how to answer that. I'm a fellow. My name's Shawn. I'm twenty-eight."

"Never mind, I know what you are. I learned to know men while I was still alive. You're a detective."

"I am, am I?" Shawn said lamely.

"I'll tell you more. You're honest. Look at your face. Lies slip off it like drops of sweat."

"I'm a detective," Shawn said quietly.

"Can you save me, son?"

"From what?" Shawn answered. "From words? From—"

Reid wasn't listening to him. "Lift me up. My back pocket. Reach in. Pull that out. Now that pen you've got in your pocket, give it to me a minute—" He scribbled hastily across his knee, there was a rending of perforated paper, and he'd handed him a check, filled in save for the amount. "Fill that in. Write your own figure in here. Any amount, I don't care! Only—save me."

Shawn's fist tightened, and his face tightened to match it. He was getting sore. He crumpled the check, swept it behind him. "How many of these have you given to Tompkins?"

"We're not talking about that now. We're talking about you saving me." His hands climbed up Shawn's coat sleeve, one over the other. "Can you, son?"

Shawn brushed them off like caterpillars. "You can save yourself, Mr. Reid. Why don't you get yourself a little courage? You're not only doing this to yourself, you're doing it to others."

"It's easy to be brave when you've got a slack of forty years. Try it when you've got only a few hours."

Reid turned away. His eyes sought the clock again, clove to it, stayed there.

The drink was aggravating Shawn's temper. He felt an equal hatred of Reid and of the clock, they were both acting like irritants upon his already jangled nerves. His voice was getting hoarser. "Look *away* from it for a change. Look over this way for once!"

"You can be extravagant with your minutes," Reid answered dully. "I have to watch mine." His eyes wouldn't leave the clock. "My life span isn't written on your face. It's written on this other one here—"

Shawn had drawn his gun before he realized it. "I'll fix that God-damned thing! I'll show you it's nothing! You won't have to look at it!" He went at it with the gun butt, infuriated. Thick glass dribbled off. The hands dented in in the center where they joined. He struck at it again and again and again.

"Take a look at it now! Take a look! Ask it to tell you something now!"

Something happened to it. There was a violent whirring sound. The hands began to fluctuate like a pair of compass needles. They telescoped, jammed together, blended in a straight line pointing upward to the top of the dial. They stayed that way. Time had stopped.

POLICE PROCEDURE: DOBBS AND SOKOLSKY

"Sokolsky, lieutenant. Something came, all right. Like you said it would."

"What broke?"

"The whole thing. Wide open. All apart. It's like this. I was asleep, taking a relief, and Dobbs was at the set. He'd been in bed himself, our pigeon, since around about eleven. Well, about two-thirty, Dobbs nudged me awake. 'You'd better get in on this,' he said. 'Somebody just came in down there—' "

"HUNH? What'd you say?"

Dobbs clapped a hand across his partner's mouth. "Get on base. He just opened the door. Somebody's standing there. Somebody's been knocking."

Sokolsky adjusted the spare headgear, groped for notebook and pencil. They were both set now, alerted.

"Sh! Here it comes."

(shorthand transcription, as entered in notebook)

Shift of feet on flooring. Door closes.

Voice (not Tompkins): "I want to talk to you."

Tompkins: "What time is it? Why do you have to come here at this hour?"

Voice: "Because I'm not taking any chances. I don't want to come near you in the daytime. Look, I haven't very much time. Let's get down to brass tacks. Are you seeing Reid tomorrow?"

Tompkins: "No." *(slowly)* "No, I'm not." *(pause)* "I'm never seeing him again. He dies tomorrow night."

Voice: "Yes, you are. Don't give me that bellywash. Save that for your kitchen-maid audience. We're talking facts now. Send a message tomorrow that you want to see him."

Tompkins: "He won't come here. He'll never come here again."

Voice *(angrily)*: "Will you cut out that tripe? You've been spouting it so long, you're almost beginning to believe it yourself. Well, I don't! Now *I'm* doing the talking. You send word to him you want to see him tomorrow. Alone. You tell him, when you've got him here, that there's been a change for the better. He's been given a breathing spell. It may still come, but it's not as positive as before. You tell him there are one or two things he could do, to put himself in a more favorable position. Certain alterations in the will, for instance. Everything goes to the girl, as it stands now. That's all right, he doesn't need to change that. But in case of her death, if she has no children, it's to go to *you*, you become the sole heir. I don't think he'll need much urging."

Tompkins *(wearily)*: "But I can't. I haven't the power. It's not a prophecy. It's just something that's going to happen."

Voice *(furiously)*: "Will you cut that out? What do you think I am?"

Tompkins: "I don't want his money. I could have had any amount of it, long before now. He's left checks behind; I don't bother sending them back any more—"

Voice: "No, you don't want his money, you don't want his checks. Not much. You lifted one of them, though, from five hundred to five thousand dollars, didn't you? And turned it over to me. I'm holding it right now. With your endorsement on the back of it."

Tompkins: "You brought liquor here. You gave me drinks. I didn't know what I was doing. I don't remember whether I did it or not. I think you did it."

Voice: "You did it right under my very eyes. It's got your endorsement on it, not mine. And if I put it through, d'you know you'd go to jail for twenty years?"

Tompkins: "I'm going to jail anyway. But not because of that check."

Chair scrapes back violently.

Voice: "Now, how about it?"

Tompkins: "Put that away. That can't hurt me."

Voice: "It can't, eh? All I've got to do is jerk my finger and you'll see. You fool. You could be a rich man. I'm trying to help you. I'm trying to help us both."

Tompkins *(sadly)*: "*You're* the fool. *You* poor fool, *you*. You came here tonight, and you couldn't do anything different. But *you're* not going to get his money, if that's what you think. You're not going to live long enough to. Why, you're going to die even sooner than he is. You'll never even leave this house alive. On the stairs outside, in a few more minutes—"

Voice: "Who's going to see to it, you?"

Tompkins: "There are two plain-clothes men in the room over us, at this very minute, listening to every word we say—"

(Sudden backward heave from Dobbs.)

Tompkins: "I've known they were there all along. Their names are Eddie Dobbs and Bill Sokolsky, and—"

(Dismayed backward topple by Sokolsky, creating a thud on the floor.)

Tompkins: "There. Now, do you believe me?"

(Sudden race of footsteps across the floor.)

Tompkins: "It's no use. You can't evade it. You're going *toward* it, not away. Death is rushing at you right now. I feel it, I see it, it's on its way. You have only seconds left—"

Voice *(ragingly)*: "And here's yours, you dirty double-crossing bastard! For framing me!"

Revolver shot.

Door is jarred open, and footsteps stampede wildly down the outside stairs.

SOKOLSKY tore the headset off himself, wrenched his gun out of the holster, burst out of the room, around the stairhead, and down.

There was a man a full flight and a half below him, careening down at top speed. Sokolsky bellowed: "Hold it! Stay where you are!"

The figure came around the turn, and as it did so, fired up at him point-blank.

The bullet made a stroke of air past his jaw-bone, without touching it.

Sokolsky didn't move. He held fire. It was a tricky trajectory, almost straight downward.

The figure flickered across the landing turn and Sokolsky's gun crashed, at one and the same time.

The figure took the first three of the next downward steps still upright. Then it went into a long sliding fall all the rest of the way to the bottom, slid out a considerable distance, and stopped moving.

When Sokolsky got there the man was dead.

He was around fifty. His clothing was good quality. There were no marks of identification on him.

There was a slight sound on the stairs. Tompkins was coming down very slowly.

"Get over there by the wall and stand still, until I'm through here," Sokolsky said, gun in hand.

Dobbs had come down bare-handed. He was standing there leaning against the opposite wall, across from where Sokolsky had indicated; looking a trifle shaky.

Sokolsky suddenly snapped his head around once more to their hostage. He hadn't stopped as ordered. He'd continued moving forward. Since the corpse and Sokolsky were in his way, he moved around to one side of them.

Sokolsky stood steel-straight, gun muzzle maybe six inches from the man's retreating spine. "I said get back there!" he bellowed. "Stand aside where I told you or I'll let you have one! Dobbs, take him."

"I can't move," Dobbs whispered strickenly. He seemed to be trying to peel his shoulder off the wall, and failing. "Even my given name he knew—"

Tompkins took another slow step away. The street door was just ahead of him.

Sokolsky scissored his legs over the corpse, planted one on the outside of it. That brought the gun that much nearer.

"You've had your warning, Jack," he said. "You take one more step away, and it'll be your last one on this earth!"

TOMPKINS turned his grave face only partially toward him, to address him backward. "You can't do anything to me with that. It isn't my time yet." He took the one more step.

Sokolsky gave him the break of the dummy shot. He was still so helplessly close to the gun, the detective could hardly have done otherwise. He tilted it an inch and fired a warning shot just over the top of his head. It went into the door with a drumlike concussion.

"Now come backwards," he said, "or it'll not only be your time, it'll be thirty seconds past it!"

Tompkins turned, but only to draw a wing of the door open, inward. He was now full-faced to the gun. He wasn't smiling, wasn't derisive; there was no expression of bravado on his face.

Then he took his hand off the knob, and turned once more, outward to the open night now, and set one foot across the threshold.

Sokolsky altered the gun and fired at the back of his knee, just to bring him down, not to kill him.

The trigger clacked, and there was no detonation, the shot had misfired. He'd put six bullets in and he'd fired only twice.

Tompkins's second leg trailed the first, out past the threshold.

Crazed, the detective stamped forward after him and sighted point-blank at the back of his head.

Four feet away; no one could have missed. It was the death shot.

The trigger clacked, and it had misfired again. And it had never misfired before.

Tompkins's arm came in and around, and he closed the door wing slowly after him.

Sokolsky pumped the trigger maniacally, twice more, his face twisting like a sopping wet rag with a sort of panic he'd never known before, and twice more that barren tubular click came.

Dobbs moaned a little.

Sokolsky ripped the door open and staggered out. There was nothing to be seen.

He worked with the gun, raised it, fired wildly into the darkness, and four times it cracked out in full-bodied explosion, once for every bullet there was in it—now that there was nothing in front of it to be hit.

POLICE PROCEDURE: MOLLOY

THEY found him lying there bestially mangled, along a footpath that led through clumps of trees down into the village. The thing must have lurked around in the trees along there, after clearing the screaming carnival ground, and then he'd come along all unwitting, and—the condition of the ground told the rest of the story.

Word spread like wildfire, and Molloy got out there, to where they'd found him, within ten minutes.

The torches made it bright as day, around there where he was lying. A little too bright, in fact, for what they had to show. It was pretty bad. Those that crowded in closest to take a first look backed out fastest.

They found the piece of dress goods a considerable distance away, as though it had caught onto something moving, a claw perhaps, and been dragged, and then finally been shaken loose. It was stiffened with dried blood. Not his. Far older blood, far browner.

Somebody finally recognized him. There wasn't much to go by, but somebody did.

"That's Rob Hughes," they said. "I know him by that tooth there with the gold cap. He was always showing it around when he first got it put in."

They made up a party to go and break the news to his wife. Molloy went along.

"They've been fighting like cats and dogs for ten years," somebody said on the way over. "You could see the marks on her afterwards, each time. She was always having 'accidents' around the house."

SHE came to the door, and the four of them—there were three others besides Molloy—pushed into the room. She was past fifty, and tall and thin and steely-looking.

"Something's happened," she said impassively.

They nodded.

"To Rob," she said. "I reckon. Or else you wouldn't be here like this. Without him with you."

"That lion, that lion that escaped, got him."

"Did it get him pretty bad?" she said.

"It got him pretty bad, Hannah. Pretty bad."

Some of them said—said afterwards—she smiled at that, bitterly.

Presently she reseated herself in the rocker she had been occupying when they first knocked. To do so, she displaced a dress of flowered pattern that she had been working upon, and placed this on her lap.

Molloy's eyes hadn't left it the whole time he'd been in the room. He'd brought the scrap of bloodied goods along with him. He took it out and unpapered it.

"That's from this dress I'm working on now," she said. "My Sunday dress. I found a piece scissored out of it. I was just patching it up."

She answered the unheard question. "Early today I killed a chicken. He might have used that to mop up—kind of messy, you know—and then kept it with him."

Some of their faces were a little white.

"He was going to take me down to see that tent show tonight. He'd been in town this afternoon and seemed to think I'd like it. I didn't want to go, but he coaxed me real bad. Seemed to have his heart set on it. But then he got fidgety, said he'd go down ahead and I could follow. He told me to meet him by the lions' cage. Said I should wait for him in that one place, and not stir away.

"I saw him take something from the tool chest before he left this afternoon. Didn't see what it was, but I went out and looked after he left. There was a pair of pliers missing and a rasp. Guess that must have been what he took. Dunno what he'd want them for. Especially to take down to town with him."

And those that said she'd smiled the first time said that now she smiled again.

"But then he did curious things every now and then. About six months ago I found an ax on the floor under our bed one night. I handed it to him handle first, told him he must have mislaid it. He allowed he must have, and took and put it back where it belonged."

Molloy spoke. "Did you own the farm, Mrs. Hughes?"

"Yep," she snapped. "I certainly did. It was in my name. I saw to that years ago."

"You're a very brave woman."

"It's not that most womenfolk are so brave," she contradicted. "It's just that most menfolks are such cowards.

"Thanks for coming around to tell me. I'll ask you to excuse me now. I've got to finish mending this dress. Then I've got to get it dyed. It's the only thing I've got fit to wear to the funeral."

THE WAIT: MOMENTS BEFORE ETERNITY

The room door was locked now, on the inside.

(11:46) Reid was huddled in a big overstuffed chair. He was staring wide-eyed at nothing. His eyes gave out no impression of life, took back none. The chest rose and fell; if you looked intently you could see it.

Shawn was perched on the arm of that same chair, making a protective screen for its occupant on that side. Reid was gripping his near arm tightly. Shawn's other arm ended within the tautly stretched outside pocket of his coat. The impression that came through the cloth was one of a sharply defined, angular piece of metal.

She was across the room, head inclined to a small table on which had been placed a basin of water. Then she came back toward the chair, holding extended between her hands a freshly steeped application.

(11:47) She bent over Reid. His burning eyes never moved even at the imminence of the bandage. She placed it across them, pressing it down with her finger tips, shutting out horror. His head moved weakly. "No, no—" he protested. "It goes faster when I can't see it."

"I'm here beside you, he's here beside you."

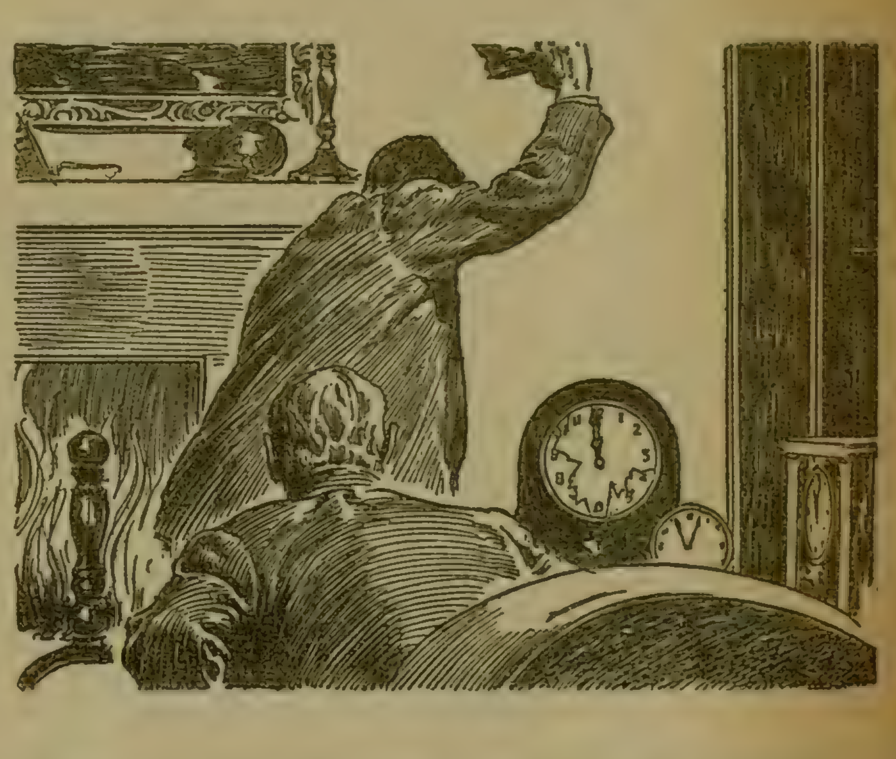
She perched on the opposite arm of the chair to Shawn. Reid was now walled in on both sides.

(11:48) They watched him cautiously. Then their eyes sought each other, by common accord. She pointed toward the clock. Then made a twisting motion with her hand, counterclockwise. Meaning, turning it back.

Shawn started to withdraw his body little by little across the chair back.

Reid felt him stir, instantly clove to him.

"My foot's asleep. Just let me change it a minute."



Shawn unlocked the terror-welded hands, pried them off, passed them to her to take into her keeping.

He was already erect and free of the chair.

(11:49) "No—don't get up."

"I'm right beside you. Just let me stand up on it a minute."

He moved fast but carefully, soundlessly. When he reached the clock he placed hands to it.

The half-blanked-out face remained immobile.

He covered the latch controlling the clock's rimmed face pane with his palm, trying to smother the sound it would make, even while he tweaked it open. The click came through blurred but audible.

Reid didn't move.

He had the circular glass casing standing out at right angles now. There was a wire-thin squeak from the recalcitrant hinges.

Suddenly Reid began to writhe violently in the chair. One of his hands flew up to his face, clawed off the hampering blind. His eyes appeared.

(11:50) Shawn's hand was at the nub of the two indicators on the clock face, about to stretch them into a wider angle. He dropped it. All three were silent. Even from Reid there were no outcries. There didn't need to be; his dilated, accusing eyes spoke for him.

"Come back, Shawn," she sighed at last.

Shawn moved slowly back toward the chair.

Reid's eyes were burning questioningly up toward him. "You didn't do it yet? You didn't touch it?"

"I didn't do it," Shawn said listlessly.

"Swear you didn't. Swear."

"He didn't, father. I watched."

Reid's fingers wriggled around the curve of Shawn's forearm, like white worms. "Have you still got the key there? The key to this room?"

"It's still there."

(11:51) Five more white worms crept up the other side of the arm. "Is your gun still loaded?"

"I showed you only a couple of minutes ago."

"Break it, look again, make sure."

Shawn took it out, wrenched it open. The worms crept over it and felt of the chambers one by one.

Shawn forced it closed again. "The room around us is locked," he said tonelessly. "The house around the room is locked. The grounds around the house are being watched. Nothing; nothing can get through."

END OF POLICE PROCEDURE

Ten-fifty-one. McManus is in his office, by himself, poring over a report. All the men have reported. On the desk is his pocket watch. His eyes keep going from report in hand to it, and back to report again.

The phone rings. It's been doing that on an average of every four or five minutes, for hours. It's only from the desk sergeant outside, though, this time. "No," he says, "Switch it to somebody else."

Ten-fifty-three. Call from Molloy. More details on the escaped-lion episode. "Kid of about eight or nine admitted lighting a firecracker, throwing it into the lions' cage, and running for his life."

"Then what's the score?"

"It stinks from paradox. Two of them were sold—one to Hughes, one to this kid. Hughes had murder in his heart, the kid just mischief. Hughes had the chain around the side trap filed through, left loosely draped to look like it was still intact. But he didn't have his wife standing there yet. The lion came to meet him halfway."

"It has nothing to do with our case, anyway."

"Except that the lion's still at large. And working closer to Shawn's base of operation. A report came in that a couple petting in a car had the daylights scared out of them by what they took to be an enormous dog. The spot indicated is five miles from the Reid estate."

"Do something about it, will ya!" McManus exclaims.

Ten-fifty-seven. Call from Dobbs. "I think we've nailed him. Somebody answering to his description was just seen entering a house two blocks over from where we lost him. We've got the place sealed up tight."

"Don't do anything until I get there. I'm going to take charge myself. I'm leaving right now."

He jumps up, grabs for his hat, his coat, and his watch. Two to eleven. Sixty-two minutes to go.

He goes out fast. The desk sergeant tries to stop him as he flits past the vestibule outside. "What'll I do about this guy, lieutenant? He says he's been phoning you all day and now he's pestering me to get in to see you—"

A forlorn-looking figure that has been slumped patiently on a bench against the far wall straightens up a little inquiringly. "Is that him—?"

McManus flicks a look that way, keeps going.

A moment later, someone touches him placatingly.

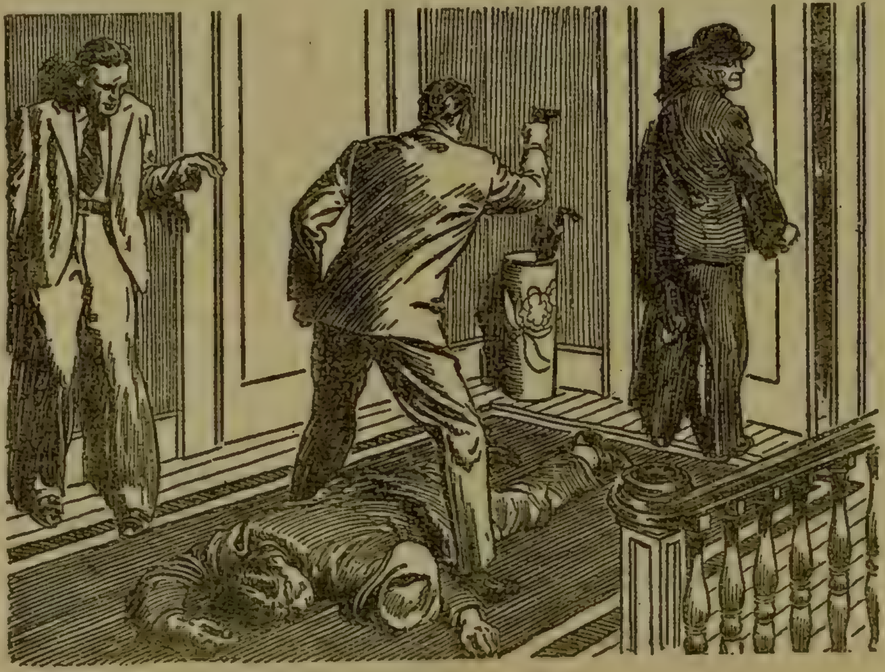
"Beat it," McManus growls. He goes on down the steps. The supplicant follows. Again that hesitant touch on the arm. This time McManus whirls on him. "Get outa here!" He roars. "Who are you anyway?"

"Jeremiah Tompkins," is the answer. "And I've—I've been trying to give myself over to you."

END OF THE WAIT

It was the awful silence that was so hard to bear. They couldn't get him to say anything any more, he was past speech. Almost, he was past life itself. Technically, he was still alive. His heart was going, his breath was going. His eyes were open. But spiritually, he was dead already. As completely, as irreparably dead as a cadaver on a mortician's table.

The girl's face was the color of talcum. Shawn's was the color of granite, with glistening lines of sweat pinpointed along it. But his—Reid's—wasn't a face any more. It was just that puckered part of the corpse where the eyes and mouth and nose used to be.



The clock was there in the room with them yet. It was far better to have it than not to have it, far less torment to see it than not to see it. The pendulum kept flashing back and forth. A thin splinter of white remained between the two black hands. It was two minutes to twelve.

It was like drops of water falling onto a hollowed wood surface. Clop, clop, clop, clop.

Shawn thought rebelliously, Damn! Why doesn't it happen? Something, anything! Big, noisy, the works; I don't care what it is. Why doesn't a lion burst headfirst through the window? Now, this very minute! Let him get killed! Let me get killed, too! Yes, even let her get killed! Only, let something happen! He began to swivel the muzzle of his gun restlessly in and out atop his thigh. I'm going to shoot pretty soon. I'm going to have to.

It was one to, now. The white splinter had been pared to a thread. Clop, clop, clop, clop; the horses of death were trotting to the post.

Suddenly the figure in the chair was holding out a hand toward each of them. A scratchy sound, no longer a voice, came from him. "I'm going to say good-bye now. Take my hand, son. Thank you for—for staying with me to the end. Jean, darling, kiss me good-bye."

She hid his face with hers for a moment.

The two hands were single-width now. They had blended perfectly, one atop the other. The clock had only one hand. The time was *now*. The time was death.

A bell, a pair of them with a flickering hammer in between, began to jingle, febrile, flutelike, pulling.

They jumped as though the filament of a live wire had been put to their skins; the two living did, at least.

The sound's rhythm told that it was a telephone ringing; the one outside in the main hall.

Shawn was on his feet, arrested, half crouched.

Bong! the clock went. The hour was sounding.

Shawn had the key out. He was over at the door now. Reid's lips kept fluttering. Words finally came, hoarsely.

"No, don't—It may be a trick, a trap to get you away from us—"

Bong! The clock went a second time.

The ringing sound resumed. There was a different rhythm now, its tempo was faster.

Jean's hand caught in her hair. "Go out and stop it," she choked. "I can't stand it any more."

"Wait," he said. "That's a police call. Three short rings at a time—they told me they'd use that."

His wrist flicked and the door was open.

"I'll be right out here in full sight of the door," he said.

He stepped quickly down to the phone, stopped, lifted it, gun hand watchfully fanning the air around him.

Bong! welled out to him from the distance.

It was McManus. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," Shawn bit out, eyes roving the walls, the stairs over him, the locked main door at the end of the hall.

"It's over. We've beaten the rap. The guy's saved. Tompkins just committed suicide in his cell."

Bong! vibrated in Shawn's eardrum.

"Just before that I had a call from Molloy. A large lion that was on the loose was shot and killed. Tell him it's over, nothing more to worry about."

Bong! cut across it, fifth stroke of the hour.

Her frenzied scream blended in with it.

Reid flashed through the open room door. He shot straight down the hall toward the entrance door.

"Hold him! He's out of his mind!" she screamed.

"Door's locked, he can't get out!" Shawn sprinted after him, sure to overtake him within a matter of seconds as the immovable door blocked the insane flight.

The door was directly before Reid now. "I'm coming!" he keened wildly. He turned suddenly and disappeared into the darkness of the conservatory. "I'm coming!"

There was a sudden crackling crash, and then silence.

"The lights! For God's sake, the lights! I can't see a thing in here!" Shawn beat both hands wildly up and down the inside facing of the doorway.

He found the switch, tripped it.

The lights glowed on behind those beautiful cathedral-like panels, ruby, emerald, amber, sapphire. Reid was standing upright, motionless, close up against one of them. Shoulders and head bent forward.

For a second Shawn couldn't understand what was holding him there. Then he saw that he was headless, or seemed to be; he ended at the neck. Jagged teeth of thick, splintered glass held his craned neck in a vise, formed a collar, had pierced his jugular. His head was on the other side, had been rammed through the leaded pane to the space where the lights were.

He was gone. And the panel he'd chosen, he'd aimed himself unerringly at, in his blind headlong flight, with the room pitch-black around him, was that of the lion rampant. Its mane and rabid eyes and flat feline nostrils still showed undestroyed above his gashed neck, as though it were swallowing him bodily. And for fangs now, instead of painted ones it had those jagged incisors of glass, thrusting into his flesh from all sides of the orifice he himself had created.

Death by the jaws of a lion.

Bong! The hour was past. All was silence.

END OF NIGHT

The tension was gone. The house was quiet. The door had closed on the trundling stretcher bearers.

Shawn and McManus were alone.

"What was it?" McManus said. "What'll I say? I'll have to be making out a report on it. What'll I put down? Death by accident. Death while of unsound mind. Murder by mental suggestion. Death by decree of—" He turned toward the windows, where restless twinkles simmered across the face of the sky.

"We have all the answers," McManus said. "But they don't really answer anything. The man who was shot dead on the stairs of Tompkins' rooming house was Walter Myers, Reid's broker. He handled all Reid's financial affairs. It's the same old story. Temptation, too much funds to manipulate, too much carelessness on the part of a wealthy client. Reid left everything in his hands.

"It'll take years to uncover all his activities. Anyway, I can tell you this much right now. That girl upstairs will be poor. Maybe not poor as you and I go, but poor to what she was until now."

"Good," said Shawn softly, fervently.

"Well, he got himself into a great big hole, somewhere along the way. And he kept trying to shore up the bottom by dumping in Reid's funds and securities. Only, it got deeper all the time. Eventually, there was bound to be a cave-in, and he knew it.

"There were two possible outcomes: a crash, and exposure, or flight. Maybe he didn't have the stomach for flight. So he had to sit tight and wait, shaking in his shoes.

"And then something happened that must have seemed a godsend to him. Among his other clients there was a wealthy old woman. He noticed she was having uncanny luck with her investments. He learned she was getting tips from her housemaid. And the housemaid in turn was getting them from some unrevealed source.

"This woman has died since, but we have enough evidence to reconstruct the thing. Anyway, Myers finally ferreted out the source of the information, and went there to investigate. Myers didn't do any better in his transactions, so it's safe to assume Tompkins didn't help him as he had the woman. Myers needed to come into outright control of the balance of Reid's fortune in order to cover up the previous defalcations.

"Here's what set the fuse to the bombshell. Tompkins had his room practically papered with uncashed checks Reid had thrust on him. Myers came across one of these, and framed him, to get something on him. One of Reid's checks turned up in Myers' office. It had been endorsed over to Myers by Tompkins and lifted from five hundred to five thousand dollars. It had never been presented for payment at any bank. Myers was just keeping it as something to hold over Tompkins' head."

"Then the prediction was Myers' suggestion, to break down Reid, drive him to his death?"

"No, the prediction came by itself. Myers tried to cash in on it. He was trying to maneuver Tompkins into inducing Reid to change his will, so that Tompkins himself would be the beneficiary once-removed, after the daughter. Tompkins would have been putty in his hands; for all practical purposes, the estate would have been turned over to Myers."

"What about Jean? You said 'after,' her."

"I don't think she would have lived very long after her father. I think she would have been put out of the way within a very few days, or maybe right along with her father tonight, if Myers had remained alive."

"And then Tompkins did away with himself, and then the prediction—"

"—came off anyway," McManus finished it for him. "Leaving that big 'why,' leaving us just about where we were before."

He flung open the door. The stars were like silver hailstones beating into their faces.

"I don't feel good," McManus muttered. "There *was* something there. Something I can't get down on a report. That diamond wrist watch. That kid that nearly got run over. The way Dobbs' gun misfired. He even knew their *names,* Tom, their Christian names. There *was* something there, and I don't *want* to know what it was!

"Are you coming in with me? Give you a lift?"

Shawn glanced inside. "I guess I'll stay here tonight. She's alone. I'll walk you down to the car."

"See you tomorrow, Tom."

Shawn watched the car go down the driveway. Then he turned and trudged back toward the house.

He lit a cigarette and stood out there on the gravel, waiting. Suddenly the door moved a little. Something white, the edge of a face, was peering through at him.

"Who is it? Is it you?"

The door opened wider, the face nodded.

"Come out. Come out here to me."

He saw her eyes go up overhead, then quickly drop.

"Don't be afraid. I'm standing here."

Suddenly they were together, pressed close.

"I knew you wouldn't go away."

She burrowed her face against his chest. He covered almost her entire head with the flaps of his coat. She snuggled against him as in a cocoon of safety.

"Don't tremble so. You're in my arms. I'll be your husband in a few more days, and you'll never be alone again. The stars are going, one by one, beloved. Morning is on its way."

But his eyes went uneasily upward, studying those distant inscrutable pin points of brilliance.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

ROBERT GIBBINGS, artist and writer, has written a charming book of Irish folklore and anecdote in **Lovely is the Lee.**

Robert Gibbings

While he was motoring through Ireland, Gibbings' car broke down. He stopped at a garage in a small village and the proprietor found that the bolt in the oil tank had fallen out. He had no parts, so he plugged the hole with wood. It was a two-hour job and when he had finished and refilled the tank with oil, he said: " 'There you are now, that will carry you on a while.'

" 'How much do I owe you?' I asked.

" 'Oh, begod, you don't owe me anything.'

" 'And why not?'

" 'Oh, I couldn't charge you for that. Sure, I only made a temporary job of it.'

" 'But you spent two hours on it.'

" 'Ah, it was a slack afternoon.'

" 'Well, how much do I owe you for the oil?'

" 'I can tell you. It's so much a pint.'

" 'But it's cheaper by the gallon.' "

At another time Gibbings was on a bus next to two women in shawls: "One was apparently telling the other how her son had taken a liking for a girl in the town, 'but when I says to him: "How would she look under a cow?" sure, that finished him. He never threw a thought to her since.' "

Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, N. Y. Price $3.

POST WHEELER, who wrote **Dragon in the Dust**, has spent most of his life in the diplomatic service. In 1906 Theodore Roosevelt sent him to Japan, where he served until 1910. Mr. Wheeler returned to Tokyo in 1914 and again, briefly, in 1941. His book tells of thrilling personal experiences in Japan against a background of fast-moving history.

Post Wheeler

Japanese super-nationalistic forces made a deity of the emperor to help promote that nation's conspiracy toward world conquest, Mr. Wheeler says. He quotes a Japanese source to the effect that " 'Japanism being a cosmic principle based on human righteousness, the nations of the West should follow it. Without it a perfect order for humanity can never be realized.'

"It is Japan's divine mission: 'The task of instructing the rest of the world devolves upon us and upon our nation. It is the destiny of us Japanese to become its dominating factor. We possess the faculty of universal sympathy and progress. As Japan has a special civilization of her own, she must believe that she has a special mission to mankind.' "

Published by Marcel Rodd Co., Hollywood. Price $2.75.

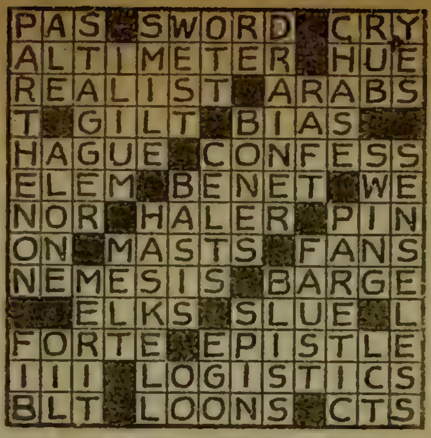
THE ISLANDERS, by **Elizabeth Foster**, is the story of a house in Maine built by the writer's grandfather, Frederick S. Dickson.

Guests piled to the island in Maine, one of them a New York judge who had buck fever. Out hunting, he and his guide sighted a moose. The guide said, " 'Now, Meestaire Teelnay, on the other side of the pond is a moose. Do not look at heem. We will aim for zee birch tree on zee right and trust to God and zee ricochet!' "

Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price $2.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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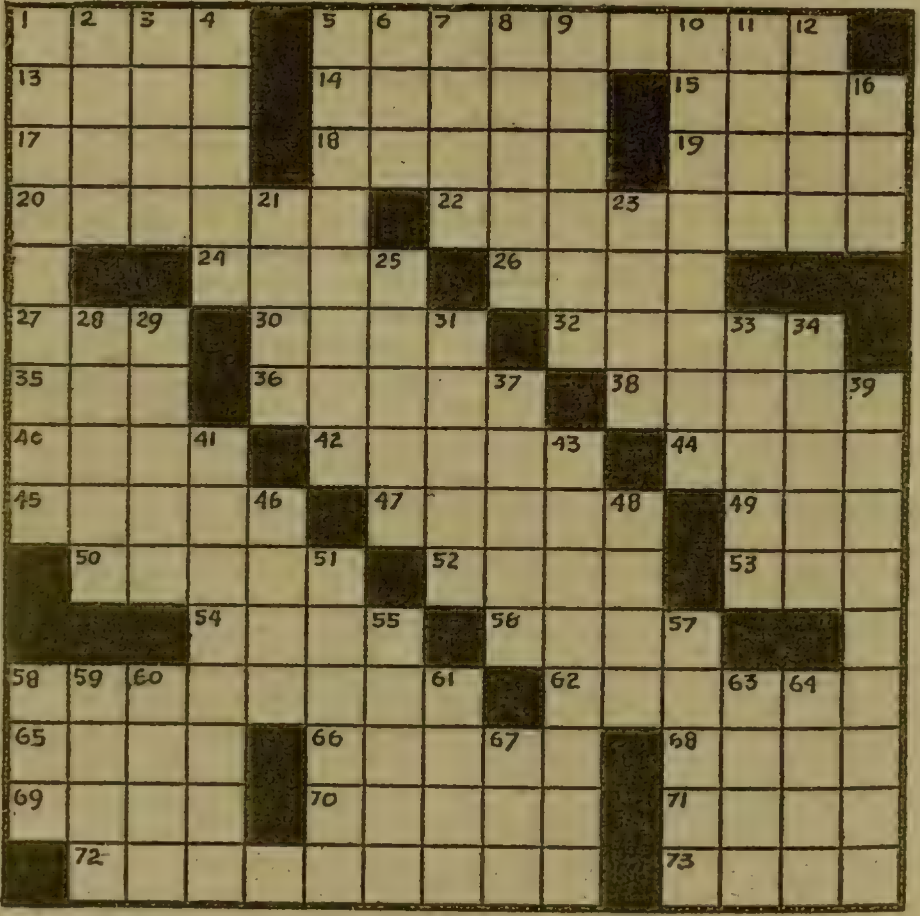
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 These should be long enough to reach the ground
5 She's making a clean-up in textiles
13 Care for an anagram?
14 What opposites never do
15 English blaster
17 Dobbin gearshifter
18 Plasmaticist
19 Kind of club that breaks eardrums
20 Deal sealer
22 Red cross fishes
24 What folkth who thay ethickth inthead of etheckth do
26 Paneful word
27 Lookout
30 Short three-hour conversation (fem.)
32 What a dog signs yearly for his doghouse
35 Trouble, trouble, trouble
36 What Kaiser does at high wages
38 Puts dough in the pot
40 Liberty serial, B. C. style
42 What this former kind of gals now do to their young
44 Uncomfortable excursion from home at high prices
45 Kind of air Queen Bess exuded
47 Wooden elevator shoe
49 Amount of salary average person spends weekly
50 Biblical pause
52 Wishful thinking's done on it
53 Emotional exhaust in Greece
54 Homer batted out a terrific one
56 Tilt the schnozzola and avert the orb
58 What Jr.'s cigs are so firm, so round, so fully packed with (two words)
62 It's always spouting at hen parties
65 Tossed a few pots at Duffy's Tavern
66 L'Hudson avec un French accent
68 Pajama top
69 American journalist
70 He looks like a man but yells like a woman
71 Performer
72 They make a living walking around trunks
73 Atom-bomb-secret sniffer (possessive)

VERTICAL

1 This is borrowed in April and returned in October (two words)
2 Only thing that dares answer my wife back
3 Eating spinach maketh a man of this
4 Pales like a flower (anag.)
5 Female ocean greyhound
6 Time past
7 Potbellied dust collectors
8 There's a broken heart for every one of these on Broadway
9 Sidetrack, in a Limited way
10 Apoplectic melon; chicken coop
11 Female battle royal
12 Man who can always tell where his next dollar's coming from
16 Minus nickname
21 What you'll never get on $25 per
23 Lawful request
25 New York avec un French accent
28 Childish skippers
29 Wool, wool, if this isn't a natural
31 Air-conditioned super-umbrellas
33 What home rule's enforced with
34 Sounds hell's filled with now
37 They shrink from contact with inclement weather
39 All he got for sitting on the substitute's bench for Hahvahd
41 Where the Lost Weekend can be found
43 Causes of spring uprisings
46 They're designed to hold the average stenog
48 Kind of blue, but faithful
51 They're always good for a raise
55 Half-frozen drips
57 Lyre larrupers and rhyme mechanics
58 Broadwayite faithful to his wife
59 He bane vun gut yent
60 Separation center
61 What cows try to be to dumb humans
63 The curmudgeon's desk
64 What grooms now promise to do at wedding ceremonies
67 Nuther



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Enjoy "America's favorite nickel's worth of fun" on this New WURLITZER

WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
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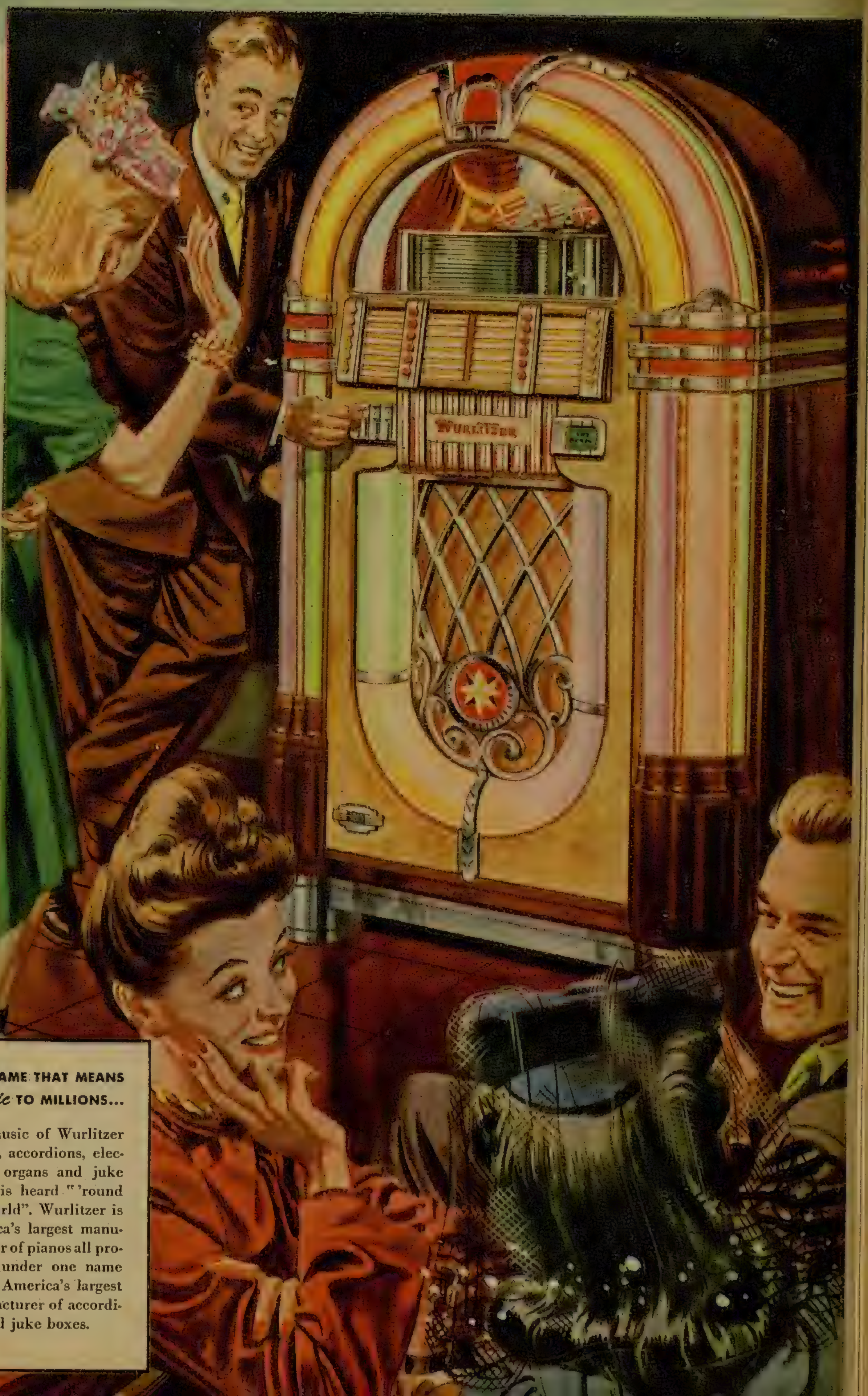


Look for this SIGN OF THE MUSICAL NOTE and you will find a WURLITZER

Whenever you step out, go where you can enjoy Wurlitzer Phonograph music. There, for a nickel a number, you can select your favorites from a musical menu of 24 tunes.

What's your pleasure? A rhythmic new hit-parade tune? A haunting, hill-billy number? An old favorite of by-gone days? They're all there ...all played by the best bands in the land.

Nowhere can you have more fun for less money than where you see the *Sign of the Musical Note.* There you can enjoy Wurlitzer Phonograph Music—"America's Favorite Nickel's Worth of Fun". The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.

THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS...

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, electronic organs and juke boxes is heard "'round the world". Wurlitzer is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name ...also America's largest manufacturer of accordions and juke boxes.

HOW "NEW" WILL THE NEW CARS BE?

Continued from Page16

only five had them under the hood. Power units were stuck in back in those days because many cars were chain-driven directly to the rear axle and not much was known about drive shafts and universal joints. Reflecting engineering thinking, John R. (Jack) Davis, director of sales and advertising for the Ford Motor Company, says there are five major and several minor factors to be considered in placing the engine in the rear of cars as we know them today.

THE cooling problem would require air ducts to draw in as much air as now flows through the radiator; all operational controls and much wiring would have to be lengthened to reach from the front of the car to the back, thereby increasing cost and the possibility of trouble; you can adjust the carburetor, test and change spark plugs, and do other things comfortably under the conventional type of hood, but with the engine under the back seat, heaven help the putterer!

For years car buyers have consistently demanded more luggage room, but when the motor gets the space now allocated to spare tire and luggage, there is likely to be a howl of protest from millions of Americans who enjoy packing up their duds and seeing the country. Last, but far from least, is the matter of safety. In many a bad accident the engine has ended up in the front seat, but in countless scores of other instances the long, stout steel frame of the car's front end and the motor it mounts have combined to save lives.

To that, Charles L. McCuen, General Motors' vice-president in charge of engineering, adds that location of the motor in the back of a car disturbs the weight balance which has been evolved from years of experimentation. With the engine under the hood, weight is distributed about 51 per cent in the front and 49 per cent in the rear. When back-seat passengers and baggage are added, the figures are approximately reversed, and it is obvious that weight concentration in either end of a car does not contribute to safety and ease of operation. Concerning engines weighing about one pound per unit of horsepower, like airplane motors, Mr. McCuen said it would be possible to build automobile engines of lighter metals, similar to aircraft, but few people could afford to buy those automobiles and the low-price field in cars would be eliminated.

O.K., then, if we must wake up from our Cinderella dream, what are we going to get, and when?

The first is easier to answer than the second. Strikes, supply stoppages, and lack of government approval of requested price increases contributed to holding early-year production to an annual rate of about 420,000 automobiles. Optimistically, if the squabbles are settled soon, peak output of 6,000,000 passenger cars a year could be reached by June, but that won't satisfy an estimated 15,000,000 people who want cars now.

Last November the Automotive News said: "Most of the 1946 models so far displayed have more changes and improvements than were apparent between the last two auto shows. Maybe the public will have to be told this fact more strongly before they will buy the present models in the quantities we expect." Packard alone has announced sixty-eight mechanical and design changes in its 1946 car. The Ford contains more mechanical improvements than in any previous year-to-year model, with the Mercury and Lincoln in much the same category. Everything General Motors has to offer from Chevrolet to Cadillac contains numerous pronounced changes and improvements. And the same holds for Nash, Hudson, Studebaker, Willys, and the rest. In the case of the Kaiser and the Frazer, there were no prewar models from which to switch, and January showings indicated the new firm was following convention rather closely, save for the front-wheel drive of the Kaiser.

A nation's morals are like its teeth: the worse they are decayed, the more it hurts to touch them.
—George Bernard Shaw.

The really noticeable trends in all makes are toward increased safety, improved engine performance, new body styling, greater ease of operation, more riding comfort, plus plenty of gadgets and rich color, both inside and out. Auto men agree with the National Safety Council that everything possible should be done constructionally and operationally to make cars safer and safer.

Frames, steering apparatus, and other exterior moving parts acquired a huskiness from war that will continue; brakes now require less foot pressure for increased control and stopping power; radiator grilles are heavier and larger; stouter bumpers curl well around both front and rear fenders. But don't look for curved glass windshields. They're too expensive, except for cars in the high-price brackets. Rear windows are to be wider, deeper, and will have their own wipers, while if you are too short to see comfortably over the front of the hood, some driver's seats can be raised as well as moved forward and back.

Cadmium, a metal in widespread use as a bearing material prior to the war, couldn't stand the gaff imposed by continued stress of military operations. Ford Motor Company's solution was a combination of lead, iron, copper, and silver called a "tri-alloy" bearing. More than 500,000 tri-alloy bearings were subjected to the toughest kind of war service in all sorts of vehicles and in the meanest of climate, weather, and terrain. The reports were excellent, with some bearings and crankshaft journals showing no measurable wear after 50,000 miles. So there will be silver in 1946 Lincoln, Mercury, and Ford V-8 engines. The latter develops 100 horsepower, compared to 90 in prewar V-8s.

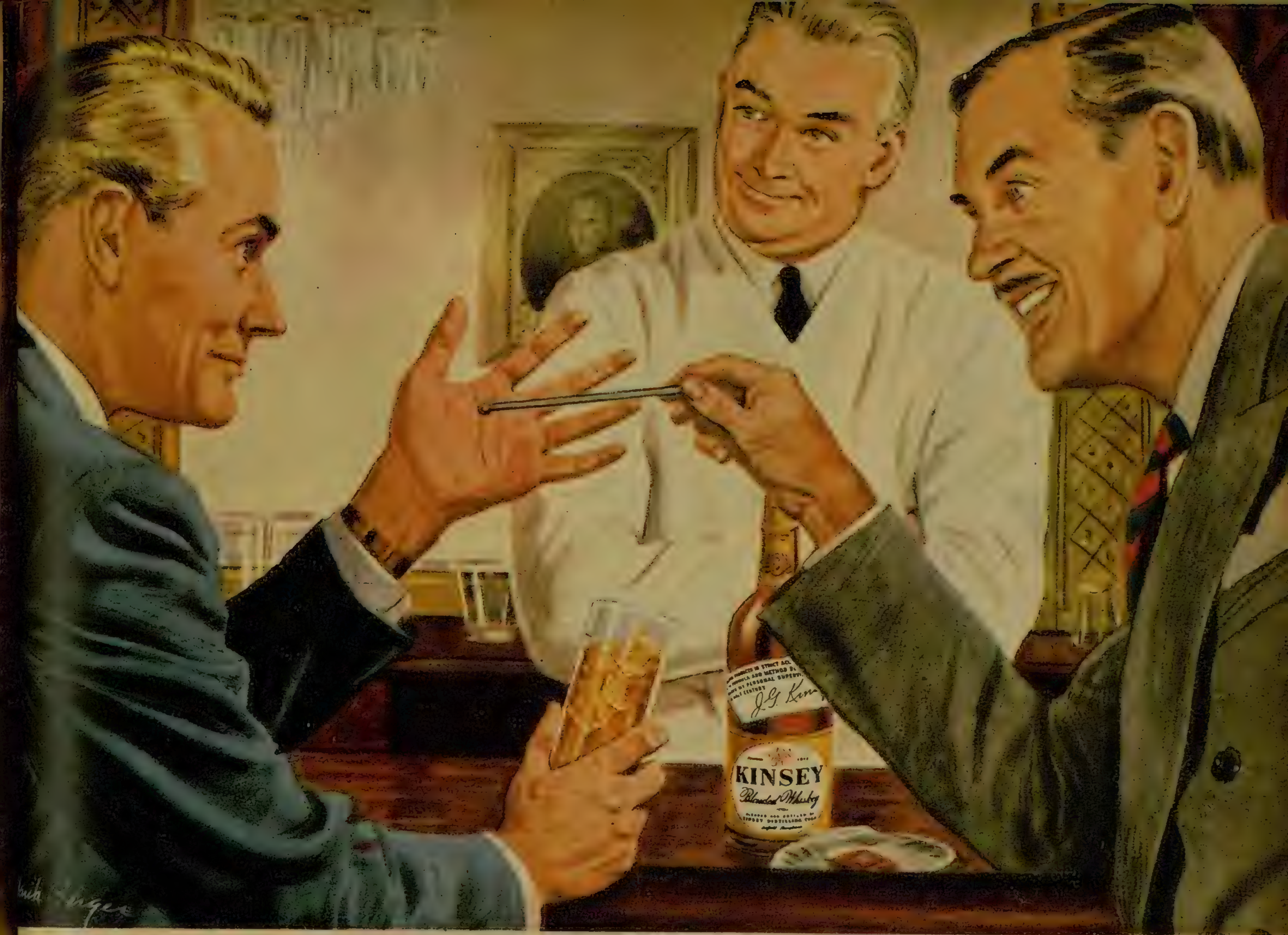
Other manufacturers tell of comparable wartime improvements. General Motors, for instance, talks about its new bearings, better carburetion, electro-hardened aluminum pistons, stronger connecting rods, a special "battle-developed" material in fan and engine belts, and marked improvement in clutch, cooling, manifolding, and mufflers. Buick's "Fireball" straight-8 valve-in-head motor, they say, is "made to closer tolerances than an aircraft engine," and we are reminded that more than 60,000 Cadillac engines and over 50,000 Hydra-Matic transmissions went into war service. Now all three are back in civilian cars, quieter, more rugged, and longer-lived.

The "new-type brakes," announced for Chrysler, Plymouth, De Soto, and Dodge, are touted by Chrysler Corporation as the "most important advance since 1924," when that organization brought out its four-wheel hydraulics. Hudson, among other things, offers its "no-clutch, no-shift" driving by means of Drive Master, and year-round conditioned air comfort through its Weather Master. The Nash "600" also is air conditioned, has been put through a weight-reducing process that knocked off some 500 pounds, and will do twenty-five to thirty miles a gallon "at moderate highway speeds."

ALL these innovations and improvements were not in 1942 cars, but they are in 1946 models. Maybe the outer dress didn't change radically from '42 to '46, but constructional features of America's passenger cars and trucks, along with important innards of their engines, acquired new power and stamina.

For those who wish to pay for them, in the "some-day car" there will be two-way radiophones, built-in hydraulic jacks operated by push button, even all-glass tops, and other dream-car things. But the most exciting and immediate prospect to come out of Detroit is the story that both Ford and Chevrolet will offer a "Junior" model. When this will occur hasn't been stated, but these new models will not be miniatures, nor will they be fabricated of low-grade or second-rate materials. They will be duplicates of regular models save for frills and expensive innovations. Thanks to engineered conservation of weight and space, they would offer economies

(*Continued on page 54*)

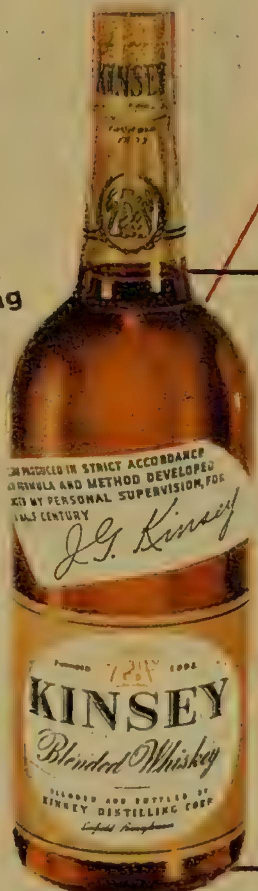


What the Friendly Stranger told Bud Bickford:

① "From this line, I can see you have taste . . . refinement . . . and enjoy the good things of life.

② "And this curve here shows you're a good mixer . . . and are popular with people. Now . . .

③ "What do I see in this hand? Ah, a highball made with grand-tasting Kinsey Whiskey. That proves I'm right!"


KINSEY
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
Kinsey Distilling Corp.

④ Yes, Kinsey is so superbly smooth . . . so full of rich, mellow flavor . . . that more and more people of taste are making Kinsey their "first choice" whiskey.

KINSEY

the unhurried

WHISKEY

A BLEND

Since 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

YOUNG MAN YOU'RE FRESH!
NATURALLY...I JUST HAD A FRESH STAR SHAVE!
STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES 4 for 10¢
STAR Famous Since 1880
MADE BY 6NX PROCESS
Single Edge STAR BLADES 4 for 10¢
STAR

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

4 for 10¢

Now you can buy them again—the modern, amazing blades that make your double edge razor perform miracles! Star *Double* Edge Blades are so keen, so durable, they have revolutionized double edge shaving!

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Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

(Continued from page 52)

of more mileage a gallon, less upkeep cost, plus the original saving in price. They would be aimed at the two-car family market as well as at those who are used to automobile transportation but cannot afford comparatively high-priced cars.

Concerning the Ford "Junior," Henry Ford II has said: "The kind of car we have in mind would be a full-sized automobile with all of the built-in convenience one gets in the regular models. . . . We are hoping to be able to price this car at somewhere around fifteen to twenty per cent lower than the lowest-priced regular Ford . . . but we don't know yet what labor and material costs will mean to actual price."

When 1947 and later models do roll around, manufacturers may vie with one another concerning the merits of possible new styling, but unanimity of opinion in automotive circles regarding nonappearance of radical types of postwar cars is a united front seldom seen before in the industry.

That united front, however, doesn't include W. B. "Bill" Stout, who perennially has differed with other automobile designers and engineers for twenty years or more. Currently, Mr. Stout is consultant for Graham-Paige and Kaiser-Frazer at Willow Run on a sort of lend-lease basis from Consolidated Vultee, and continues to evolve his own ideas. While the first Kaiser and Frazer models are conservative, so long as designer Stout is around, most anything can happen, and eventually perhaps some of it will.

THERE'S nothing conventional about Stout's ideas, from the cigarette container on his desk that practically shoots a cigarette into the visitor's mouth to the picture and description of his most recent automotive inspiration. Strictly his own creation, it comes close to resembling the "bubble car" we took apart in Harley Earl's office, but this one has enough hood to care for the front-wheel turning problem and to provide luggage space. You guessed it—the engine is in the rear, and according to Stout, "It won't take up any more room than the spare tire, and I won't tell you how little it weighs. You wouldn't believe me."

Although it has usable floor space eleven by six feet, comparable to a Cadillac, the car will be no larger than a Chevrolet, and will weigh 1,000 pounds less than the latter. Weight-saving is accomplished by making the entire body and the chassis of a new substance composed of fiberglas and other materials. In construction, the substance resembles a honeycomb about three inches thick.

But Bill Stout had one conservative comment to make: "Don't go telling people they are going to get automobiles like this. Remember, it's what I call a 'visionary car' "—and, from him, that is saving a good deal.

THE END

THE FOG LIFTS AT MIDNIGHT

Continued from Page 32

Mr. Wormser looked around him. The waiting room was crowded. The comfortable easy chairs were all filled. Mr. Wormser was accustomed to comfort.

He considered a moment. His suburban home was too far distant. He could, of course, wait at his club. The idea did not appeal. It was too difficult to avoid people and the favors they had to ask of him. Moreover, it was a waste of time. There rested on his desk at the office, Mr. Wormser remembered, a report on a reorganization of one of the Corporation's subsidiaries. It required several hours of intensive study.

"Can you give me twenty minutes' notice before flying time?" he asked.

"Perhaps more, sir."

Mr. Wormser scribbled a phone number. "Call me at this number," he said. "It's my private and direct wire at my office. I can be back here in fifteen minutes, and I want to be on the first plane out."

It occurred to him, as a taxi sped him back across the bridge, that never before had he been in his office at night. He carried no key. Someone always arrived ahead of him, to organize for his coming, and stayed later, carrying out his orders. He wondered, as the night elevator bore him aloft, if it would be necessary to ask someone for a master key. Then, as he stepped from the car, he saw the main door ajar and the lights inside blazing brightly.

HE pushed open the door and drew up short. A girl—he recognized her as Betty Gilbert, one of his lesser secretaries—was stripping the vase on the receptionist's desk of the last of its flowers. She was humming softly I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby. She was wearing an evening gown, her hair swept up off her ears.

The gown was strapless, and her shoulders were smooth and white in the glare of the overhead light. It was sea green, the bodice clinging to her young figure caressingly, the skirt billowing to the floor. Mr. Wormser stared and Miss Gilbert hummed unconcernedly. Then she became aware of a presence behind her and turned quickly and became ghastly pale.

"Mr. Wormser!" she moaned. "Oh, golly!"

"Do you always dress formally when you work late, Miss Gilbert?" he asked stiffly.

Her moaning kept on. "I—I'm not working late, Mr. Wormser. I brought a suitcase to the office this morning and changed. You see, I thought I was going out this evening."

"*Were* going out? And what, may I ask, do you propose to do now?"

Miss Gilbert stared a moment, her gray eyes tragic. "Now I thought it would be nice—I mean— Oh, golly!"

She ended with a whimper of dismay. Sounds from Mr. Wormser's private bath, which opened off from his office beyond, broke the silence violently. Mr. Wormser listened a moment to the sound of his needle shower turned on full force, and to a man's voice raised discordantly as it sang, by an odd coincidence, I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby.

"*Who* is using my shower?" demanded Mr. Wormser.

Miss Gilbert was barely audible. "Jimmy," she whispered.

"And who is Jimmy?"

"My husband." And because Mr. Wormser's face was still frozen, she hurried on: "Really he is, Mr. Wormser! We were married six months ago, on his last leave. Now he's discharged. His train was three hours late and he just got here. It was the fog, he says."

"Damn the fog!" cried Mr. Wormser. "Does he have to take a shower in my bath? Can't you take him home with you?"

"I live in a residence club for women, Mr. Wormser."

"Then can't you take him *somewhere?*"

Miss Gilbert shook her head mournfully. "Not now I can't. I did reserve a room as soon as he wired he was coming. It wasn't much of a room and not in much of a hotel. But his train was so late! When I phoned the hotel they said they wouldn't hold it. They said they had a whole lobby full of servicemen waiting for rooms. And I couldn't leave here to take possession of it, because I had to wait for Jimmy here, because he wouldn't know where to go, and everything was so mixed up I thought—I thought—"

"You thought what? Good heavens, girl, *what did you think?* You wouldn't presume, you wouldn't dare—"

He strode to the door of his private office and pushed it open.

IT made a pretty sight. Candles purloined from the mantelpiece of the board room lit the room. His desk was set up as a supper table, with the executive dining room's best linen and silver. Places were laid for two. A plate of cold cuts rested temptingly at one end. A bottle of champagne waited to be opened.

But there was more. Mr. Wormser stared in horror. His new extra-length, extra-width divan had been transformed into a bed. A tablecloth served as a sheet. A napkin pinned across a cushion made a pillow. The bearskin rug that should be hanging above the fireplace of the board room was a blanket.

Mr. Wormser turned slowly around. Miss Gilbert was watching him like a spanked cocker spaniel. "Do you mean to tell me," he said solemnly, "that you intended to use *my* office—the office of the chairman of the board of one of the largest

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corporations in America as a—a—"

"*Mr. Wormser!* We're married!"

"—as a dining room?" Mr. Wormser finished lamely.

"I'll pay for the food I borrowed. And I bought the wine myself. We'll leave everything neat as a pin." She ran toward him. "It's just this one night!"

"Young woman," said Mr. Wormser, "will you cease embarrassing me!"

"Yes, sir. Am I?"

"Do you realize my position? I'm chairman of the board—"

"But you're married, too, aren't you, Mr. Wormser?" Miss Gilbert asked.

"Married? I suppose I—I mean, *certainly* I'm married! But—"

"You can fire me tomorrow!" Miss Gilbert said.

"I'm firing you now," said Mr. Wormser.

"But it didn't seem wrong! Maybe it's because I love him so much, but it didn't! It makes such a cheery, pleasant room."

"It's a violation of the fire laws," said Mr. Wormser stiffly, "and no doubt the sanitary code as well."

"Jimmy doesn't smoke and neither do I. And we'll be awfully sanitary. Mr. Wormser, he's leaving tomorrow for Chicago to try for a job. He has friends there. And it may be weeks or months before he's settled enough to send for me."

"So he has no job?" cried Mr. Wormser triumphantly. "And very little prospects of one, it seems to me. What training has he had?"

"Not much of anything. He'd just graduated from high school when he entered service."

"No training either! How old are you, Miss Gilbert?"

"Nineteen."

"I don't consider a girl of nineteen sufficiently mature for marriage. And the young man?"

"Twenty-one—almost."

"You're a pair of young fools!" stated Mr. Wormser fiercely.

"Sh-h-h-h! He'll hear you!"

MR. WORMSER walked again into the outer office. Miss Gilbert stayed at his heels. "Jimmy will be coming out soon," she said. "Won't you please go away!"

"Am I being expelled from my own office?"

"Yes, sir. I mean— Oh, I know it sounds nervy. I know it's borrowing without asking. But I had to do *something.* It's our honeymoon, really. If you make us leave we'll have to sit up all night in the railroad waiting room. Oh, if I could only have *this* for a wedding present —if you knew how much it meant—" She touched her eyes with a handkerchief. "If you only had a daughter of your own who was in love!" she said.

Mr. Wormser opened his mouth to speak and closed it again. Then he walked to the window and looked out at the fog.

He turned and, without another word or glance, walked to the board-room door. There he paused and cleared his throat. "I still insist you're a pair of young fools," he said.

Miss Gilbert's eyes were shining. It was a lovely and exciting sight to behold. It was too bad Mr. Wormser didn't notice. "Yes, sir," Miss Gilbert said. "I suppose we are just that. But, you see, it doesn't matter! We're so much in love."

Mr. Wormser strode across the board room toward his library. There was an extension of his private and direct wire in the library and the phone rang in both places.

He swung open the library door and pulled himself up short for a second time.

Light from the board room cut across the library and revealed the extra-length, extra-width divan against the opposite wall. The woman who lay on it, her street coat wrapped around her, her eyes closed, was neither young nor elderly. Her hair was mouse colored, and the lines of her thin face seemed lines of tiredness rather than age. At the foot of the divan rested a pair of worn-through shoes, and in a corner stood a mop and pail.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There are 2,598,240 possible poker hands. Forty are straight flushes, 624 fours-of-a-kind, 3,744 full houses, 5,108 flushes, 10,200 straights, 54,-192 three-of-a kind, 123,552 two pairs, 1,098,240 pairs, and 1,302,540 with no pair or better. Now do you see why you can't win?

—Margaret Lindsley.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Mr. Wormser's hand reached for the wall switch. The overhead lights blazed. "What," he demanded grimly, "is the meaning of this?"

The woman's eyes blinked sightlessly and she fumbled in the pocket of her coat for glasses. Then, pushing the ends of them over her ears, she stared at Mr. Wormser in dismay and sat upright. "Gosh a'mighty!" she cried. "You ain't—but you are, ain't you? You're Mr. Wormser!"

"Does everyone in the building use my offices as bedrooms?" he asked.

The woman was poking her stockinged feet hurriedly into her shoes. "But I finished my work, sir," she said. "Honest I did! And I get tuckered towards the end. I settled down for just a little nap."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Wormser sternly, "that you were prepared to spend the night here."

The woman looked at him sharply. Then she nodded. "If you want the truth, Mr. Wormser," she said, "I was. You see, it's the fog!"

The counfounded fog again! "Do you have to sleep in my library every night there's a fog?"

The woman nodded sadly. "When it's a real bad fog, I got to," she admitted sadly. "It's my sciatica."

"Your what?"

"That's what's wrong with me, sir. And I live ten blocks from here, and I got to walk home every night. And my sciatica gets so much worse when I go out in a fog."

"I'm very sorry about your sciatica. But it hardly justifies—"

"Are you going to get me fired, sir? Please don't get me fired."

"You could take a cab home, couldn't you?" Mr. Wormser asked.

"Lawdy, I can't afford cabs, sir. I don't stay here often. Last Tuesday —it was foggy last Tuesday, remember?—I said to myself I'd take a chance. So I went home. And the pain got so bad the next day I couldn't work for the rest of the week. And I can't afford to lose time, on account of Billy. He's my kid."

Mr. Wormser shifted about uncomfortably. "I know it must be difficult supporting a small boy—"

"Lawdy, he ain't small! He's six feet. He's nineteen and a hundred and seventy pounds. But the Army never took him on account of his limp."

DESPITE himself, Mr. Wormser found himself wondering about Billy.

"Can't the boy do *something?"* Mr. Wormser asked suddenly.

The woman nodded. "Sure he can. He does."

She looked at him sidewise again. Mr. Wormser was driven to ask it. "And what does he do?"

"He studies drawing."

"Indeed? Is he good at it?"

She chuckled. "If you want the truth, Mr. Wormser," she said, "it seems to me the stuff he draws don't make much sense at all!"

"Then why, in heaven's name, do you want him to do it?" he asked.

"I don't want him to," she said gaily. "*He* wants to."

Mr. Wormser found himself shaking a finger at her. "But you permit him! You even slave away here to help him! You aren't well and—"

"Billy don't know about that."

"You need not go on as you are. You should not be permitted to—"

"He's my kid, ain't he?"

Mr. Wormser strode to the window, glared at the swirling white fog outside, and turned about abruptly. "You're being completely ridiculous," he stated. "You admit the boy is unsuited for what he is trying to do, yet you let him waste his time. Time is precious, Mrs.—"

"Costigan, sir."

"Time is precious, Mrs. Costigan. These are the years of your son's life that count. He should be starting his career. Perhaps there's a place for him here in the Corporation's offices. I could arrange it. Nothing much to start, I'm afraid. A messenger, a clerk in the accounting department. Something like that."

Mrs. Costigan stood up. She put on her worn coat and wrapped it tightly about her. Then she picked up her mop and pail. "I'll be getting along now," she said.

(Continued on page 58)

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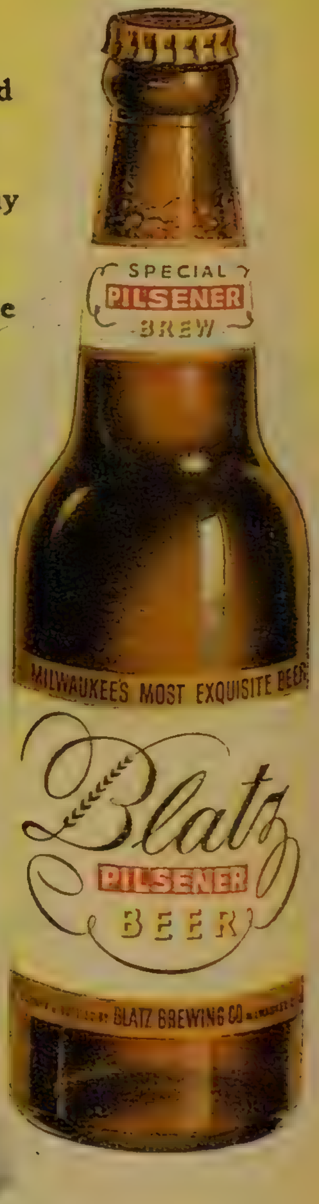
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(Continued from page 56)

"I've made an offer to help you," said Mr. Wormser sharply.

Mrs. Costigan threw back her head. She faced Mr. Wormser squarely. "I guess you ain't got a kid that wants like hell to do something special," she said. "Wants it with all his heart and soul!"

Mr. Wormser turned abruptly. He stared into the night.

He called over his shoulder to Mrs. Costigan. "Wait!" he ordered gruffly. "You can stay here, as you planned. But I'm expecting a phone call. I'll have to disturb you when it comes."

He crossed the room and moved past her to the door. There he turned. "I still insist you're being completely stupid," he said.

Mrs. Costigan chuckled and clucked. "Lawdy, ain't it the truth?" she agreed happily. "But when you got a kid, you know how it is!"

THE board room, usually so friendly, seemed dismal. Mr. Wormser slumped in his huge chair at the head of the gigantic directors' table. He drew a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and blew smoke rapidly.

They were wrong, of course. He was right and they were wrong. You can't go through life without a plan, without forethought and organization. You needed it for everything—for buying and selling, for hiring and firing, for building and tearing down. And especially for marriage. And for a career. You figured carefully, your mind working keenly, analyzing, weighing. You formed a judgment deliberately. Then you planned. Then you acted. So you made the right marriage. So you picked the right career. If you didn't, you were a fool.

The huge clock on the wall behind him chimed eleven. Mr. Wormser stood up and walked quickly to a window. The fog again. It wouldn't lift. He had to be in Washington by morning. Had to organize things so his daughter Elaine wouldn't make a mistake. And the confounded fog—or *was* it lifting? Things seemed to be quite a bit clearer. But he'd imagined it. There was still the fog.

He went back to his chair and relit his cigar. His mind kept telling him, kept insisting, over and over, that he was right and they were wrong. And then, before he knew it, the clock behind him struck midnight, and at the first stroke Mr. Wormser did an amazing thing. He stood up, and said aloud, said defiantly to the board room and all it stood for, "Wormser, you're a meddlesome old fool! There are some things you *can't* organize! Why don't you leave the kids alone?"

He strode again to the window. And this time it really had happened! The fog had lifted! Below him street lights glistened. Above, a full moon winked. It was a lovely night.

He went to the library door, opened it, and tiptoed inside. Moonlight touched the sleeping figure of Mrs. Costigan on the divan. She was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

Mr. Wormser reached carefully for the phone on the table. He lifted the receiver gently from its cradle and placed it harmlessly beside the box. No need now for the airport to call. If his private phone rang, it would only disturb Mrs. Costigan. And, of course, in another office it would disturb even more the girl named Betty Gilbert.

Still on tiptoe, Mr. Wormser crossed the board room. There was no sound from his private office beyond. No glimmer of candlelight showed through the crack under the door. Mr. Wormser smiled and left.

Outside, it was all so clear—so perfectly clear at last. Mr. Wormser started home to his family.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

SAD SACKARINE: G.I. sugar.

PATRI-ARK: Noah.

INFLU-WINCHELL: Walter's column.

SOUPOFFICIAL: A shallow chef.

ASSPOUSAL: Marriage of a mare and a donkey.

ADMIRABULL: Halsey.

MICKNAMES: Pat and Mike.

WONCE: Triumphed a single time.

TICKTICKET: Hock-shop receipt for a watch.

MINSTROLL: Meandering singer.

THE RED-CENTERED QUILT

Continued from Page 31

who stormed over grandmother's presence at first, relented.

Ten days after starting, the expedition came to the Muddy River and was met by the railroad surveyors, who had come down from Bismarck, where steel rails ended. The column crossed the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone and moved out into rust-colored badlands of stony gulches, weird buttes, cindered lava, and green-gray sage.

Grandmother and grandfather, who were far at the rear, knew nothing at first of what now happened. The advance guard of the expedition was attacked by a handful of Indian horsemen. The hostiles soon withdrew, moving slowly, in the direction of a grove of cottonwoods.

The cavalry colonel decided they were trying to draw his force into a trap. Giving instructions to his captains, and calling but two troopers to his side, he jammed spurs to his sorrel horse and with a yell and a wave of his hat dashed for this thicket. Several hundred red horsemen leaped screeching from the timber. Then, realizing that Long Hair had discovered their ambush and that the whole regiment of Long Knives was racing upon them, they turned and fled. The commander of the Long Knives, sword waving, golden hair and red cravat streaming, pounded hell for leather in pursuit.

THE chase led far, and Old Curly wasn't back for a week. He returned to report a successful skirmish. His personal flag was again in shreds. Once more grandmother mended it.

"Well, they ripped my banner, but they also showed me that the Sioux won't stand a cavalry charge," said the colonel. "My regiment can whip all of them in creation."

"He's a brave man," said grandmother afterward to grandfather.

Grandfather was no man to belittle prowess in another man, white or red. But the line of his jaw set hard. He had his own prudent ideas of how to cope with Indians.

"He's a gallant soldier," went on grandmother, fitting a new scrap into her crazy quilt—one of the twelve scarlet stars, I like to think, that make a circle around the red patch at the middle and about twenty inches outward from it.

"He's a rash fool," said my grandfather.

The survey party and its military escort came to the end of their present mission at Pompey's Pillar, a two-hundred-foot rock on the south bank of the Yellowstone. The month was August. After a bit of exploring in the vicinity, the expedition turned back. But my grandparents had found, on high ground between the Yellowstone and Musselshell Creek, a strong black soil that suited them, and there they proposed to stay.

They built a sod house in a little basin that they called Rimrock Valley. For the next three years grandmother's quilt continued to grow, though slowly. Materials for it were hard to come by.

In those years grandfather trapped, shot game, and broke the soil about his cabin and planted it to corn, which did poorly. They had frequent visits from Indians. Because they showed no fear and treated these people decently, they were allowed to stay.

Once, after a day gathering berries, grandmother returned to her home to start the supper fire. She unlocked the door, but halted, because the instant she opened it she could smell Indian. He had broken a hole in the sod roof and crawled inside to search for whisky. She drove him out with shrill words and a broom.

Once a savage pounded on her door and she kept it barred, because she was alone with her new baby. The visitor, a tall fellow, then really dropped in—by the chimney. But it was too tight a fit, and when grandfather came home, there the caller still was, his body in the flue and his ankles trussed snugly in a gingham apron. Grandmother decided that the gingham deserved to go into her quilt.

These were tumultuous times on the plains, but Grandmother and Grandfather Keever scarcely caught a murmur of it. In the summer after they homesteaded, the man whom troopers called Old Curly and Indians called Long Hair led another exploring force into Sioux country. It pushed into the sacred and forbidden Black Hills in southwestern Dakota. From there the word went eastward of a gold discovery. Thousands of white men stampeded for the Black Hills by buckboard and wagon.

Grandfather and grandmother, two hundred miles away, kept out of this distraction.

IN midwinter they had another call from an Indian. They were out on their trap lines. Returning, they found that the door had been forced, and cartridges, meal, and a small chunk of pemmican taken.

Grandfather followed the fresh tracks and caught the caller, but invited him back for tea and not for punishment. For the fellow had left two marten skins in payment for the shells, three beaver pelts for the meal, and a fine sable for the pemmican.

The man was in his early forties, which was old for an Indian of those fighting times. He wore a dull red shirt trimmed with ermine, the mark of a chief. He told grandfather that his nickname from boyhood had been Slow, but his true name was Tatanka Iyotake.

Grandfather and he smoked kinnikinnick bark together, each in his

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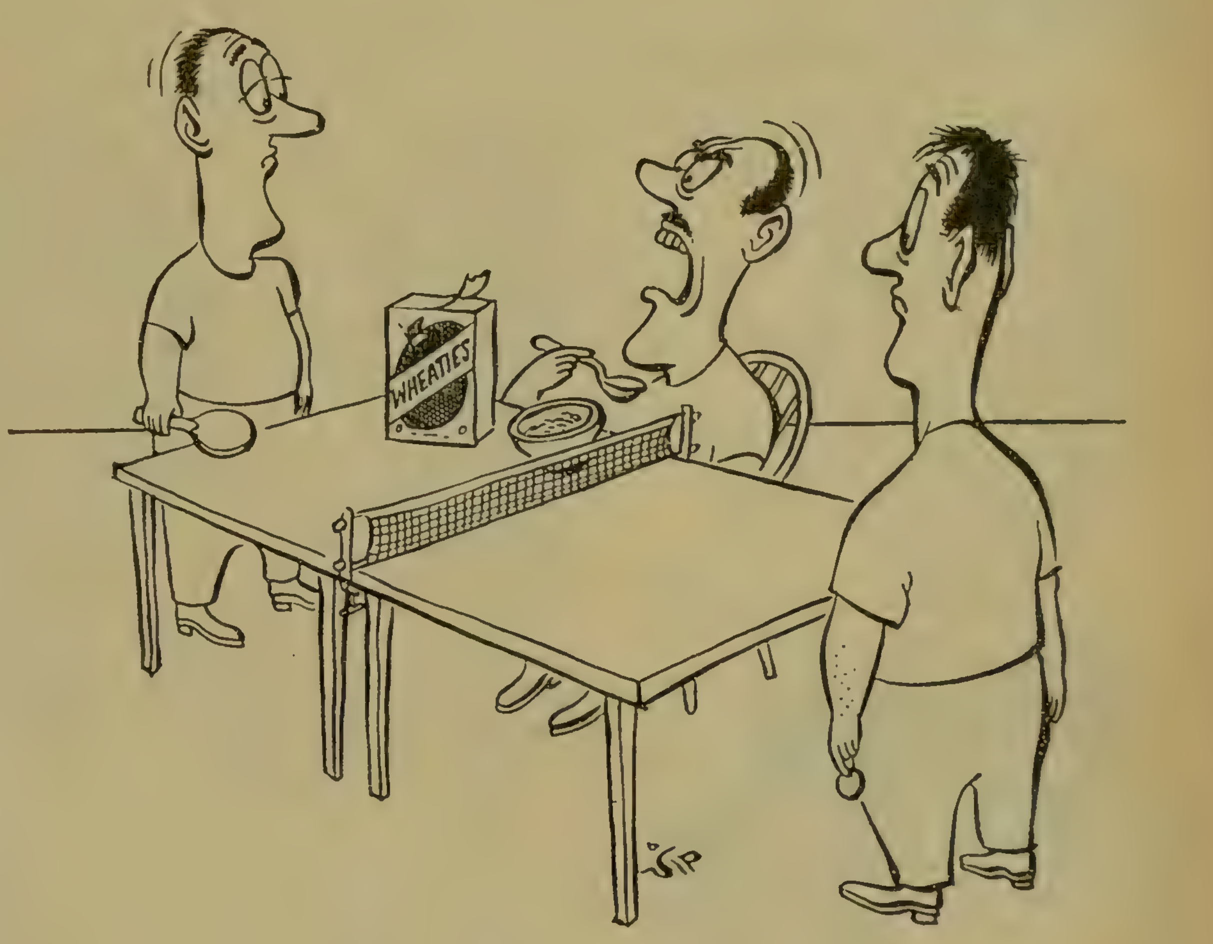

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own deliberate style, after which Slow thanked grandmother for her tea, called her Woman-Who-Faces-the-Storm-Like-a-Buffalo, admired her crazy quilt, insisted on giving her his red shirt for its furtherance, accepted one of grandfather's smoke-tanned deerskin shirts in return, and rode away. The red wool patches from that shirt, with bits of ermine attached, are fourteen in number. They form a diamond in the quilt, reaching from border to border.

If the raucous clamor of the Black Hills scarcely penetrated to Rimrock Valley, matters taking place much farther away were as if without existence. So grandfather and grandmother knew nothing of the military plan shaped up in Washington by Generals Sheridan and Sherman and, perhaps, by President Grant himself, to rid the buffalo country forever of the terrible Sioux and Cheyennes and their allies.

They knew nothing of the further polish given to the plan by General Sheridan, whereby three large forces, marching toward a common center, would strive to catch and hurl the red hunters back upon the reservations.

They knew nothing of these things, or grandfather would not have set off upon that trip to Bismarck for supplies and cattle, leaving grandmother alone with her two little ones.

When grandfather was far on the road, General Crook and a thousand soldiers had already set out northward from Fort Fetterman on the Platte for the upper reaches of a Yellowstone tributary. Another force under General Gibbon had set out from Fort Ellis in the west. A third, under General Terry's over-all command, had started from Fort Lincoln near Bismarck. The year was 1876, the month was June, and no one—not my grandparents and not the military men themselves — were aware that this three-pronged drive had concentrated eight thousand Sioux and Cheyennes, half of them warriors and half of those armed with modern weapons, just south of the Yellowstone. This assemblage of hostile Indians was encamped on the creek called the Greasy Grass, two days' ride from Rimrock Valley.

GRANDMOTHER was minding a child on the hard earth floor, a baby in the crib, and a kettle on the hearth, when hoofs sounded outside her door. It was time for grandfather's return.

"Is that you, Michael?" she cried joyfully.

She turned for the open door. A form, more slender than grandfather's, filled its glaring rectangle. It was a Cheyenne brave, naked save for breechclout, moccasins, and cartridge belt. His face and body were painted, his hair was loose. He stood there with an Army rifle. A rag bandage was wrapped untidily about one arm.

"What do you want?" Grandmother never backed away.

The Indian lifted his rifle clumsily and pointed it.

The frontier wife whom the chief called Slow had named Woman-Who-Faces-the-Storm-Like-a-Buffalo — my Grandmother Keever — stepped forward. She had the long kettle spoon in her hand. She rapped the Indian's knuckles with it and said "Put that gun right down!"

The Indian half lowered his rifle. The bandage about his hurt arm was a hideous bundle, brown with dried blood and dirt-stained. The fellow wanted help.

The doorway behind him filled with four more shapes. Two had carbines, one a smooth-bore muzzle loader. All had cutlasses. This was a war party.

Grandmother was several jumps from her own guns. She had a soup spoon, nothing more. But she had two children to defend. And she had an Irish temper. She said in the Indian tongue, "I will attend to your arm, but you must get out of my house."

JUST then she caught sight of what was passing on the far side of her homestead valley. A quarter mile away an entire nation was flowing by. Mounted on two thousand horses, leading two thousand more, the warrior army of Sioux and Cheyennes were trekking northward. Another mile-long herd of horses dragged poles on which were loaded skin tepees and household belongings. Women and children plodded afoot. There was a multitude of dogs.

Grandmother's sharp twenty-year-old eyes made out something unusual about this human tide, something significant far beyond its size. Every male Indian, even to stripling boys, was armed. Some had cavalry carbines. Some had long breech-loading rifles. Some had sabers. Many wore cartridge belts about their naked waists. Many were not naked but were clad in dusty and unaccustomed blue wool.

Grandmother's eyes came back to the Indians in front of her.

"I will help this man, but you must all put down your guns and swords."

They hesitated.

"Instantly!" ordered grandmother.

She extended her hand, and took the weapon from the injured brave. Astonished, he yielded it. "All five of you," she repeated.

Another horseman rode up. He was a thick-chested man with a fringed deerskin shirt ornamented with porcupine quills. In his hair were two eagle feathers. He carried a carbine Winchester and a .45 revolver. He saw the braves hesitating, and spoke sharply. They rested their weapons against the sod house. He dismounted and placed his arms there too. He was bowlegged, and limped with his left foot. It was the chief Tatanka Iyotake, or Slow.

Grandmother promptly sailed into him. "Your people have been fighting the Arikaras or Crows again!" she chided. "They have given you a good pummeling. Serves you right! Now you are seeking other hunting grounds. But I will take off this man's bandage and wash his wound."

She did so, swabbing it with a clean cloth dipped in hot water. The forearm had been hacked cruelly. Only the wrapping had saved him from bleeding mortally. He stood without a murmur while grandmother probed and cleansed and poulticed. She rebound the arm in one of father's clean white baby dresses, the softest cloth she had. And she gave the injured fellow some broth, and the others too.

"When the Indians learn to stop fighting each other," she advised, "this kind of thing won't happen."

She said that, but it was not what she believed. For immediately she had reconstructed what had happened on the other side of the Yellowstone. By those weapons and stolen uniforms, she knew.

When their meal was gone, all five warriors and the chief Slow jumped to their horses. The first-comers galloped away, legs dangling, hair flying, painted bodies twinkling in the sun. The chief Slow tarried. He thanked grandmother gravely.

Grandmother leaned dazedly against the doorpost. "Your men have killed the Long Knives," she said. "You have killed them all."

"And you, Woman-Who-Faces-the-Storm-Like-a-Buffalo, are the only man or woman of your race who ever disarmed Crazy Horse."

"You have killed Long Hair."

"I go with my people to Wood Mountain, to the Cypress Hills beyond the Medicine Line. Good-by, Woman-Who-Faces-the-Storm."

Grandmother watched him go.

Two days later grandfather got through from Bismarck. He had abandoned his team, wagon, and herd; he had galloped for a hundred and fifty miles, alternately riding one horse and leading another. He found grandmother ironing the well-washed rag that she had taken from the Indian's arm. Grandmother saved every bit of cloth she could find for her bedquilt, which was nearly finished.

"Margaret! You are alive? You are all right? And the children?"

"Of course, Michael."

"But the pole tracks—thousands of Indians passed this way! I learned of everything after I started homeward—"

"Michael, don't be disturbed. The first thing I did was make those callers put down their guns."

"Margaret! Don't you realize? Half the command coming up from the east was wiped out in the Greasy Grass Valley in the biggest battle with Indians ever fought."

"I know, Michael."

ON winter nights, in the strong two-story house grandfather built beside his pioneer sod hut, I used to snuggle, as a small boy, deep under buffalo robes and hark to the howl of the northwesters. In those blizzard winds that split around the Big Snowy Mountains and rushed onward, uniting and smiting our house, I could still hear the war-whoops of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes under the chief called by his people Slow, or Tatanka Iyotake, and the lesser chief called Crazy Horse.

But when I pressed to my cheek the bottom bedquilt, I could hear the answering band of the cavalry braying Garry Owen. I could hear the trumpets pealing boots and saddles. I could hear the gallop of hoofs, the drumfire of carbines, the clash of saber on stone war club. I could see Old Curly, or Long Hair, standing in the stirrups, waving his white hat, waving his long sword, his golden mane cropped for battle, yelling his men onward to the charge, two hundred against four thousand, on that hill above the Greasy Grass, which white men call the Little Big Horn, on that red Sabbath of June in 1876.

And then I, William Keever, would think of Grandmother Keever, who coolly took the guns from Slow, or Sitting Bull, and five of his braves when they came riding from the greatest of Indian victories.

I would press to my cheek the blue-and-red border of her valiant old crazy quilt, the border made from the rag that had been George A. Custer's flag. I would listen to the gale. And I could not be afraid.

THE END

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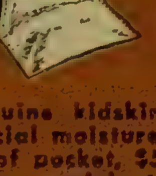

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT is time the veteran—who is the only informed representative the overseas G.I. has—blasted a few of the armchair notions of why our soldiers act this way or that way about demobilization.

"I wanna go home" is nothing new. When this department was taking a grand tour of North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and on through France, there was exactly the same feeling.

However, those G.I.s were willing to toe the mark and store up their yelling and demonstrating for when they returned home. Maybe it was because patriotism at the time was still a hepped-up thing.

Nevertheless, the feeling burst out now and again even in the heat of combat. This department will never forget a battle-worn sergeant who, while leading his platoon through their fourth campaign, received his third wound when a shell fragment tore off a chunk of his right shoulder. In the midst of heavy gunfire, the sergeant struggled to his feet and momentarily stood there with muscle and tissue exposed, his shoulder ripped to shreds and blood flowing ceaselessly. Suddenly he lifted his one good arm high in the air, and through tears and hysterical laughter yelled:

"Dammit! Now I can go home!"

We must all be aware that in great masses of men there is administrative bungling which causes many deserving servicemen to be overlooked in the demobilization program. Past experience has proven to me that in these matters, top War Department officials must investigate, check and recheck every step of the demobilization process.

We could even suggest that instead of adopting new, drastic and liberal demobilization measures, the government take more time and care in weeding out the men deserving of a quick trip home under present demobilization policies.

As far as we are concerned, the mass demonstrations of last winter were uncalled for. So in next week's issue we shall post some constructive ideas of overseas G.I. needs and wants.

* * *

J. Babeuf, Milton, Fla. If you decide to accept a position as a printer's apprentice, and if the company you have in mind meets with the approval of your State Apprenticeship Council, you will receive a subsistence allowance up to $65 a month if single, or $90 if married, just as though you were attending college. The amount of subsistence you receive, when added to your wages as an apprentice, cannot be in excess of the standard beginning wages paid a *regular* workman in the same trade. Therefore, as your wages increase and approach the wages of, say, a journeyman printer, your subsistence allowance will decrease accordingly, so that your pay as an apprentice, plus your government allowance, will not amount to more than the pay received by a journeyman printer.

* * *

Mrs. Grace Eido, Westfield, N. J. If your husband earned $2,000 a year, as a credit manager, for five years before entering the armed forces in 1943, and has been reported killed in line of duty, you are entitled, as a childless widow, to a *lump sum* death payment from the Social Security Board. If you had one or more children, both you and the children would be entitled to *monthly* payments until they reached age eighteen, if in school, or sixteen, if not. Call at your local Social Security Board office for details about the amount that is due you and about procedure for collecting.

Homesick

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

THE PROFESSOR MEETS A BLONDE

Continued from Page 29

The woman staggered. She saved herself by clutching the man at the ticket window. She screamed. In a matter of seconds she was telling a policeman that Wade had knocked her down.

Wade casually turned to the rest of the line. "Did anybody see me hit the lady?"

The policeman took her by the arm. "Lady, you ain't hurt. Come on to the end of the line."

The woman drew herself up, breathing heavily. "He struck me. And you, a policeman, are standing up for him."

Wade suddenly stepped out of line. "Madam," he bowed, "may I offer you my place in line?"

The policeman bristled. "That ain't necessary. She'll go to the end without no trouble."

Wade smiled. "I know. But I just remembered Candide. It's foolish to travel. What you seek is at home."

The policeman stared. "Is everybody nuts?"

Wade blushed. "I'm sorry, that's a book I'm talking about. I'm a—I teach school."

"Oh." The policeman turned on the woman. "You heard what the little guy said? He's a schoolteacher. You take his place."

WADE walked toward the taxi stand. He felt gay and victorious. He climbed into a taxi and gave the driver a man-to-man look. "I am looking for a hotel that is a little lively."

The driver regarded him stolidly. "I'm a respectable man. I don't allow nothing funny in my cab and I don't direct men to hotels neither. Where to, mister?"

"Please, don't misunderstand. I just want to go to a hotel that isn't —full of old ladies. You must know a place that you could recommend."

The driver looked out at traffic glumly. "What hotel, mister? Speak up. You're wasting time."

Wade sank back into the cushions. The only hotel which flashed into his mind was where a dancer he had known used to stay. "The Embassy," he said faintly.

The Embassy, in the old days, had been full of actresses, performing animals, and all-night parties. Its rates had been cheap and its attitude generous toward guests. The *décor* had been limited to brass bedsteads, furniture patterned with cigarette burns, but it had been lively.

He was unprepared for the change. The old brownstone front had been painted dull black and punctuated with white iron balconies. A doorman in red and gold braid seized his bag and took it into a darkened lobby where spotlights played on huge bunches of unbelievable artificial flowers. Wade let the room clerk put him down for a suite; anything less

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seemed miserly amid such grandeur.

As he rode up in the black elevator, he comforted himself with the thought that at least he would have a good rest. But the Embassy had other plans.

The "suite" consisted of a bedroom filled with flowered chairs and two narrow twin beds. Wade, who had eaten nothing all day, called room service. For half an hour the line was busy. When he got an answer, he was informed that it was too late to order anything.

"Is there any place in this hotel where I can get a sandwich?"

"Oh," room service said cheerfully, "you mean the Beanerie. Why didn't you try there in the first place? It's right off the lobby."

The Beanerie sounded cheerful, but Wade realized that he should have known. Outside, in white plaster, was a modernist's impression of a gathering of beans on a rococo plate. It hung on catsup-red walls. Inside the white door there was music and a small dance floor and a number of low tables with red-and-white-checked cloths.

HE sat down and ordered a double Martini. The Martini, he was happy to discover, had plenty of gin in it. By the time he was half through, the room was taking a pleasantly tipped angle and Wade realized that food was essential. He summoned a waitress.

"A hamburger," Wade said, "and coffee."

"There will be a fifteen-minute wait," she said. "Another Martini?"

"No," Wade said violently. "Bring the coffee now."

His voice boomed out over the music. One of the men at the next table, a man in a bright yellow sports jacket, looked up. "Waitress," he said, "give the gent a glass of champagne with my compliments."

Wade held up his glass. "Thanks, but I'm drinking a Martini."

The yellow jacket lumbered to his feet, showing indications of having had more than one glass of champagne. "This is for luck," he said.

Wade's stomach turned over nervously. The yellow sports jacket was not a tall man, but he had terrific shoulders and huge hands. "I've had plenty to drink," Wade said. "No, thank you."

The yellow jacket moved fast. He reached out and smothered a half-finished cigar in the remains of Wade's Martini. "Didn't you hear me tell you? This is for luck. I'm Ted Kenny."

Wade looked at the cigar. His stomach curled into a hot ball. "I never heard of you, Mr. Kenny," he said, getting up and aiming his right fist at Mr. Kenny's chin.

His aim was poor and his punch was weak. But he connected with Mr. Kenny somewhere near the right ear and Mr. Kenny promptly sprawled on the floor.

Wade was aware that the orchestra was blaring. "I didn't hit him hard," he said to a tall figure in a dinner jacket who had popped up at his right elbow.

"Come along, buddy," the dinner jacket said. "If you leave quietly we won't make trouble."

"But he put a cigar in my drink."

"Yeah, we know. But you didn't have to hit him. Come on. You look like a respectable man. There's no point in spending the night in jail."

Wade went quietly. The doorman held the door open for him. He stood outside a few minutes, when he was joined by Mr. Kenny, escorted by a footman in red as well as by the dinner jacket.

Mr. Kenny regarded Wade without animosity. "I've been thrown out of better places. But what didja hit me for?"

"You put your cigar in my Martini glass."

"I did? Come on, I'll buy you another. That joint stinks."

Wade nodded. "I was just wondering where to go, myself."

They walked for a few minutes. Finally Mr. Kenny cleared his throat. "I've been tying one on, to change our luck. The guy with me said it had to be champagne. He's our first-base coach and he went to college. Let him stay there and pay for the champagne."

"What's this about luck?"

Kenny stopped short. "You aren't kidding! We've had a ten-game losing streak and I'm going to get fired if we don't beat the Cubs tomorrow. So I thought it might do some good if—"

"You play baseball, then?"

"Play? Not for ten years, my lad. But I'm managing the Cougars, worse luck, and you know what they done lately."

"I—I don't follow baseball very much. But I used to play, when I was a kid," Wade said wistfully.

"You did? What position?"

"Well, sort of in the outfield," Wade said, remembering the days in the corner lot when the rest of the kids let him play only because he owned a baseball.

"Some of the greatest players in the world are outfielders—Babe Ruth, Hank Greenberg, Mel Ott. Me, I was a catcher."

"I was never any good," Wade said.

"Just the same, you're a spunky guy. That's what matters. I'm sorry about that cigar in your drink. What about this place?"

The place was called Mike's Bar & Grill. Most of the characters lined up at the bar looked quite a lot like Mr. Kenny. Wade followed Mr. Kenny into Mike's with his shoulders back, feeling rugged indeed.

THE next morning Wade awakened with a head that felt like a balloon, a big orange balloon with catsup-colored eyes. He turned over, and then he remembered. He remembered that sometime during the late evening he had interrupted Mr. Kenny's saga of batting averages with a long story about Marjorie. He remembered that somewhere in his billfold was a ticket for a box seat at the game this very day.

Wade stood up and sat down again promptly. The sun was coming in the window. Marjorie would be able to play golf with the country club pro, who was six feet two, and beat him. Wade decided to go to the ball game.

WHEN Wade found his place at Wrigley Field, he discovered three things which Mr. Kenny had failed to mention. First, the box was in the direct sun. Second, first base was so close that Wade had an uneasy conviction that he might be called on to assist. Third, Wade had company in the box. A vivacious blonde named Janie snatched the seat next to him, ate hot dogs, peanuts, and ice cream with indigestible ferocity and knew all the players by their nicknames. Her sports-shirted male companion sat in dead-pan silence, making a series of dots on his score card.

Wade felt ill. It did not increase his zest for life to know that Mr. Kenny's Cougars were taking a terrific beating. The score was three to nothing in favor of the Cubs at the end of the third inning.

At the beginning of the fourth inning, when Kenny trotted past him on the way out on the field, Wade called to him. Kenny shot him a look of surprise, then recognition broke over his face. He paused, arms akimbo, and shook his head. "Geez, I wish we had you out there in left field. We could use a little of your pepper."

Immediately people in surrounding boxes stood up and stared at Wade. Janie interrupted her last-minute shouted instructions to the Cubs' pitcher, whom she called Hanky-Panky, also to stare at Wade. From where he sat, she had a good view.

After a long time, during which Hanky-Panky had pitched two balls without her help, she said, "I don't recognize you, I swear I don't recognize you. Who are you?"

Wade wished that he could pull his head inside his shirt collar. "I'm nobody. Nobody at all. Kenny was just being funny."

The blonde sneered. "He's sure got a queer sense of humor, with the Cougars playing the way they are." She continued to stare at him, until she was brought roughly back to reality by Hanky-Panky's giving up a base on balls. She turned back to Wade.

"What's your name?"

"Just Holbrook. I'm nobody. You wouldn't know me."

She smiled breezily. "Oh, no, you're far too old. But I bet my dad would like to have your autograph, for old times' sake. Jimmy," she turned to her companion, "lemme have your program. I'm going to get the guy's autograph."

Wade turned to Jimmy desperately. "This is all a silly joke. I'm not a

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ballplayer. Kenny was just kidding me. He's a great kidder."

Jimmy did not smile. The blonde's voice had an acid edge.

"I must say it doesn't become an old-timer like you to be so upstage. You made your money in the game and I bet you were glad to give autographs then. I'm not going to get down on my knees to anybody and beg them for his name, even if—"

"Lissen," Jimmy grabbed Wade's arm. "That goes for yours truly, too. If you think you're too good for us, just shut up. You talk too much, anyway. I don't like guys who shoot off their mouths."

Wade felt confused. Staring at Jimmy's young muscles, he finally arrived at the conclusion that the best thing to do was go home. He was wondering just how to get past Janie without annoying her again, when the matter was taken out of his hands. He felt a splintering blow on the top of his head.

HE wakened with a headache that made all past headaches seem inferior. The room was dark and someone was hovering over him. "Marjorie!" Wade gasped.

The figure moved and Wade caught the sterile whiff of antiseptics. "Dr. Holbrook," a voice said, "you're not to worry. Just keep quiet. You weren't seriously hurt. Here, I'll turn on a light."

The light went on. Wade tried to focus his eyes. A large woman with buck teeth and a deep bosom was concentrating on him.

"You're in Nurses' Hospital," she said. "I'm Miss Speck, your night private. They brought you here after the accident. My, it was exciting! Do you want a drink of water?"

Wade tried to shake his head and decided against it. The nurse patted his shoulder. "There's somebody here I bet you want to see. She's been waiting an hour for you to wake up. Your wife."

Wade gulped and tried to collect his thoughts. They were distributed over a fairly wide horizon and it took some time. Finally he arrived at Wrigley Field and the blonde. "My wife. My wife? How did she find out I was here?"

Miss Speck coughed delicately. "It was in the newspapers, of course. You're an important man, Dr. Holbrook. One of them even had a picture, although I must say it didn't do you justice."

"In the newspapers?" Wade asked. "How long have I been here?"

"Oh, just since this afternoon. They brought you right over from the ball park. But you made the last edition—a nice little front-page story in two of them. It's kind of fun having such an important patient. Do you want to see your wife now?"

Wade's heart turned over. "Have I—do I look all right? Did they mess me up?"

"You look lovely," Miss Speck said brightly. "And you just have a slight concussion. Nothing really to worry about."

Wade's heart bounced when Marjorie opened the door. She was wearing a bright red suit, and a hat with a small feather tucked in the side. She looked incredibly pretty.

"Hello," Wade said. "I suppose you're surprised?"

Marjorie's eyebrows shot up. "Surprised? Well, a little. I was feeling sorry for you, thinking you were away on an awful business trip, and then I saw the papers. You made them all. You can start a scrapbook."

Wade looked at her.

"I suppose you don't understand. But I didn't want to explain everything to you until I was sure it would work out. The psychiatrist said it would, and it did."

She settled lightly on a chair at the foot of Wade's bed and curled her legs up under her. "Psychiatrist? The papers didn't say anything about him. Where was he?"

"He's the one who suggested this. I went to him because I was worried about our marriage."

Marjorie's eyes narrowed. She pulled a silver cigarette case (Women's Tournament, Denver, 1941) out of her pocketbook and lighted one slowly. "It's sweet of you to tell me. First I think you are away on business, and then I read in a newspaper that you are at a ball park looking into the eyes of a pretty blonde and pretending you used to play professional ball. Then you drop the fact that you were worried about our marriage. What else is going on?"

WADE sat up. After his head had stopped shooting sparks, he said, "Come here."

Marjorie shook her head.

"Come *here*," said Wade.

She came, but she perched warily on the edge of the hospital spread.

"Now," said Wade, "I'll tell you. Do you know why I was worried about our marriage? It was because you gave me—well, they used to call it an inferiority complex. You beat me at golf and tennis, you made me so ashamed of myself that I—"

Marjorie stamped her foot. Her eyes flashed. "Who urged me to play golf and tennis? You! You did! Things like that are work for me. I hate them. I can't do them for fun. If I had my way, I'd never touch a golf club or tennis racket again."

Wade took her hand. "Hush. I'm talking. So I went and saw my friend, Hugo Martin, who is a psychiatrist. He said the only way I could get over my feeling of inadequacy was to get in three good fights. So I told you I was going away on business and I came down here to Chicago. The first two fights I won. This last fight—well, it didn't come off so well."

"The last fight?" she said. "You don't mean—at the ball park? The newspapers said—"

Wade patted her hand patiently. "Look, bunny. I don't care what the newspapers said. I met Ted Kenny, who manages the Cougars, the night before. He gave me a ticket to the game. A blonde and her boy friend just happened to sit in the same box. When Kenny spoke to me, they got the idea that I used to play ball. And when I tried to explain, the boy friend got tough and socked me when I wasn't looking. So now I have a concussion. But it was my third fight and I feel fine."

Marjorie stared. "Fight, Wade? Why, the newspapers said— You weren't hurt in a fight. You were hit on the head by a foul ball. The newspapers said you were gazing into the eyes of a pretty blonde and got hit in the head by a foul ball."

Wade made an impatient gesture. "Look, sweet. I was there. I know what happened. I wasn't looking into any blonde's eyes. I was leaning over, trying to explain to her boy friend, who sat behind us, when—" His voice faltered. "Did the newspapers really say I was hit on the head by a foul ball?"

"Why, of course, darling. And she said you were a ballplayer, and then they looked up your name in the newspaper files and found out— Of course it was a foul ball. That's why Mr. Kenny is paying all your expenses here."

"A foul ball. A foul ball." Wade closed his eyes, recapitulating the scene. "I suppose it does make sense."

"Of course it makes sense. And if you want to get rid of me, you can. You don't need to consult any old psychiatrist and run away and get into brawls or—"

Suddenly Wade pushed back the bedspread. He reached over and picked Marjorie up and swept her across his lap, bottom up. He whacked her twice solidly on the fanny with his open hand.

"Shut up, baby. I love you and I don't want to get rid of you. You can stop playing golf if you want to, but you don't have to do it because of me. I love you, that's all that matters. Now shut up."

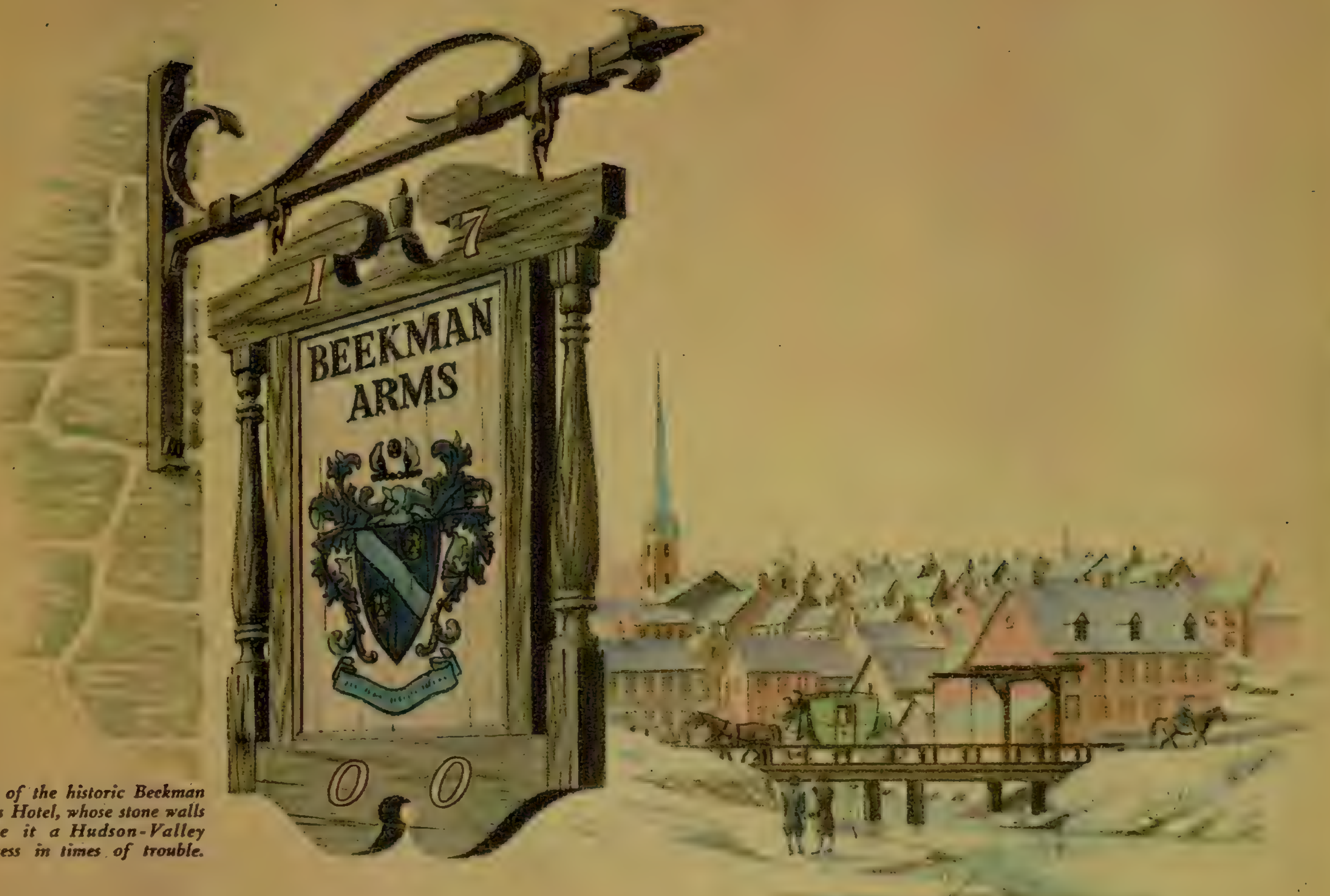
Marjorie was still a moment. Then she twisted around close to him, without a word. Wade held her tight. He had won his third fight.

MISS SPECK tapped on the door. When there was no answer, she opened it. Her narrow eyebrows zoomed sharply upward. The two figures on the bed had obviously not heard her. A professional cough, or probably a coughing spell, was what was demanded of her.

But she looked at the mixture of red suit and white hospital jacket and her lips softened. After all, Dr. Holbrook was not really ill. And the young lady was his wife. And Mr. Kenny, who had told her that the accident had brought the Cougars luck and was responsible for their winning the game, had said that everything possible was to be done for Dr. Holbrook.

Miss Speck moved out softly and closed the door behind her.

THE END


1 7
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Sign of the historic Beekman Arms Hotel, whose stone walls made it a Hudson-Valley fortress in times of trouble.

Mellow With Memories

WHERE William Penn Whiskey is served you'll usually find plenty of old-fashioned hospitality too, for this fine whiskey is a great favorite with people who like the old, familiar, genuine things—old friends, old songs, old books, and the old mellow flavors and bouquets. Years of faithful skill have made it what it is, and you'll find it a tried and true favorite. Enjoy William Penn . . . soon.

William Penn
William Penn
Blended Whiskey

Blended Whiskey—
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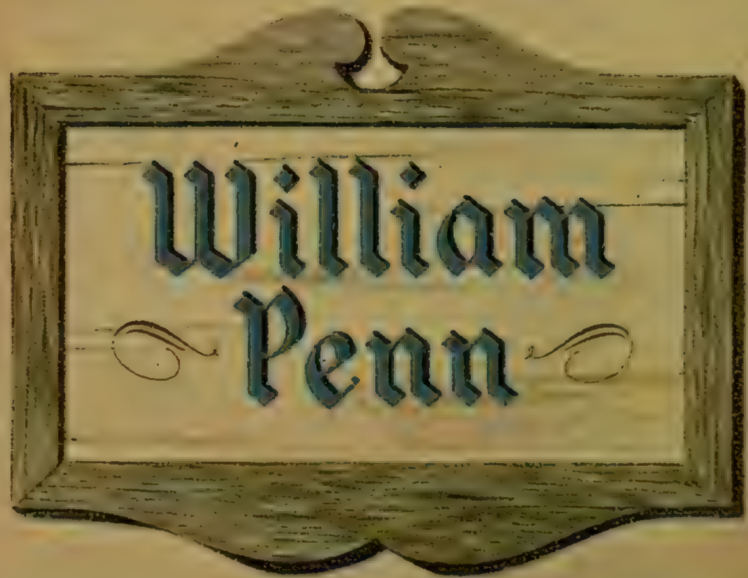

William
Penn

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

COPR. 1946 GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

HOLLYWOOD'S SPENDING SPECIALIST

Continued from Page 23

With a co-operative fellow like Fred MacMurray, however, here's how Bo Roos operates:

MacMurray gets $125,000 for every picture he completes at Twentieth Century-Fox. He never sees the money. It is sent directly to Bo Roos, chief of the Beverly Hills Management Corporation. Roos banks the check and then starts writing a few of his own. One for $12,500 goes to Gummo Marx, who is MacMurray's agent. One for $40 goes to MacMurray for ordinary day-to-day expenses. One for, say, $350 goes for MacMurray's household expenses. One, perhaps for $300, goes to his insurance company.

Roos takes care of everything, not forgetting to deduct 3½ per cent or $4,375 for himself.

Suppose, after all the bills are paid and all the taxes deducted, there is $30,000 left in the MacMurray account. That's the problem.

What is MacMurray to do with his $30,000? What is any star, for that matter, to do with his excess funds?

You're saying to yourself, should you be faced with such a problem, you wouldn't worry about it for a fast second. You'd merely take the money, deposit it in a bank, and draw from 1 to 2 per cent interest on your savings. Well, MacMurray doesn't need a business manager for that. The point in paying Bo Roos 3½ per cent of his gross is that Roos can invest MacMurray's money more shrewdly and profitably than he can.

Here's Roos in action: One of his associates tips him off about a country club. The club is run down and some of its members haven't paid dues in six months. Not even the bar is making money.

Roos investigates the property thoroughly. He inspects the locker room. He orders a sandwich from the kitchen. He tramps across the golf course. He has his accountants examine the club's books. Things are bad, but not hopeless. Given good management, a renovated clubhouse, an improved golf course, and the club, he feels, might make money.

Roos gets a few of his clients, like MacMurray, George Brent, and Joan Crawford, together. "How would the three of you like to go in on a deal with me?" he asks. "There's a country club at the edge of town that's losing money. I've inspected the place and I think we can make something out of it. We'll each put up equal shares, and I'll see that the club is well managed."

Since Roos is ready to invest in it himself, the stars agree; and Fred MacMurray becomes part owner of a country club. To date, he also owns two ranches, a knitting mill, a movie production company, a cannery, an apartment house, and several other real-estate holdings.

All of them are supervised by Bo Roos, and all of them are making money. This means that if in the future the public should grow cold to MacMurray on the screen, the tall good-natured actor won't starve. All his eggs, to paraphrase a proverb, are not in one basket.

In much the same way, George Brent no longer relies exclusively on his movie salary for an income. Thanks to Roos, he owns filling stations, food markets, a country club, and several large parcels of valuable land.

Edgar Kennedy, restricted by Roos to a personal allowance of thirty dollars a week, owns an apartment building and two ranches, all of which bring in a tidy yearly sum.

Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, on eighty dollars a week, have succeeded in having enough pocket money, while Roos handled their other expenses and investments.

Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, and Marlene Dietrich have limited shopping allowances, and Roos forbids them to go hog-wild on buying sprees. "They get all the clothes they need," he explains; "but don't forget, only fifty per cent of what they spend for them is deductible from their tax payments."

MOST of the investments Roos makes for his clients are in real estate. None are in the stock market. "I know very little about the market," he confesses, "and that's why I stay out of it. If some of my clients want to buy stocks, that's O.K. with me, but I won't supervise that end of the business. I'm strong for real estate, because I know something about it."

Bo Roos was born in Los Angeles in 1903 and grew up with the town. He watched it spread out to the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica and down to Long Beach and out through Pasadena, and he followed avidly the tremendous land deals of the Chandlers, Harrisons, Clarks, Gillmores, and the other financial barons of the city.

His father, an electrical engineer, had died when he was four, and Bo, during his school days, was compelled to find work after hours. One of his early jobs was clerking in an insurance office, and here he picked up an extensive knowledge of mortgages, deeds, taxes, and titles which has been useful to him ever since.

2 Ways to Check a Cough

(DUE TO A COLD)

1—JUMP OFF the nearest high building. This stops cough, stops traffic, stops everything!

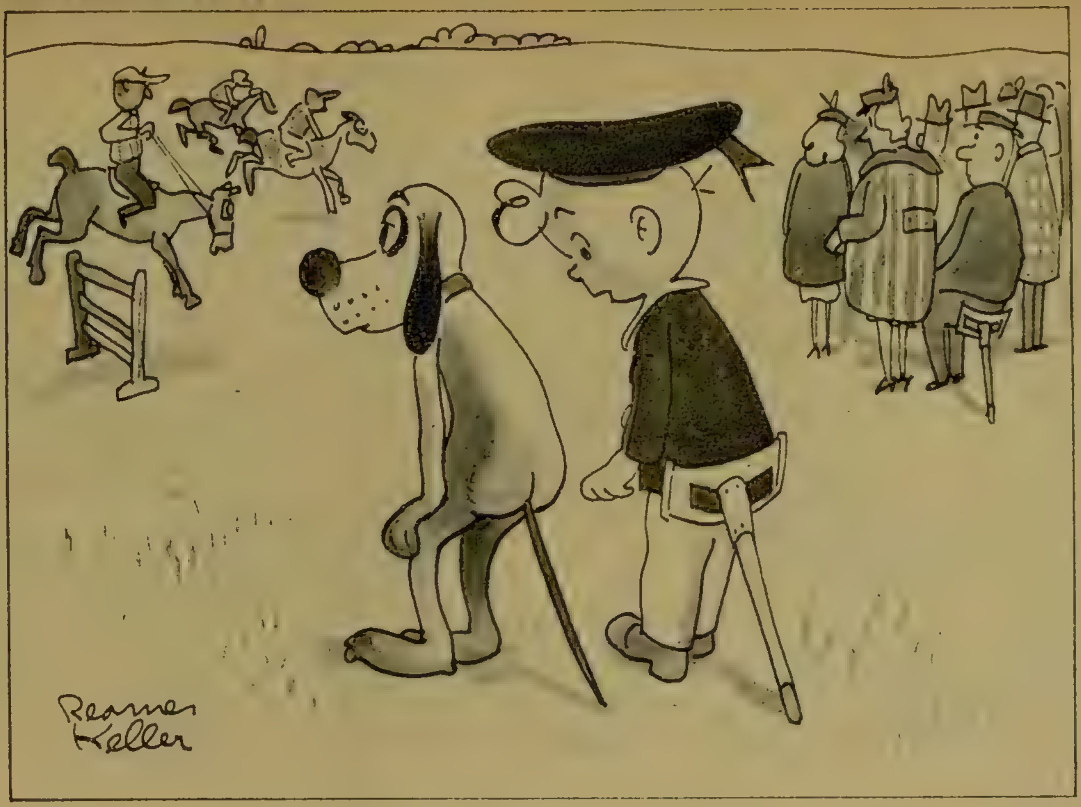
2—JUMP ON that cough with soothing Smith Brothers Cough Drops . . . since 1847 America's favorite relief for coughs due to colds. Black or Menthol. Still only 5¢.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

Like many good things, they're sometimes scarce. But they're worth asking for—so keep trying!

TRADE MARK

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

In 1923, when a terrific land boom hit Los Angeles, Roos took his savings, bought up several strategically located lots, and went into the construction business. By building houses on a mass scale, fifteen and twenty at a time, which was something new for the West Coast at that time, he did so well that six years later he retired. A recognized gentleman of leisure at twenty-eight, he took his wife and two children and toured the country. He tired of doing nothing and during the depression of 1930 returned to California.

One afternoon when he was lunching in a Beverly Hills restaurant he met Bebe Daniels through an accountant named Silas Rice.

"It's impossible to get any decent business advice in this town," Bebe Daniels told Rice. "I've got a bit of property in Hollywood and I don't know whether to buy or sell or what to do."

"Take Bo Roos here," Silas Rice said. "He knows an awful lot about real estate. Why don't you let him help you?"

Roos shied away from the deal. But Bebe Daniels fluttered her eyelids and Rice kept throwing the pitch in. The combination proved unbeatable. Bo Roos became Bebe Daniels' business manager.

Despite the depression, Roos made money for the actress. He cut her household, shopping, and pocket-money allowances. He went over her property holdings, discarded some, held on to others, bought up surrounding land, saw to it that her income increased. Immensely pleased, Bebe sent Skeets Gallagher, the comedian to see her business manager. Roos agreed to handle him. Gallagher then sent Harriet Parsons. Harriet recommended Johnny Weissmuller who brought in Lupe Velez who brought in the Fentons who insisted that Roos manage Fred MacMurray's financial affairs—and that's how the simple agreement to care for Bebe Daniels' business affairs mushroomed into the Beverly Hills Management Corporation.

Roos organized that organization, hired a staff of twenty assistants and four accountants, and now finds himself in the fatiguing position of working eighteen hours a day.

In 1941 he advised many of his clients to buy apartment houses and hotels. He realized with the advent of war that a housing shortage would develop on the West Coast. As a result, his clients are growing rich and so is he, but it's still a colossal job to oversee all the property holdings of some thirty-five different persons.

ODDLY enough Roos, a big easy-going St. Bernard of a man, seems to thrive on the work. He has a calm, reassuring temperament, and nothing ruffles him, not even tantrumental actresses.

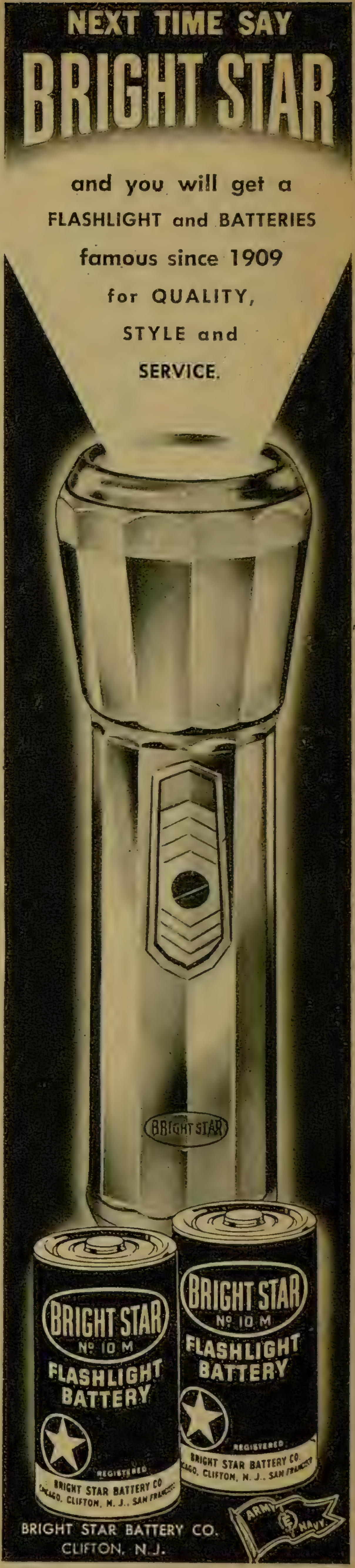
Like everyone else in the movie capital, Roos has his competition, too. Such crack business managers as Rex Cole, Bert Blum, and Morgan Maree keep him on the alert. Roos has never signed a contract with any client and retains them only on the basis of what he can do for them.

He goes to work at 10 A. M. and sometimes labors until midnight and even beyond. He genuinely likes to consummate business deals, and while he has the reputation of being an extremely shrewd manager, no one has ever accused him of doing an off-color thing in his life.

He says that he has to live a model existence, that no scandal must ever taint his name, that a business manager cannot be seen drinking or gambling; but for Hollywood that's putting it on a little too thick. He drinks once in a while and plays poker, but he has never drawn to an inside straight.

That's the tip-off on Bo Roos.

THE END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INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

A Couple of Busts

When mother was a bride, chances are that the first meal she cooked was swell. The second was better—the third was just scrumptious, and the fourth . . . well, that's the one Dad never stopped talking about.

* * *

Just as you'll never stop talking about Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in the fourth, the fastest and the *funniest* "Road" Show of them all,

ROAD TO UTOPIA

This one is the latest and the greatest, with Bing, Bob and Dottie turning on that happy heat way up thar in the frozen North. The boys hunt the gold dust, and Lamour gives out with her romantic stardust.

* * *

Bing sings "Welcome To My Dream," "It's Anybody's Spring," joins Bob in "Put It There, Pal" and Dottie finds the words to describe her well developed "Personality"!

* * *

The critics advise your theatre manager to "Book it, announce it, and get out of the way of the crowds!" Don't trample him, folks, because he still has 9 more wonderful Paramount hits to show you in 1946.

* * *

None of which can be more fun than Director Hal Walker's "ROAD TO UTOPIA."

Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Future view of the Sarong, the Groaner, and that Pepsodent kid.

ROAD TO UTOPIA

(Paramount)
Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour

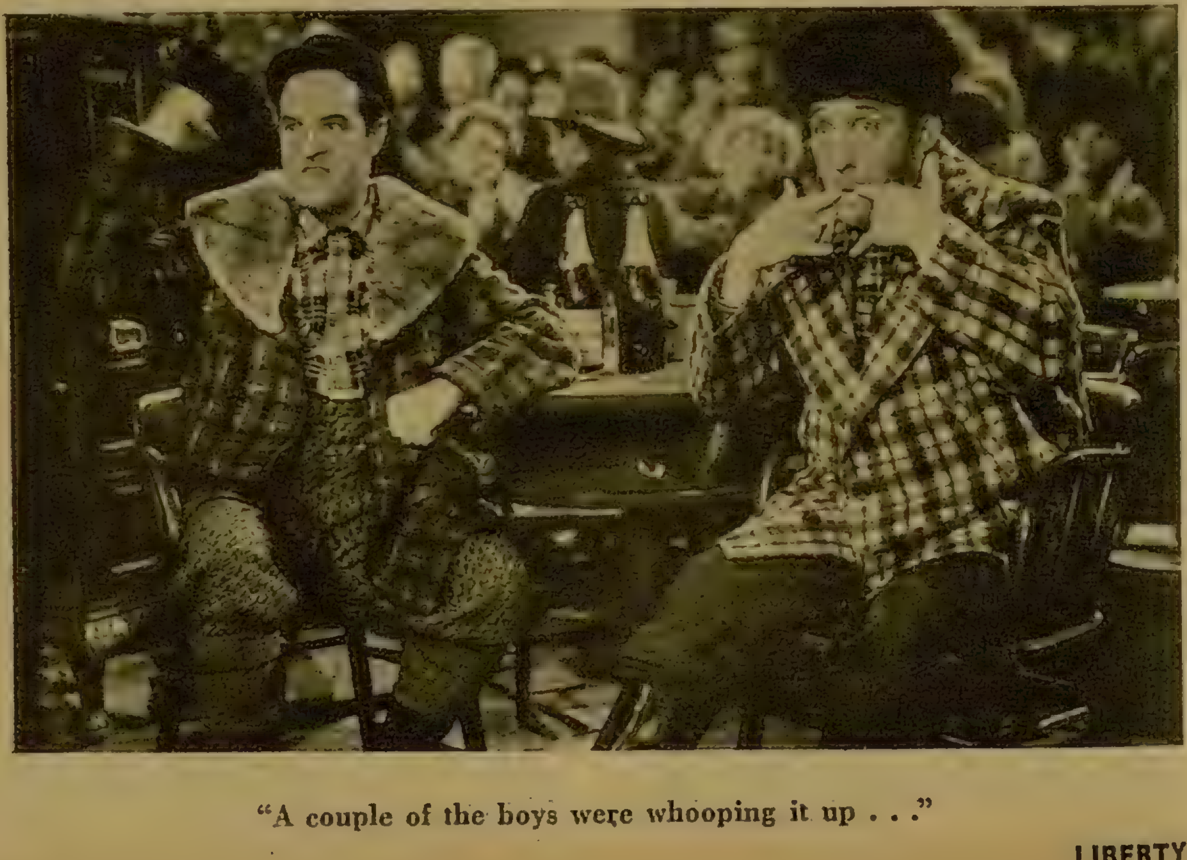
AFTER Utopia, what? That ubiquitous trio, Hope, Crosby, and Lamour, have come up with another "Road" picture and it is mooted that, after scaling the Utopian heights, they will deign to visit other places.

First note on this screwball production is the preface by the late Robert Benchley, who gently kids the pants off the movie industry, and will be all the more keenly missed for his brief appearance. Next we see the aforementioned trio in their dotage, reminiscing.

And what memories! Their "once upon a time" dates back to the Gold Rush days in Alaska, where Dottie has gone to reclaim a mine left by her father, and where Hope and Crosby have set their shuffling feet in search of "dust."

The boys happen to be wearing the clothes (and beards) of a much-feared pair of Yukon murderers, and are greeted at Skagway by the sight of the populace running for cover. Along with the beards, they've inherited the map to Dottie's mine—and the proprietor of the saloon where Dottie performs sicks her on them to recover the map. About here the chase starts, and the situations they invent with dog sleds, fur coats, ice crevasses, and of course a bear will make the Marx Brothers livid with envy. Most side-splitting is Hope and Lamour sitting on a high snowbank—Bob slowly melting into the ground as Dottie croons to him. So it goes, right to the insane finish (which can't be divulged).

Good music—with emphasis on Lamour's singing of Personality, and Our Boys' soft shoe version of some delicious corn titled Good-Time Charlie. Long may their ragtime friendship wave, and here's hoping they find another road—even if it's only a primrose path.



"A couple of the boys were whooping it up . . ."

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

Continued from Page 22

More than 1,000 buildings are being torn down to make way for it. For such a whopping job three firms had to pool resources. But there'll be plenty of gravy all around. By the time the last brick is carted away, wreckers will have earned a million dollars in demolition fees and will have sold at least half a million dollars' worth of salvageable materials.

Only a few years back, members of this curious and misunderstood profession actually paid for the privilege of tearing down buildings just for the salvageable materials. They were, for the most part, high-class and energetic junk dealers. But no more. Nation-wide housing needs and scarcities of building materials have raised house wreckers out of the small-time bracket. Today they call themselves "demolition engineers" and their services and their secondhand beams and bathtubs are everywhere in demand.

Forty wrecking firms employing 1,000 men are working full time and overtime in New York City. Similar activity is taking place in most of the urban centers of the United States. Since house wrecking is lumped with construction in census reports, no over-all figures on the size of the industry are available. However, there isn't a city of 100,000 which isn't planning some sort of postwar housing expansion. Almost all of the older residential areas in cities east of the Mississippi are blighted, for cities have a way of dying at the core while continuing to grow at the rim. For this there is one remedy—the wrecker.

ONE of the most colorful and certainly the most talked-about man in the business is Albert A. Volk, a white-haired gentleman in his late sixties. Reputed to be many times a millionaire, Volk has been razing buildings in and around New York City for forty years. He removed the old Gillender Building back in 1910—something of a landmark in the wrecking business because it was the first time a steel skyscraper had been taken down. He also razed the first skyscraper ever built—the twelve-story Tower Building in downtown Manhattan. In fact, claims Volk, if all the structures he has destroyed were to rise from the bottom of New York Harbor and from the foundations of innumerable new buildings built on what were once city dumps and marshlands, you'd have a new metropolis of at least 200,000 souls. There would even be transportation in this Volk-torn ghost town, for his firm also demolished eleven miles of the old Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway.

However, the one-time king of the building undertakers has had plenty of competition in recent years. Newcomers like John Smith and Louis Bowden of International Wrecking Co. are in there bidding for the biggest contracts. But although Volk no longer always snares the most important prizes, the wrecking methods he developed are everywhere in use.

Removing bricks by chute, for instance, was his invention. In the old days, bricks used to be lowered to the ground in a basket on a rope. The bricks now tumble down wooden spillways. Volk also was first to use the pneumatic drill for breaking concrete, and acetylene torches on unyielding steel frames. He also claims credit as the first in the industry to use that three-ton device known in the trade simply as "the ball." It is a massive iron sphere suspended from a crane and used as a battering-ram against masonry walls.

DAVE GLICK, now outdoor superintendent for International Wrecking Co., and who has been in the wrecking business since he was twelve, insists, however, that an Irishman named Frank Melton was first to use "the ball." In any case, Volk did refine the cannon-ball approach to wall toppling when he introduced what in wreckers' parlance is called "the Dempsey method." Instead of *whamming* the giant sphere against the side of a building, Volk's crews were instructed to pummel the walls gently, to loosen them up. Then they leaned the ball against the wall and its weight brought the wall down.

Nevertheless, "the ball," revolutionary when it was first introduced, is not much used today. Public safety rulings, which demand that a perimeter one and a half times the height of the building be kept clear, prohibit its use in congested areas.

The "upside-down method" introduced by Volk in the 1920s also has been virtually outlawed. Instead of beginning at the top of a building and nibbling their way downward, Volk's wrecking crews began at the basement and worked upward! Floors, beams, and refuse from each successive story hurtled downward within a natural chute formed by the shell of the building. The ball was then hoisted into position and the walls were knocked in on top of the gutted interior.

This method was speedy—practically atomic. Buildings that used to take eight weeks to demolish came down in twenty days. There was only one serious drawback: Not only did debris tumble to the ground in record time; occasionally, so did wrecking crews.

Although state and city safety ordinances have long been in effect in the construction field, there were no legal protective codes governing demolition until 1942. This is all the more amazing when you consider that house wrecking is as dangerous as those two other superlethal glamor careers—sand hogging and bridge building. Yet even following

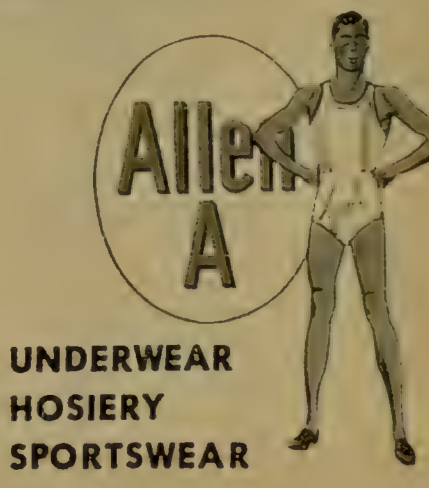
What do you know about-

A Queen C...?

Cleopatra. "Why," she was always asking her suitors, "don't you boys invent some underwear that doesn't make you so restless?" This was known as Cleopatra's Needle. Today there is such underwear. Allen-A.

An Allen-A...?

That famous name in underwear, hosiery and sportswear, of course. Underwear that's knit the way you're built. It *can't* creep up or bind. Top-quality hosiery and sportswear. Remember the name . . . Allen-A.



UNDERWEAR
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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?

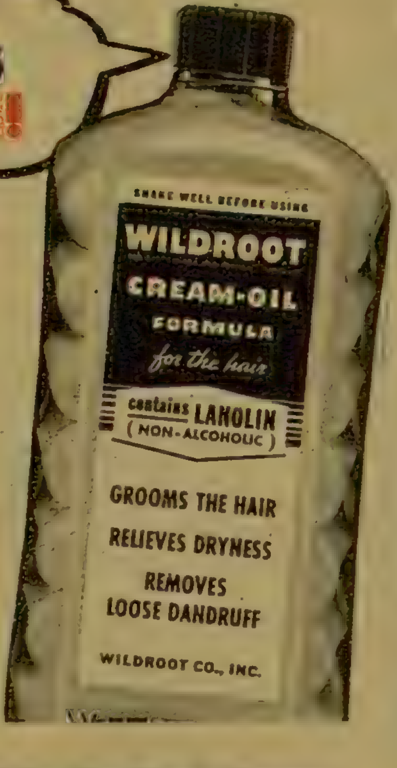
*F-N, the famous Fingernail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!



3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

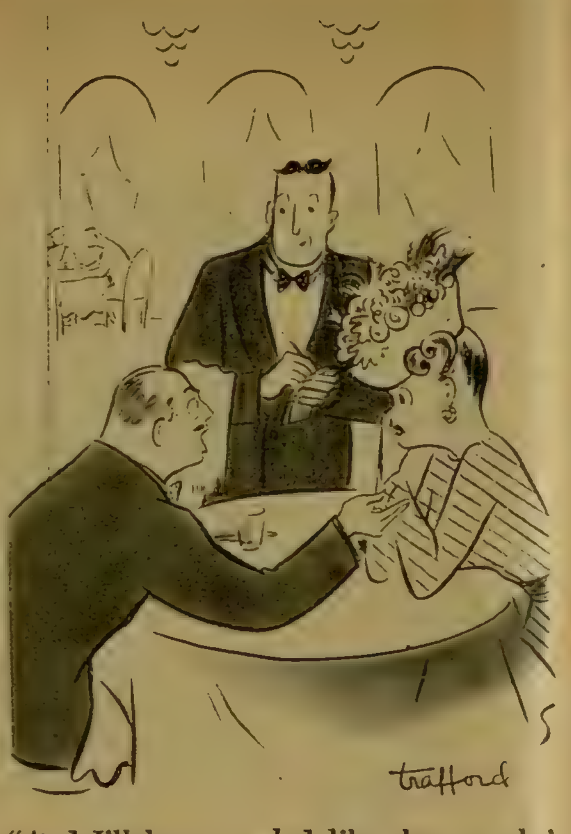
IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

Cream-Oil Charlie says: TUNE IN! The Woody Herman Show every Friday night on ABC (Blue) Network.

the passage of the New York State Safety Code, house wrecking continues to exact a staggering yearly toll.

According to John Pyzow, president of House Wreckers Local 95, there is not a man among the 800 union members who hasn't been injured more than once. Pyzow himself has had several narrow escapes during his twenty years of wrecking. Once a beam on which he was teetering launched him into nowhere. Fortunately he crashed through a light scaffolding, which broke the force of his fall. He suffered nothing more serious than a few compound fractures.

One of the most tragic accidents in house-wrecking history occurred in 1942, when buildings at the World's Fair were being razed. Ironworkers were prying away at the suspended ceiling in the Railroad Exhibit building when, without warning, the metal straps supporting the roof gave way. Six men were killed and one was seriously injured. But the next day the survivors were back at work.



"And I'll have a salad like the one she's wearing." LIBERTY

INSURANCE rates in the demolition industry exceed any others. They're based on several factors, including the type and cubic content of the building being destroyed. Thus the rate on a "soft" or frame structure may be twenty-three cents per hundred cubic feet, while a "hard" or reinforced-concrete building may call for a rate as high as sixty-six cents. Additional rate penalties are computed on the basis of a contractor's past accident record—which everyone agrees is a good thing. If humanitarian motives do not prompt a wrecker to take precautions, anticipation of future insurance premiums will.

Considerable nonsense has been written about the psychology of house wrecking — how demolition satisfies man's primitive urge to smash things. As good an answer as any is that furnished by John Pyzow:

"Sure, we like it," he replied, with a Russian accent. "Anything a man knows he likes. But it is no thrill. Just hard, dirty work that keeps you all the time afraid. They are all afraid. Especially high up, with only two-by-nines under them."

If it is so hazardous, why do men go into house wrecking?

"I went into it because it paid good," says Pyzow, who is now forty-nine.

In 1925 he was making $20 a week in a machine shop. He heard that housewrecking paid $1.10 for barmen (those who handle crowbars and drills) and 95 cents an hour for helpers. Today's wages are even higher, and Pyzow, who is a foreman, earns more than $60 for a forty-hour week and double pay for overtime.

The house-wrecking contractors also are making money today and will continue to do so for several years. But anyone who plans to hop the gravy train had better sleep on it a while. Although the field is unlicensed—which means anyone can join the public-bidding scrambles—demolition is no shoestring proposition. Every bid for a house-wrecking contract must be accompanied by a certified check guaranty amounting to a set percentage of the contract. In addition, the contractor must own expensive equipment, or have the contracts and ready funds to rent it. You'll need derricks, cranes, dump trucks, acetylene torches, steam shovels, pneumatic drills, and other items. "Soft" buildings like New York's "old-law" tenements are taken down largely with crowbars and picks. Skyscrapers call for torches and drills.

BEYOND capital and know-how a successful wrecker must have a sharp set of wits to do business in a trade where your own brother—perhaps your business associate on a previous job—will cut your throat for a fat contract.

In the old days, salvage was the most important profit item on the wrecker's ledger. He saved window panes, sashes, doors, doorknobs, hinges, and fireplace fixtures. Today's wreckers take no such pains. Labor costs eat up whatever profit such salvage would bring.

However, less delicate items such as bricks and beams, metal of all kinds, bathtubs, and water closets still represent an important source of revenue for wreckers. The domestic market takes all such salvaged materials and the price may represent one third of the wrecker's income. Bricks are now bringing from ten to twenty dollars a thousand. Secondhand lumber, the price of which varies according to size and state of preservation, now brings almost as much as new wood simply because the latter is unavailable. Porcelain bathtubs, once smashed for lack of markets, are now sold for prices almost up to OPA ceilings for new merchandise.

Steel and other metals, to listen to the wreckers, are worth as much as silver and gold.

Oddly enough, the buildings which cost most to build bring the least by way of salvage. The old Waldorf-Astoria in New York, epitome of elegance for generations, cost $5,000,000 to build and $900,000 to demolish. Its salvage value was a piddling $50,000. The same holds true of New York's stately mansions of the 1890s. The million-dollar Blumenthal residence on Fifth Avenue which was recently scrapped by Volk brought only $10,000.

In one recently demolished mansion the wrecker's biggest headache was a white marble staircase which cost half a million dollars fifty years ago. The wrecking contractor advertised it for sale at one dollar. The bargain hunters lost interest upon learning it would cost $12,000 to remove.

SOMETIMES, however, unexpected treasures are uncovered. When Wreckers & Excavators, Inc., was taking down the old Civic Repertory Theater on Fourteenth Street in New York, H. B. Makofsky, president of the firm, noticed two workmen burrowing beneath the floor boards with far more energy than is customary even among ambitious house wreckers. As he watched, they both got down on hands and knees in the moldy debris.

And no wonder! Handfuls of silver dollars, dimes, and quarters, freed from rotting canvas sacks, were tumbling into the cellar of an adjoining annex through the wrecked floor boards. Makofsky quickly declared open season on coin hunting.

Makofsky traced the story of the hidden treasure through old newspaper records. In the 1880s, the building next to the Civic Repertory had housed a fashionable gambling casino. The cashier concealed his money bags in a hiding place known only to himself. When bandits raided the casino, he refused to yield up the money and they shot him. Naturally, his secret died with him until the house wreckers came along.

In the past half century house wrecking has come a long way to a position of respected eminence among the building trades. And the boom has barely begun. The Chicago Planning Commission is starting to clear the blighted Loop area—110 acres of it. Similarly the Indianapolis Redevelopment Commission has a superhousing project under way. And all across America long-range building programs are starting.

If the Wagner-Ellender Bill is made a law by Congress—and there is every reason to believe that it will be—house wreckers need not fear that their present heyday, similar to that which accompanied the building boom of the 1920s, will soon be over. Before a public-housing project can commence, the bill stipulates, an equivalent number of blighted dwellings will have to come down.

This means that within the next decade seven million substandard housing units will be razed and replaced at an estimated cost which runs into the hundred millions.

And that means more than happy days for house wreckers. It's a glowing promise for the civic beauty of dozens of our cities and for the health and well-being of millions of Americans.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A cub reporter was sent to cover the annual New Year's school play. Because he had so little experience, instead of limiting the affair to only a few lines, he gave a rambling account that concluded:

"And the auditorium was filled with expectant mothers, eagerly awaiting their offspring."

—*E. M. Marshall.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

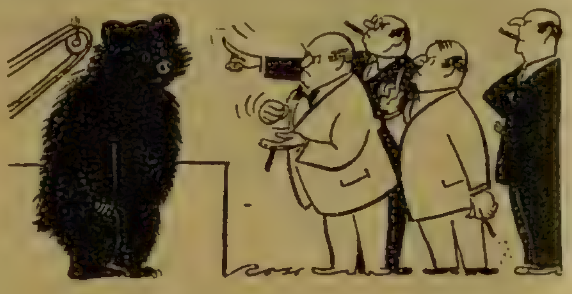
SLIM GOT OUT OF A BAD JAM WHEN...
HELP! HELP!
HANG ON TO THAT CANOE!
THERE'S SHALLOW WATER OFF THAT POINT. WE'LL JUMP
DON'T DROP ME. I CAN'T SWIM
I-I-I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE RUNNING LOGS...
CAN IT. THANKS TO YOUR STUPIDITY I'VE GOT A NICE JAM TO BREAK
THAT NIGHT
MR. STREETER WANTS YOU RIGHT AWAY AT THE MAIN CAMP, SLIM
BET IT'S ABOUT THAT JAM. MIGHT AS WELL GET CLEANED UP TO BE FIRED
WHAT A SLICK SHAVE... AND QUICK!
THOSE THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING
HAD I KNOWN SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER, I WOULDN'T HAVE TALKED SO ROUGHLY
YOUR MIND WAS ON YOUR JOB, SLIM. THAT'S WHY I'M MAKING YOU WOODS BOSS
THAT CHAP WILL GET AHEAD
HE'S AWFULLY NICE, DAD, AND GOOD-LOOKING, TOO
THIN GILLETTES ALWAYS MAKE A FELLOW LOOK HIS BEST
YOU ENJOY REFRESHING, SLICK-LOOKING SHAVES AND SAVE MONEY TOO, WITH THIN GILLETTE BLADES. THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES AND FAULTY SHAVING METHODS. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THIN GILLETTES... THE SHARPEST, EASIEST-SHAVING, LOW-PRICE BLADES YOU EVER TRIED!
Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

TOPNOTCHER: Sally Victor, gifted millinery creator, insists that women should not say a hat is too young or too extreme. She maintains there is "no age to a hat. If you *feel* that you can wear it, it's all right." Though even Mrs. Victor's bubbling reassurance could never make me feel I could wear her enchanting new bonnets, ribbon and flower trimmed, I think they are the cutest ever. And I'd *love* to wear many of her gracefully brimmed "scoops," her "angel" hats with big bows at the back, her open-crown, flowery "Sprites," her mammoth cartwheels, her elaborate sailors and complicated berets. They are gay, pretty, feminine, flattering, and proof positive that a hat is no longer something you can run up at home with a piece of old ribbon. A woman would need more than the lovely color combinations, the entrancing tulle, flowers, ginghams, horsehair, satins, taffetas, and the soft but durable imported straws. She'd have to be Sally Victor.

WHOLEHEARTED APPROVAL: Frank Tashlin has written and illustrated an engaging book for children and grown-ups, called The Bear that Wasn't. As the publishers point out, the Bear exposes to public view an already made-up mind. "Even though he can talk back, what he says doesn't make a dent on the deadly logic of the humans. . . . A factory is built over his head while he is hibernating, and he walks out into the middle of it when spring comes. Then his troubles begin, when a foreman sights him and mistakes him for a silly man in a fur coat who needs a shave. Once this original mistake is made, it becomes dogma. In spite of the Bear's gentle and continued insistence that he *is* a bear, the company's three vice-presidents and the president himself insist in turn that he is a silly man in a fur coat who needs a shave. . . . So sound and reasonable is their logic that the bear really begins to wonder if he is a bear after all." After a miserable time of it, during which the bear remarks piteously, "I sure wish I was a bear," his natural instincts reassert themselves, and there is a deliciously happy ending. Mr. Tashlin has spent eighteen years animating, writing, directing, and producing galloping cartoons for Paramount, RKO, Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, and United Artists. The Bear pictures are wonderful. There could be no more enthusiastic testimonial to his charms than that of my small son, who, on the last page, invariably kisses the Bear and demands that I read the whole book over again. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York. $1.25.



CLASS-CONSCIOUS: Reading in the newspapers of a $100 reward being given a New York trolley-car motorman for his never-failing good nature which has promoted "racial tolerance" in the Negro section of New York, makes me ponder on what a strange phenomenon racial INtolerance is. Oddly, it seems to be a by-product of growing up and of "civilization." Nobody would need to worry about tolerance or democracy if we followed the lead of the very young, instead of militantly influencing them by our manners and our talk. Just the other day my four-year-old son said wistfully to me, "Oh, mommy, I *wish* you were colored!" Which was the perfect tribute to our amiable household helper, Boo. I asked him why, and he said, "So you could play Cash Register with me the way Boo does." When I urged him to teach me this game of his own weaving, he replied, "You're not in the class to play." "Unfair discrimination," I called it, but he was adamant. . . . Five Negroes were recently assigned to drive Fifth Avenue buses, the first non-white drivers to be hired by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company since it was established in 1889. Said Vice-President Edmund C. Collins. "We have never discriminated against Negroes. We would have hired them on a merit basis in competition with whites at any time. However, until 1941 no Negro ever applied to work for us as a driver."

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crushproof box
REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
REGENT
POPULAR PRICE TOO!
REGENT
the milder, better tasting cigarette

MAN IN A HURRY

Continued from Page 19

expenses for this railroad trip becomes:

Railroad and Pullman Fares (including tax)	$152.08
Food, twelve days	60.00
Hotel, five nights	25.00
TOTAL	$237.08

The American Automobile Association mapped the most favorable auto route at 4,214 miles. They suggested that speed be calculated at three hours per 100 miles and gasoline consumption at the OPA average of 15 miles to a gallon. The trip works out to seventeen days. In terms of transportation costs it is considerably cheaper than train and plane. But this economy is more than counterbalanced by the duration of the trip, which necessitates seventeen days' meals and sixteen days' lodging. Here are the items:

Gasoline (281 gallons, regular)	$68.84
Oil (four changes, 24 quarts)	8.40
Four grease jobs	8.00
Garage (16 nights)	12.00
Bridge tolls	2.00
Food, seventeen days	85.00
Hotel, sixteen nights	80.00
TOTAL	$264.24

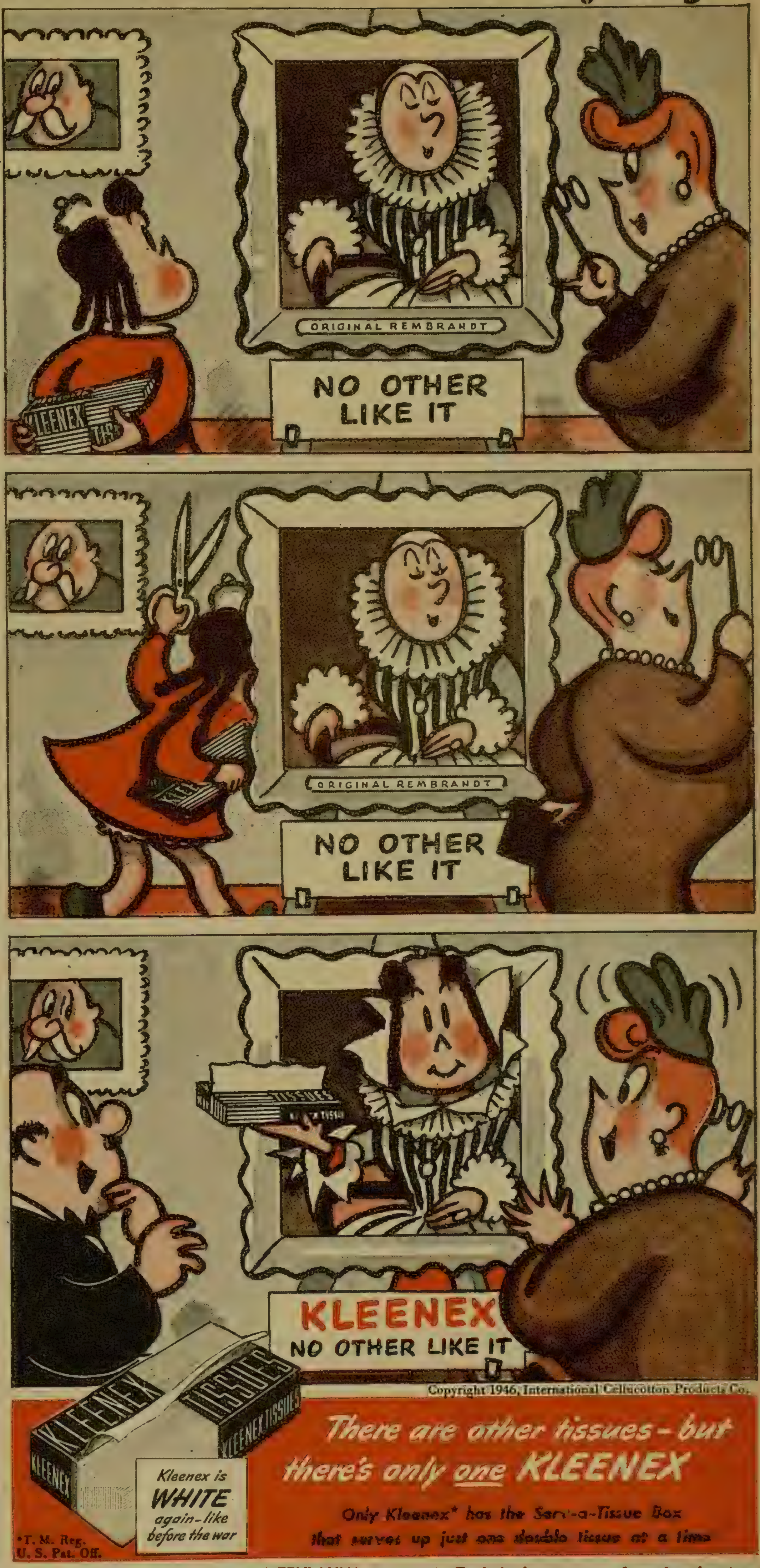
AGAINST these cold figures you are free to weigh numerous factors peculiar to the three forms of transportation. In an automobile, five can travel almost as cheaply as one. On the other hand, automobile driving is work, and so is plane piloting, while in the train you can rest, read, or tend to business matters. Again, you don't have to own a train, while an automobile or plane costs you the initial outlay plus insurance and upkeep. A train is rarely stopped by weather, and an automobile only occasionally; but that little plane depends on clear skies. The automobile and the airplane in good weather, however, afford flexibility of travel which the train does not. The train traveler is tied to schedules. His luggage is a nuisance. He may find the journey monotonous.

Eddy turned to the private plane while he was still in the service. He had to zip around the country for conferences, lectures, recruitment drives. Commercial air lines were too schedule-bound, he felt.

Eighty dollars bought him ten hours of flying lessons, after which he bought a secondhand forty-horsepower plane for $550. He piled up thirty-five hours, got his private pilot's license, sold his plane for $600, bought a sixty-five-horsepower job, and began flying "on business."

Taking his executive officer along (at the latter's risk), Captain Eddy flew to Navy schools throughout the Midwest, and in a couple of cases landed right on their front lawns. By March, 1945, he had rolled up

LITTLE LULU by Marge



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NEW YORK, Saturday. Postal Life of New York, unique among important Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance Companies, is again offering this special modified policy, already owned by thousands of American families. You pay half the permanent rate until the 6th year; $2.00 monthly for substantial amounts of Protection, depending on age! $2.00 monthly pays for $1754. of life long protection at 20; $1142. at 40; $5.00 monthly buys $3650. at 30, etc. Proportionate amounts at other ages. You pay no premiums after 30 years; policy fully paid-up and in force your entire life.

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individually wrapped.
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No matter if your chin sprouts baling wire, here's the blade that will conquer it. It's the original Durham-Duplex hollow-ground double-thick blade that holds an edge against all odds. Try it. You'll like the Dorset's excellent balance, too, and its generously wide shaving edge. Get one today. The Dorset with 6 blades, 75¢, or the Durham barber-type 6 blades, $1.00. Durham blades to fit either razor, 5 for 50¢.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. N, MYSTIC, CONN.

138 hours and wanted more horsepower. He traded his plane, plus $1,000, for the Dart, which he named Heide-pi and proceeded to fly all over the country. With the war's end he flew it back into civilian life.

There are several tricks to private flying, and a pilot's knowledge of them usually bears a direct relationship to his longevity.

"Always know where to go if your engine conks." That's rule number one in Eddy's book. He's always alert for an open patch in his glide path—just in case. Glide is usually figured at seven to one: you can glide seven times your altitude. Cruising at 3,000 feet, this means you can glide about four miles, which in turn means you have a circle of approximately fifty square miles below you in which to pick out an emergency landing spot.

NAVIGATION can be either improvised or scientific, depending on which you like better. Most private fliers use a little of both. For instance, flying in toward Charlotte, North Carolina, Eddy became a little confused over some lake country and dropped down on a farmer's field to ask directions. The farmer was running his tractor and didn't hear the Dart land behind him. Eddy hopped out and ran behind the noisy tractor shouting to the farmer, "Hey, pardner, which way is Charlotte?"

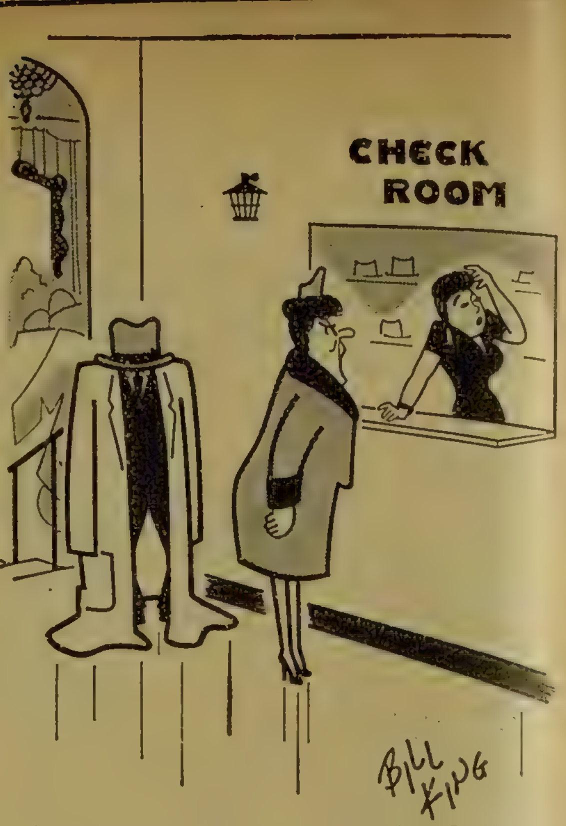
The farmer, speechless with surprise as he saw the plane, could do nothing but point in the direction of Charlotte. This was a tough spot for a farmer, accustomed to telling motorists, "You bear left at the fork down yonder till you get to the third big apple tree past the church. . . ." So he just pointed.

A frequent Eddy improvisation is dipping down to read signs. Minding his Civil Aeronautics Authority rules, he'll dip down to the minimum legal altitude and read the name of a town off a hotel billboard. Where you can't find a billboard you can usually find a water tank. Rare is the factory which has reared up a big water tank without proudly encircling it with the firm's name and home town.

Eddy carries a thermos bottle of coffee, but sometimes the lunch hour catches him aloft and he craves something more substantial. On this trip, while winging along the Arkansas-Missouri border, he saw a big roadside sign saying "EAT." He dropped down in a pasture behind it and joined a few truck drivers at a noon-hour snack.

But on a twenty-city trip such as this one, improvisation alone will get you nowhere, or possibly into a wooden kimono. Scientific navigation is a *must*, and the fact is it's a lot easier than you think.

You should never attempt a trip like this without a radio, a transmitter and receiver, in your plane. Eddy's entire navigational gear comprises his radio, a compass, sectional aeronautical charts obtainable from the CAA at twenty-five cents apiece, a fifty-cent pocket computer for figuring out mileages and directions, and a ten-cent "magic blackboard" (one of those which erase when you lift up the gelatin paper) which he straps to his thigh to make notes.



"It's just possible, you know, that you could have made a mistake!"

LIBERTY

For safety's sake, he filed a "flight plan" for each stage of the trip so that the CAA people at each of his landing points and each of the way stations would keep track of his progress. Eddy flew on radio beams virtually the whole way and, barring a few incidents, he got along as easily as you do in your automobile when you follow A.A.A. maps and route signs.

HERE'S how a private plane radio works: Approaching Lambert Field, St. Louis, en route to Memphis in his Dart NC20994, Eddy calls "Lambert tower from NC20994. . . . This is the Dart, southeast of Lambert Field. . . . Request landing instructions. . . . Over."

Eddy's radio transmits at 3,105 kilocycles, which is a standard frequency for private planes and is guarded by all airport towers and radio stations. His CAA chart tells him that the Lambert tower broadcasts at 278 kilocycles (most towers use this frequency), so he has his receiver tuned to that point. He hears the St. Louis reply:

"NC20994 from Lambert tower. . . . You'll be third to land on runway number sixteen. . . . Wind south-southeast, twelve miles an hour. . . . Over."

Eddy replies, "Lambert tower from NC20994. . . . Roger. . . . Over and out."

He circles counterclockwise over the airport until the two planes ahead of him have landed and then the tower radio crackles, "NC20994 from Lambert tower. . . . Clear to land."

The CAA people check his arrival

YOU CAN'T BEAT
this to relieve itching of
SKIN and SCALP
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So Many Druggists Say!

Here's a Doctor's formula — Zemo — a stainless *liquid* which appears *invisible* on the skin — yet so highly medicated and soothing that the first applications promptly relieve itching, burning of Eczema, Psoriasis and similar skin and scalp irritations — due to external cause. Zemo ALSO aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless *invisible* Zemo any time. It won't show on skin. Buy *Extra Strength* Zemo for mean cases. → ZEMO

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FREE! For advance ordering, you will receive 3 Blooming-size Tuberose Bulbs absolutely FREE. Bloom 1st year into extremely fragrant, waxy-white, beautiful flowers.

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

on the flight plan which was teletyped ahead before he left Chicago. Eddy does business with three St. Louis men who have come to the airport to meet him. Forty minutes later he is ready to jump to Memphis. He files his flight plan, arranging to contact three intermediate fields which will be watching for him.

Then into the cockpit. He whistles up the tower on his radio, "Lambert tower from NC20994. . . . On the apron. . . . Request permission to taxi and take-off instructions. . . . Over."

"NC20994 from Lambert tower. . . . You will use runway number twenty-four. . . . Wind is eight miles an hour southwest. . . . Taxi to the left and proceed to runway twenty-four."

Eddy follows instructions, then hears, "NC20994 from Lambert tower. . . . Clear to take off."

"Lambert tower from NC20994. . . . Roger. . . . Over and out," Eddy replies, and he guns the Dart off the ground. On to Memphis!

HE heads due south and turns his radio dial to 209 kilocycles, the frequency of St. Louis radio and the beam he will follow about a third of the way to Memphis. The first thing he hears is dot-dash, dot-dash, dot-dash (repeated as in Morse code), which tells him he is in the *A quadrant,* a little to the right of *on course.* He edges to the left until the radio gives him a steady hum, meaning he's *on course — on the beam.* When he edges too far left he gets into the *N quadrant* and the radio gives him a series of Morse Ns — dash - dot, dash - dot, dash-dot. It's as simple as that. Every thirty seconds the beam identifies itself by giving out with a Morse "STL" for St. Louis—dot-dot-dot, dash, dot-dash-dot-dot. All you have to do is remember your Boy Scout stuff and be a good speller. At twenty-nine minutes after every hour a voice weather report is superimposed upon the beam.

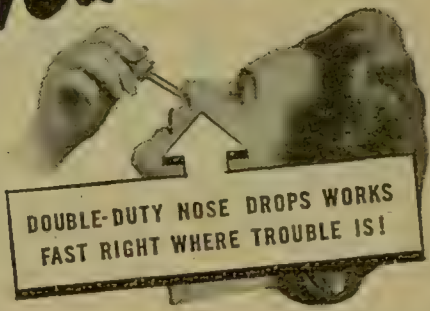
After riding out the St. Louis beam, Eddy picks up the beam of a CAA intermediate field known as Advance. That takes him about as far as Kennett, Missouri, where he picks up the homing beam to Memphis. He reports to Advance Radio as he passes so they can check him off the flight plan. Finally he is close to the Memphis Municipal Airport and sets down.

By way of aiding navigation so you aren't dependent upon radio alone, the CAA charts show the location of various beacons along the way and give contour and elevations as well as such aids to orientation as railroads, bridges, stadia, lakes and rivers. In case all navigational media fail, there is one infallible rule—"Keep cool and have plenty of gas."

Toward evening of the first day, when Eddy was winging in toward New Orleans, he hit a storm north

(Continued on page 80)

Gives You Grand Relief FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF Head Colds!



Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. It soothes irritation, shrinks swollen membranes, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. Also—it helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Follow directions in the package.
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COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing, help loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its famous poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. VICKS VAPORUB

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One or Three Oz. cans
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FOR USE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE!
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS
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GORGEOUS NEW COLORS!

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
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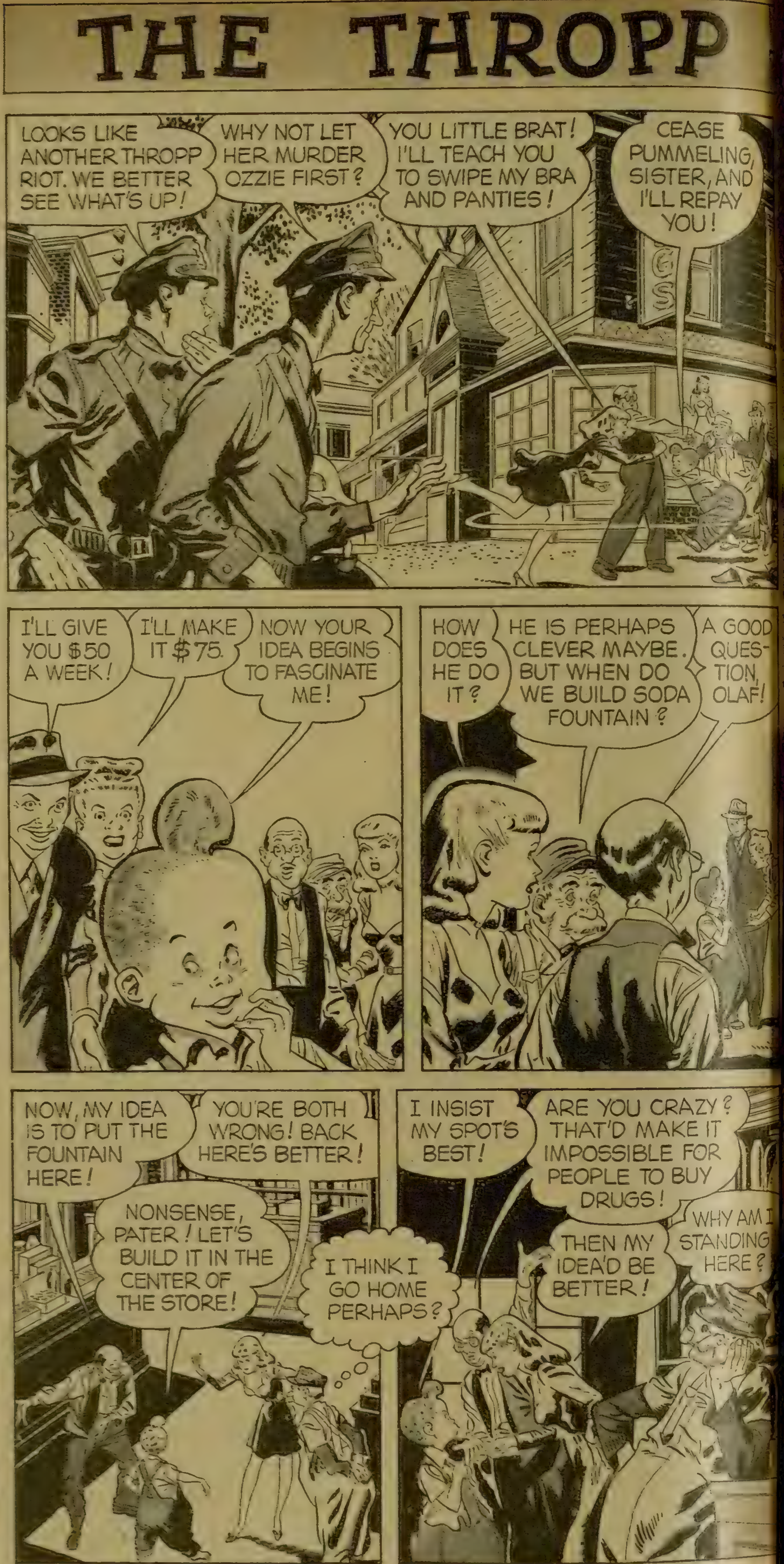
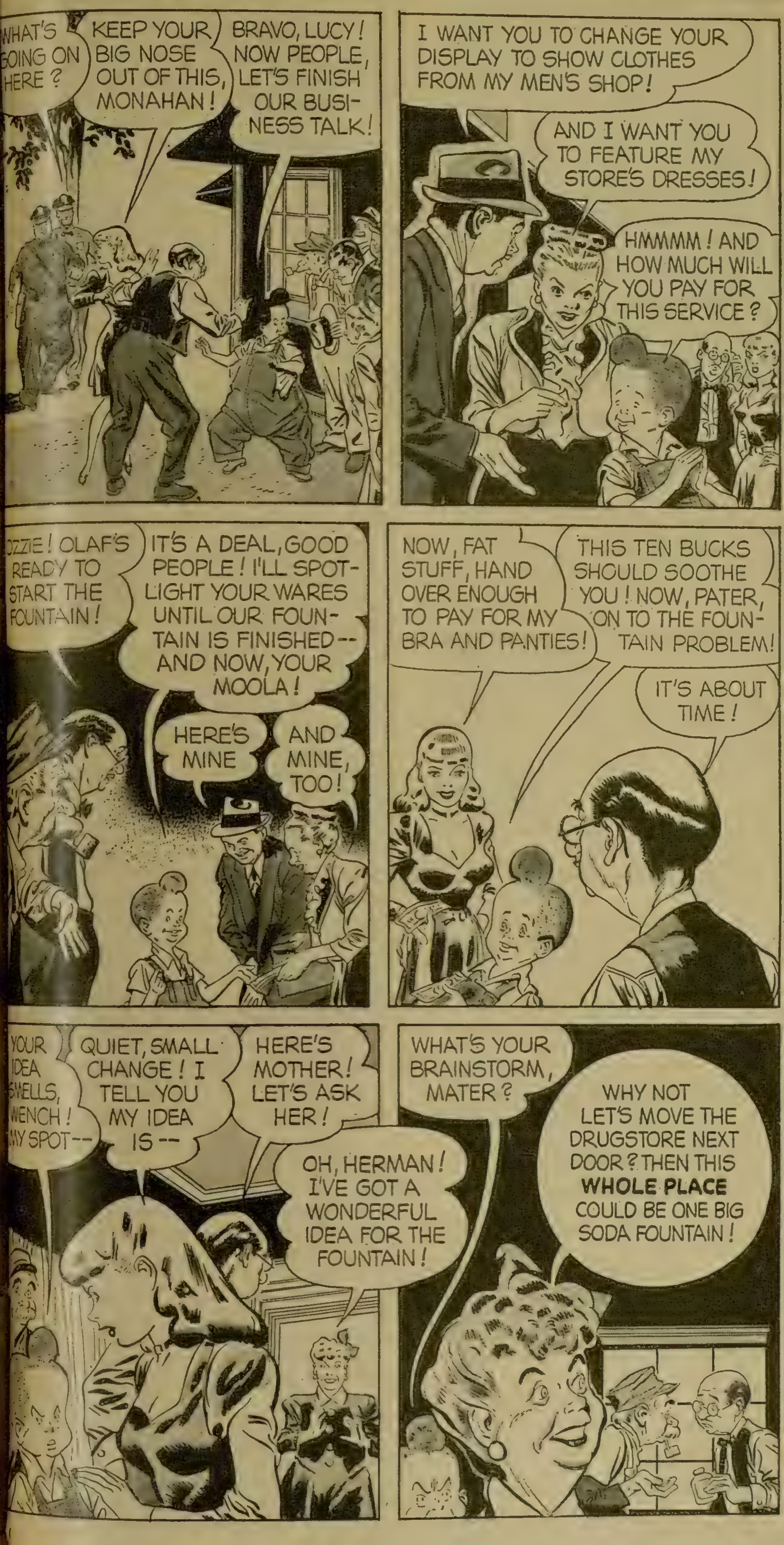
Give walls, woodwork, toys, furniture beautiful new color with this high-gloss, 1-coat enamel. Use Enameloid, too, for outside woodwork and doors, porches and automobiles.

SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINTS


THE THROPP
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER THROPP RIOT. WE BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!
WHY NOT LET HER MURDER OZZIE FIRST?
YOU LITTLE BRAT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SWIPE MY BRA AND PANTIES!
CEASE PUMMELING, SISTER, AND I'LL REPAY YOU!
I'LL GIVE YOU $50 A WEEK!
I'LL MAKE IT $75.
NOW YOUR IDEA BEGINS TO FASCINATE ME!
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
HE IS PERHAPS CLEVER MAYBE. BUT WHEN DO WE BUILD SODA FOUNTAIN?
A GOOD QUESTION, OLAF!
NOW, MY IDEA IS TO PUT THE FOUNTAIN HERE!
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG! BACK HERE'S BETTER!
NONSENSE, PATER! LET'S BUILD IT IN THE CENTER OF THE STORE!
I THINK I GO HOME PERHAPS?
I INSIST MY SPOT'S BEST!
ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT'D MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE TO BUY DRUGS!
THEN MY IDEA'D BE BETTER!
WHY AM I STANDING HERE?

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ?
KEEP YOUR BIG NOSE OUT OF THIS, MONAHAN !
BRAVO, LUCY ! NOW PEOPLE, LET'S FINISH OUR BUSINESS TALK !
I WANT YOU TO CHANGE YOUR DISPLAY TO SHOW CLOTHES FROM MY MEN'S SHOP !
AND I WANT YOU TO FEATURE MY STORE'S DRESSES !
HMMMM ! AND HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY FOR THIS SERVICE ?
ZZIE ! OLAF'S READY TO START THE FOUNTAIN !
IT'S A DEAL, GOOD PEOPLE ! I'LL SPOTLIGHT YOUR WARES UNTIL OUR FOUNTAIN IS FINISHED -- AND NOW, YOUR MOOLA !
HERE'S MINE
AND MINE, TOO !
NOW, FAT STUFF, HAND OVER ENOUGH TO PAY FOR MY BRA AND PANTIES !
THIS TEN BUCKS SHOULD SOOTHE YOU ! NOW, PATER, ON TO THE FOUNTAIN PROBLEM !
IT'S ABOUT TIME !
YOUR IDEA SMELLS, WENCH ! MY SPOT--
QUIET, SMALL CHANGE ! I TELL YOU MY IDEA IS --
HERE'S MOTHER ! LET'S ASK HER !
OH, HERMAN ! I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR THE FOUNTAIN !
WHAT'S YOUR BRAINSTORM, MATER ?
WHY NOT LET'S MOVE THE DRUGSTORE NEXT DOOR ? THEN THIS WHOLE PLACE COULD BE ONE BIG SODA FOUNTAIN !

Continued next week

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The Easy-Writing Pencil

Exclusive Ritepoint feature—special new rifled writing tip—holds lead tightly and prevents wobbling; turns lead in and out.

Guarantee Service Certificate and an average year's supply of lead with every pencil.

Smartly styled, in Ebony Black or Dubonnet. Available at better stores everywhere.

$1 Each

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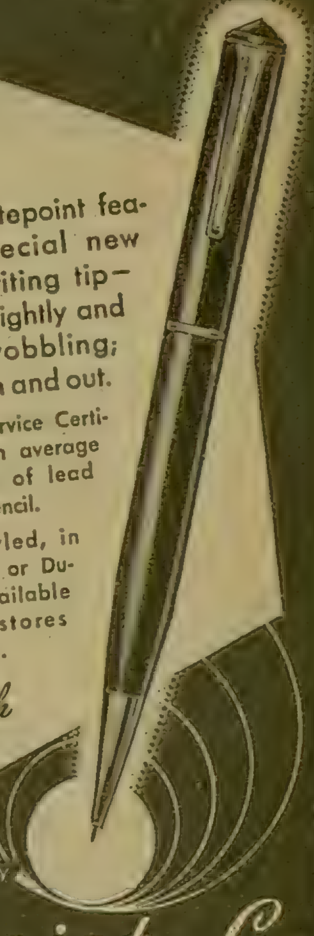
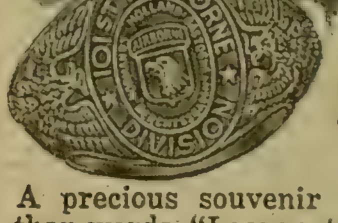


If you lived history with a FIGHTING DIVISION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A precious souvenir that says, better than words, "I saw action in World War II...I'm proud of my fighting division!"

These rings are 10K gold, designed and produced by master craftsmen. Richly ornamented with division insignia and in most cases the major campaigns and countries in which the division fought. (Incl. Fed. Tax) $22.75

If you do not know your ring size, wrap a strip of paper tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Cut ends of paper so they meet exactly. Attach paper to coupon.

For her, a matching SWEETHEART PIN $10.15 Including Federal tax and all postage

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Gentlemen: Please send me.................gold insignia rings at $22.75 each
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I enclose money order ☐ bank draft ☐ check ☐

Are you
PALE? WEAK?
from loss of
BLOOD-IRON?

Here's One Of The Best
Home Ways To Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to low blood-iron—

So start today—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets help build up the RED QUALITY of the blood (very important) by reinforcing the haemoglobin of red blood cells.

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

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(*Continued from page 77*)

of Lake Pontchartrain. He tried to swing around it, only to head into another, then doubled back and found an alley between the two and sped down it to New Orleans.

On the third day his radio transmitter conked out between Birmingham and Atlanta and simultaneously the weather closed in like a black umbrella. He wove in and out of three thunderstorms and, in so doing, got himself completely mixed up. After a worrisome five minutes he peered through a hole in the clouds and recognized Stone Mountain, northeast of Atlanta. Reorienting, he found the Atlanta Municipal Airport. But with his transmitter out he couldn't contact the tower, so, in the prescribed routine for radioless planes, he began circling the field to the left at 800 feet and waited for the tower to flash him a green light. When the light shone, he wobbled his wings to indicate he had seen it and then dropped down on the next runway.

Fifteen minutes out of Atlanta next morning, a low haze closed down off the Appalachian piedmont. Eddy, remembering his resolution to "take no chances," returned to Atlanta and waited forty-five minutes until the sun burned off the haze. This was the only time in the entire trip that weather turned him back.

His only close call on fuel came on the seventh day, flying from Buffalo to Toledo. He was bucking terrific headwinds and decided to put in at Cleveland for gas. There was a bond rally at the airport, and Eddy was waved off with a red light. He pushed on to Toledo and landed with four gallons in his tank.

ALL these factors of making your business trips in your own plane are yours to juggle. But more and more traveling by private plane seems likely. According to the latest CAA figures, there are 11,196 private planes in use in the United States. And CAA experts believe there will be 400,000 by 1955. To accommodate the airage and minimize the number of funerals it will entail, the CAA's national airport plan calls for 6,305 airfields throughout the country, 4,795 of them Classes 1 and 2 fields for private-plane use.

Roland Rohlfs, in charge of personal flying development in the CAA First Region, with headquarters in New York, says the ideal situation is to have so many airfields that a flier "can see his own weather." This means airfields approximately every fifty miles.

Rohlfs thinks private flying is going to come through in big style, regardless of the difficulties in its path. He cites this as his principal reason: "I never ask the grown-ups in a strange town where the airport is. I ask the kids. They always know."

Kids are air-minded. So how you gonna keep 'em down on the ground?

THE END

THE IRONY MINES

Continued from Page 21

plished without a single casualty. But what happened the second week is why the PWs take a fatalistic approach to their jobs. One day things are as serene as life can ever be for a PW laboring for the victor. Then *Schicksal*—fate. In that second week the same crew could cover only one acre and dig up 125 mustard pots—with three dead. *Schicksal* had blown the dunes into new hillocks and had covered many of the mines with as much as twelve to fifteen feet of sand. Progress was necessarily slow and treacherous. Also, many of the mines in the new field had been booby-trapped, a trick which almost always proves fatal.

Booby-trapped mines represent the height of man's ingenuity: they catch the victim coming and going, as the detonators are fashioned to explode if and when the actual mine is uncovered or when the mine is neutralized. Another excellent method devised to hinder demining is that of planting one mine on top of another. When you touch the first mine, the one beneath explodes. As many as five layers of Teller mines have been discovered, lying flatly over one another, in the beaches of the Channel coast.

A FLIMSY patched-up hotel on Fort Mahon's main street that leads into the beach had been more or less pasted together to serve as a lodging for the demining bosses and French surveyors. A boardinghouse down the street had been wheedled from a state of complete ruin to accommodate the German PWs, and a block farther down the road a tiny bistro, run by native villagers, offered cognac and pernod at reasonable prices to the handful of humanity (other than German) that now exists in what was once a crowded, prosperous, and gay little bourgeois resort. Throughout the day the dreariness of the place was shattered by ear-splitting blasts that rent the air at irregular intervals whenever a mine was detonated.

Minensuchkommando II was working about a quarter of a mile down the beach. The beach at ebb tide revealed a broad belt bristling with anti-landing-craft paraphernalia. To right and left of a path that we followed to the demining operation were long patches of snarled barbed wire and posts. The posts bore wooden signs marked with skull and crossbones. The signs, inscribed in French and German, read simply: *"Achtung, Minen!"* (Attention, Mines!) Under the inscription of each sign, in German script, was the slogan: *Je Länger je lieber* [The longer the better]. There are several ways to interpret this typically German expression, but it was meant to imply the longer you live the better you like it.

As most of the mines found along

that particular strip of coast were discovered to be made of either wood, glass, or asphalt, mine detectors were of little or no use. Most of the work, therefore, is done by hand, with the aid of long metal rods that look much like exaggerated ice picks. Kneeling side by side in groups of four, the PWs advance slowly, prodding into the sand ahead of them as they move along. The mines are densely planted in checkerboard formation, approximately three feet apart, and a single field may cover two acres of solid mines. When with cautious prodding a mine is touched, the next step is to uncover it. This also is accomplished by hand, the sand being dug aside until the mine is exposed. Giving it as wide a berth as they can, the PWs then creep along, poking, until they come to the next mine.

When a dozen or more are uncovered, another group of PWs attaches thin steel cables, about fifty feet long, to the mines. After that everybody clears well out of the way and the mines are pulled out of the sand and dragged to a near-by pit. There they are simultaneously detonated by fuse. The villagers are immune to these periodic explosions. It is the lesser blast—the detonating of a single mine, usually accidental—that is dangerous. The villagers have gotten so that they can recognize the difference.

MOST of the PWs at Fort Mahon were inadequately dressed against the cold, several wearing self-tailored trousers made of army blankets. They looked like a shabby, unhappy lot. For the most part their ages were either close to fifty or under twenty.

When Fort Mahon is cleaned up they will move to another area along the coast, just as hundreds of other crews are shifting from one operation to another like nomads.

The millions of mines planted in France by Hitler's hordes have already reaped an uncalculated harvest of Allied dead and civilian casualties. What the final score will be before the job is done no one can guess. But as nearly as can be estimated, the operation will take two more years and will cost a minimum of 30,000 lives. In all, 750,000 acres of farm lands were rendered useless by mines; coalpits, public utilities, ports, and even schools were places of hidden death. The job is made harder because the SS. accomplished one of the most telling feats of the war when Germany collapsed: they destroyed the plans that showed the location of every mine field.

Perhaps the Fort Mahons of France will some day be vacationlands again, but it will be a long, long while. As one of the French demining bosses says with a characteristic touch of *philosophie française*, "The trouble with modern wars is that they last so long after they're over."

THE END

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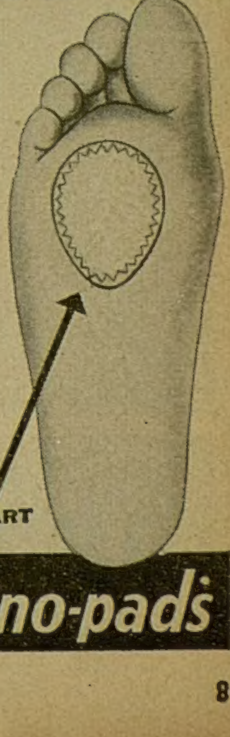

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MARCH 23, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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AFTERMATH
OF WAR

AMERICA TAKES A WRONG TURNING

IT is now unmistakably clear that a fundamental error of major proportions has been made in the conduct of America's affairs. This error is having far-reaching consequences not only for ourselves but for the whole world. The end of it no man can foresee.

The error was made soon after V-J Day. It lay in assuming the war was over because the shooting had stopped. The responsibility for this error rests squarely on President Truman and his administration.

Perhaps in good faith, but certainly with poor judgment, the President and his advisers directed America toward peacetime conditions when peacetime conditions were impossible, and the war, although won, was by no means over.

Because it seemed the politically popular thing to do, the controls which focused America's energies on victory were thrown into the discard; wage and job controls were lifted; material priorities and allocations tossed aside; rationing abandoned and taxes lowered. Price control was retained. It happened to be popular with the public. But here again faulty judgment was at work. As it has proved out, prices cannot be held when almost everything which goes into the making of prices is turned loose.

The result has been unrest and turmoil at home and abroad. Production is hamstrung. Starvation and despair are widespread among those who looked to America for a crust of bread and a helping hand. There is disillusionment and distrust everywhere concerning our future course in world affairs.

Hindsight, of course, is a lot easier than foresight. Yet we are entitled to expect reasonably good foresight of our leaders. We depend upon them to direct us on the wise course even though it may be politically unpopular. It called for no great wisdom to see that the war was not over on V-J Day, nor will it be until its debris is cleaned up. We will not be at peace until production is at a peacetime normal, until our fighting forces have returned home with their job accomplished, until disease and destitution, which are war's legacy, have been alleviated.

We should have continued on a war basis until these things were accomplished or at least well on the way to accomplishment.

It would have been hard but wise for the President to announce that the war still continued even while we rejoiced that the shooting had stopped. We might then have avoided the mess we are now in. Reconversion could have been controlled and orderly. Materials could have been directed where they were needed. The price line could have been held. Through continuation of rationing we would now have food available to satisfy our commitments abroad. There would have been no need for our recent sudden awakening to the fact that the grain bin is empty.

As it happens, the opposing political party can take no credit for superior wisdom in this instance. Republican spokesmen were all for rapid lifting of controls. No warning was sounded, no voice raised in opposition to the President's rapid return to "normalcy."

A mistake was made and we are paying for it. The whole world is paying for it. We can only hope that the payment exacted by the inexorable mills of the gods is not to be too drastic.

Paul Hunter

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